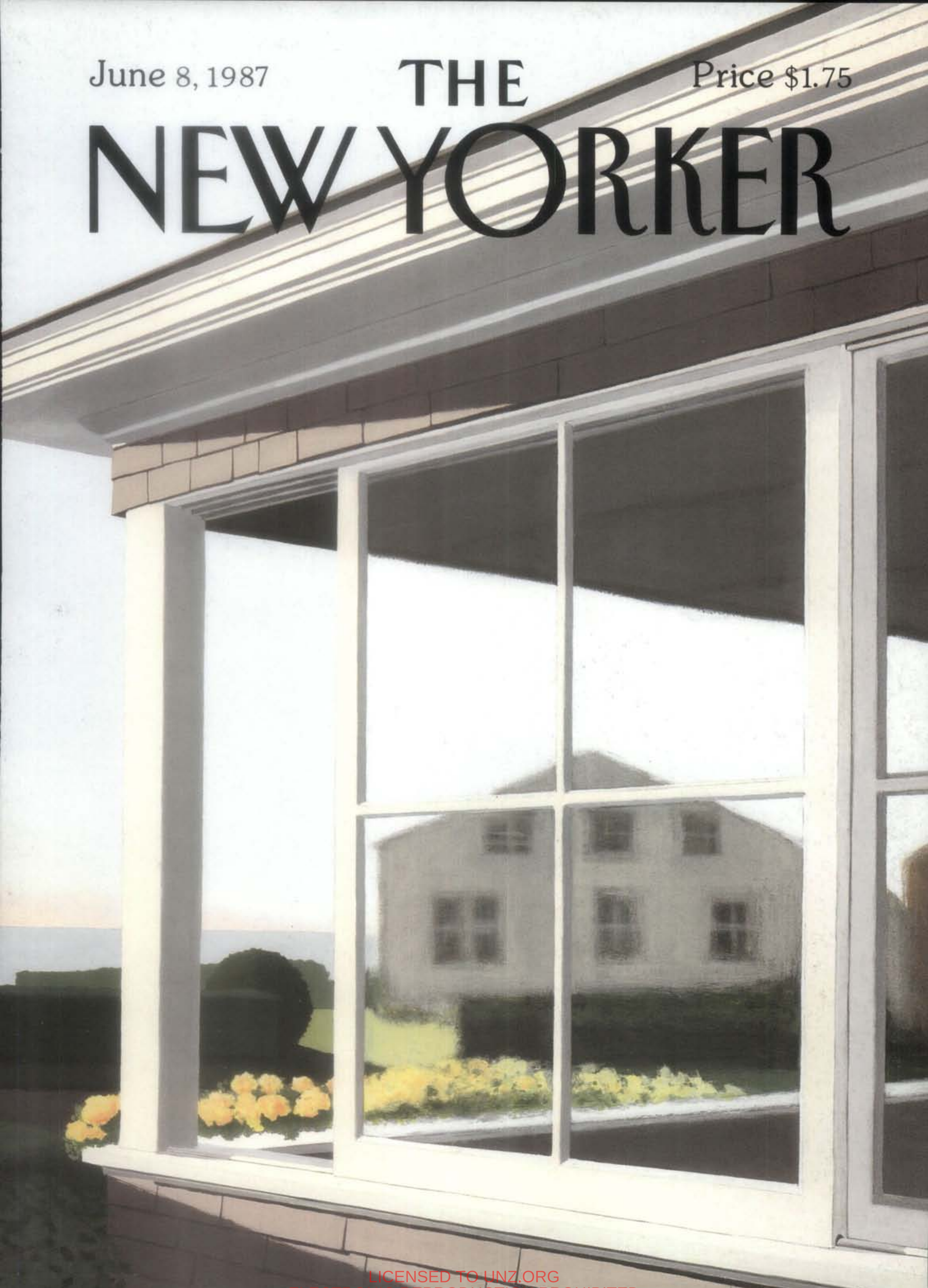
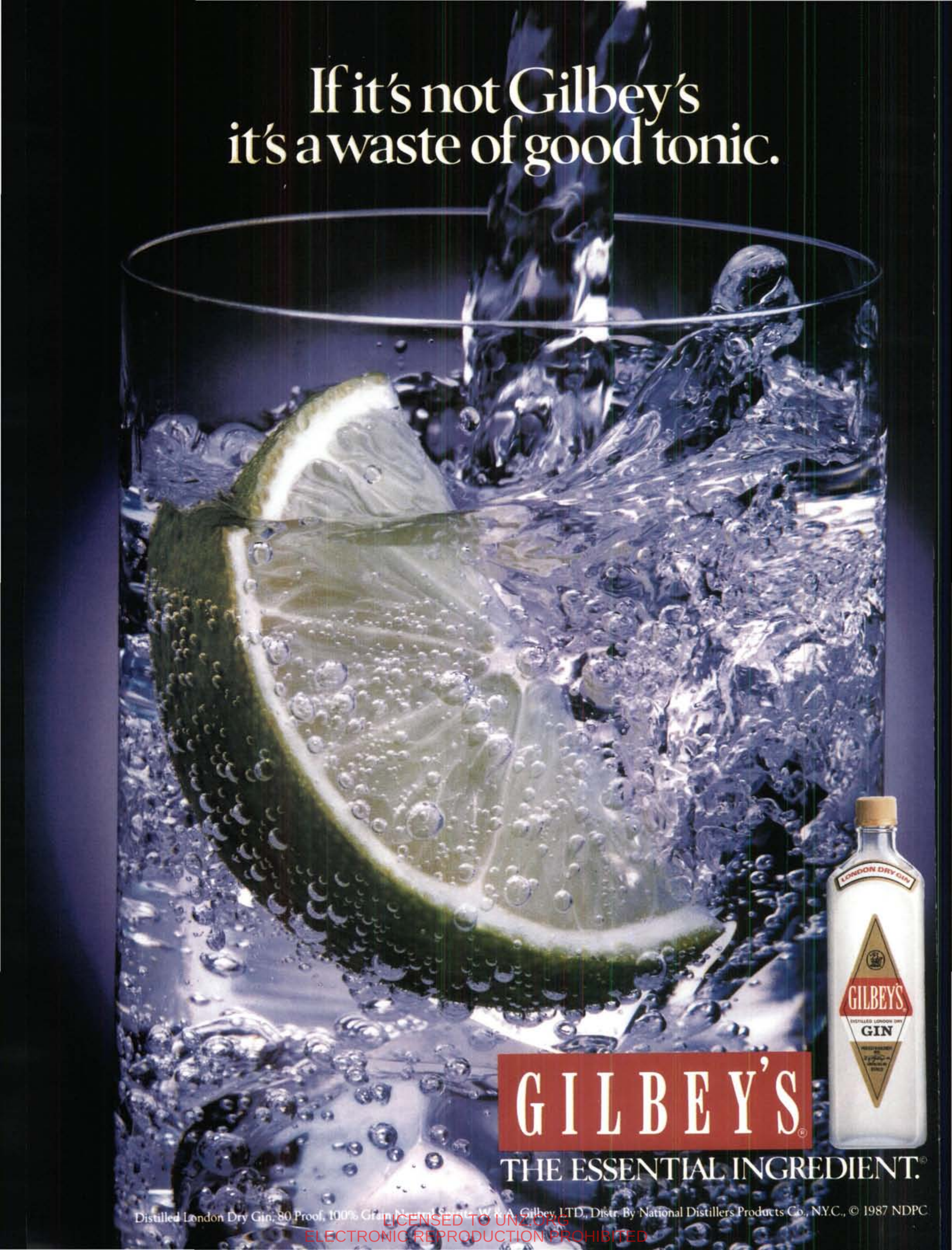
June 8, 1987

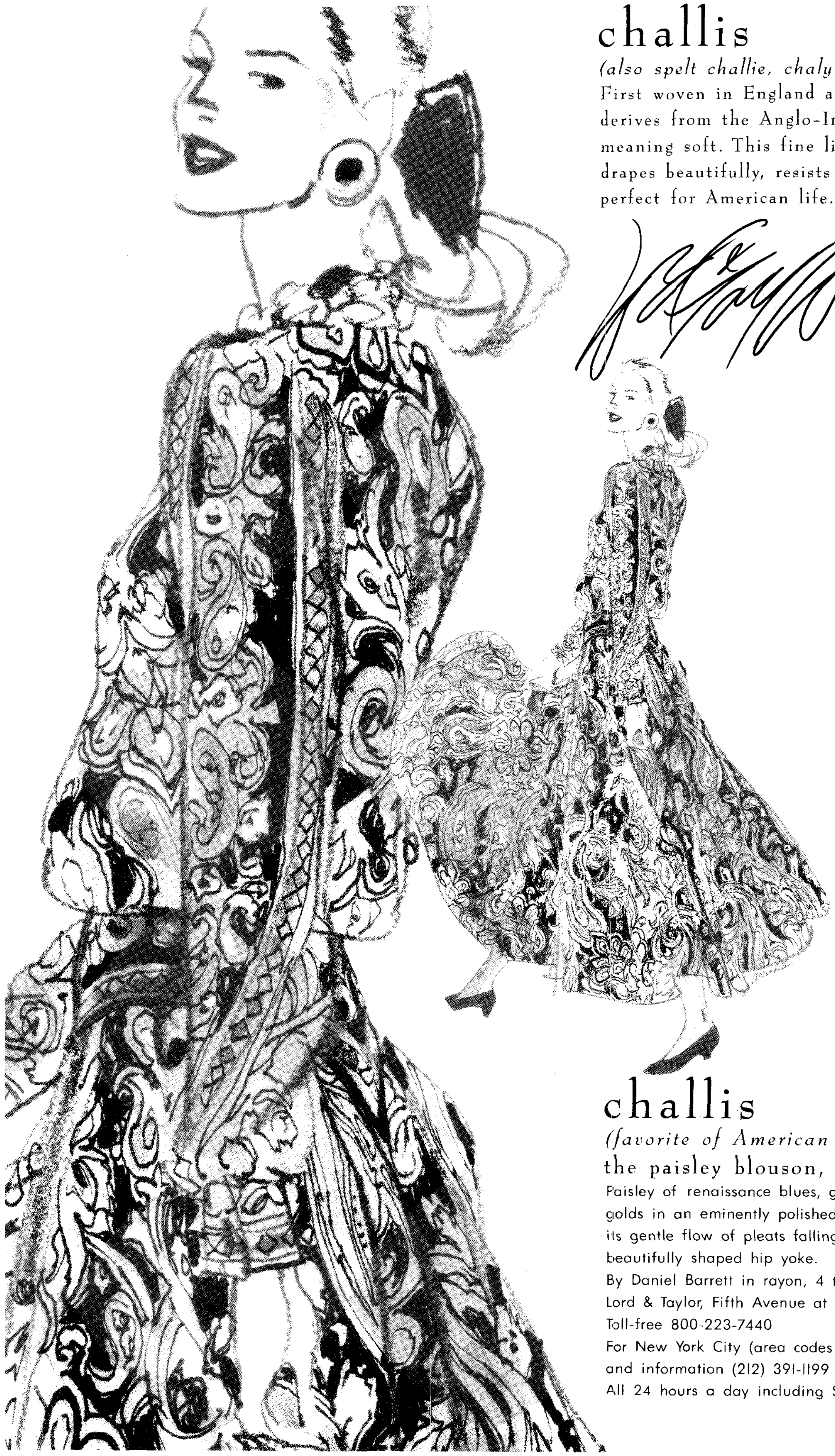
THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75


GRETCHEN DOW SIMPSON


If it's not Gilbey's
it's a waste of good tonic.
LONDON DRY GIN
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
GILBEY'S®
THE ESSENTIAL INGREDIENT.©

Distilled London Dry Gin, 80 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W & A. Gilbey LTD., Distr. By National Distillers Products Co., N.Y.C., © 1987 NDPC
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



challis

(also spelt challie, chalys, challi)

First woven in England about 1830, challis derives from the Anglo-Indian "shalee," meaning soft. This fine lightweight fabric drapes beautifully, resists crushing—perfect for American life.

Lord & Taylor

challis

(favorite of American fashion)

the paisley blouson, a new presence

Paisley of renaissance blues, greens and golds in an eminently polished new blouson, its gentle flow of pleats falling from a beautifully shaped hip yoke.

By Daniel Barrett in rayon, 4 to 14, 194.00

Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 39th Street.

Toll-free 800-223-7440

For New York City (area codes 212 and 718) and information (212) 391-1199

All 24 hours a day including Sunday.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Blithe Spirit—This revival of Noël Coward's comedy is an almost total miss, a waste of the talents of Geraldine Page and Blythe Danner, among others. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/13/87.) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blue Margaritas—A two-character play, with music and dancing, by Robert Auletta and Donald Byrd. Opens Thursday, June 4, and will run through Sunday, June 14. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

Broadway Bound—A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. The cast includes Linda Lavin, Jonathan Silverman, John Randolph, Philip Sterling, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. The director is Gene Saks. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Final performances of two plays in repertory. **ROAD SHOW,** Murray Schisgal's depressing, prankish play about a writer on his way to Hollywood who makes a significant stop in Indiana. (6/1/87) Wednesday, June 3; Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7; and Tuesday through Saturday, June 9-13. . . . ¶ A revival of William M. Hoffman's **AS IS.** Thursday and Friday, June 4-5. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Comedy of Errors—Shakespeare's play, starring the Flying Karamazov Brothers. Other performers include Avner the Eccentric, Ethyl Eichelberger, and Douglas Wieselman, who composed music for the show. Directed by Robert Woodruff. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's deft direction. (4/27/87) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 7.)

Educating Rita—Austin Pendleton plays the scruffy, bookish professor and Laurie Metcalf the brash, sharp-witted local hairdresser whom he educates, bit by bit, in Willy Russell's delightful comedy, which is set in the North of England. The good production is by Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company; Jeff Perry was the director. (5/18/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays. "Lady of Fadima," by Edward Allan Baker; "A Ripe Banana," by Jennifer Lombard; "AfterSchool Special," by Keith Reddin; "All for Charity," by John Patrick Shanley; and "Dinah Washington Is Dead," by Kermit Frazier. (6/1/87) Wednesday, June 3, at 7:30; Saturday, June 6, at 5 and 9; Sunday, June 7, at 7; and Monday, June 8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ "April Snow," by Romulus Linney; "Waking Women," by Cassandra Medley; "Bad Blood," by Peter Maloney; and "Real to Reel," by Frank D. Gilroy. Thursday and Friday, June 4-5, at 7:30; Sunday, June 7, at 3; Wednesday through Friday, June 10-12, at 7:30; and Saturday, June 13, at 5 and 9. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Through Monday, June 15.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of **WISH YOU WERE HERE,** a 1952 musical by Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan (book) and Harold Rome (music and lyrics). (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 7. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed

---

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21

"HELPING" . . . . *Robert Stone* 28

"HORSE-CHESTNUT TREES AND ROSES" (POEM) . . . . *James Schuyler* 32

THE SKY LINE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 49

THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 69

LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER . . . . *Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr.* 71

DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 82

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 85

LETTER FROM EUROPE . . . . *Jane Kramer* 88

BOOKS . . . . *Janet Malcolm* 102

COVER: *Gretchen Dow Simpson*

DRAWINGS: *Robert Mankoff, Robert Weber, Roz Chast, Arnie Levin, Bill Woodman, Edward Frascino, Charles Barsotti, James Stevenson, George Booth, Charles Addams, William Hamilton, Jack Ziegler, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, Mischa Richter, Anthony Taber, William Steig, Al Ross, Michael Ffolkes, Henry Martin*

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

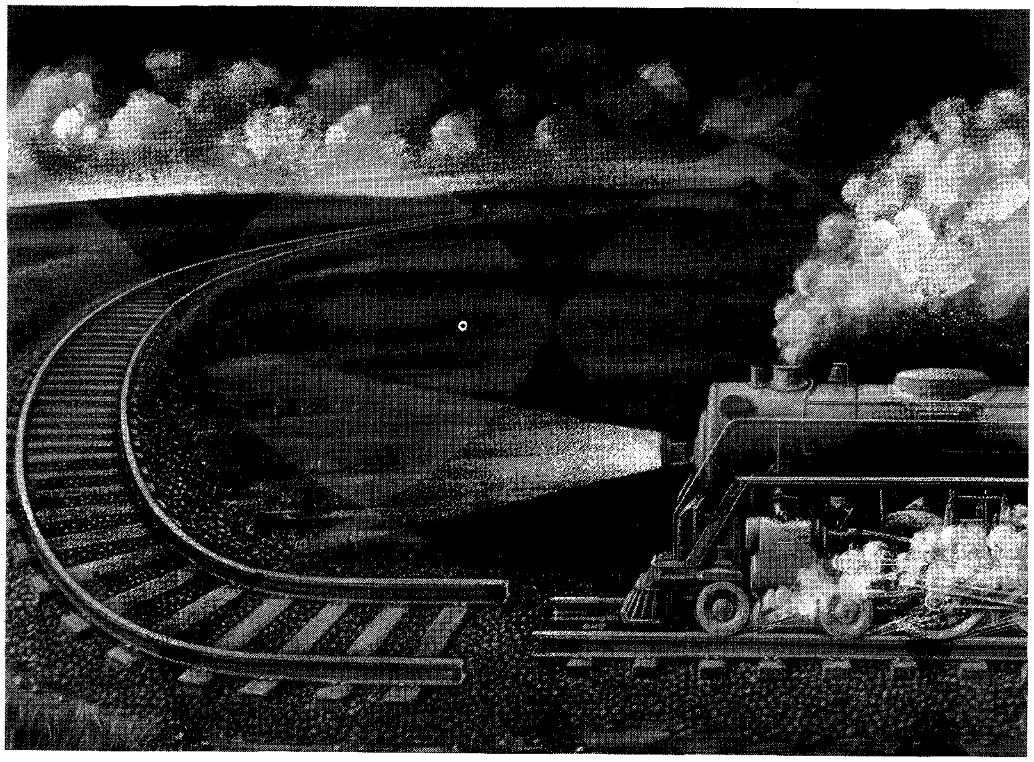
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publisher; Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Lynn W. Guthrie, advertising director; Frank Mustacato, circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXIII, No. 16, June 8, 1987. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1987 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, one year, $52.00, payable in advance. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Issues of the Information Age:

The way beyond Babel.



Imagine trying to build a railroad system if every locomotive manufacturer used a different track gauge. Every local stretch of railroad had its own code of signals. And in order to ride a train, you needed to know the gauges and the signals and the switching procedures and the route and the conductor's odd pronunciation of the station names.

The business of moving and managing information is in a similar state today. Machines can't always talk to each other. Proprietary systems and networks abound, with suppliers often jockeying to make theirs the de facto standard. The enormous potential of the Information Age is being dissipated by incompatibility.

The solution, as we see it, is common standards which would allow electronic systems in one or many locations to work together. People will be informed and in control, while the systems exchange, process, and act on information automatically.

AT&T is working with national, international, and industry-wide organizations to set up comprehensive, international standards to be shared by everyone who uses and provides information technology. We think it's time for everyone in our industry to commit to developing firm, far-reaching standards. The goal: to provide our customers with maximum flexibility and utility. Then, they can decide how and with whom to work.

We foresee a time when the promise of the Information Age will be realized. People will participate in a worldwide Telecommunity through a vast, global network of networks, the merging of communications and computers. They'll be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they make a phone call today.

The science is here now. The technology is coming along rapidly. But only with compatibility will the barriers to Telecommunity recede.

Telecommunity is our goal. Technology is our means.℠

We're committed to leading the way.

RECEIVED
JUN 15
Ambassador College
Library

AT&T

©1987 AT&T

by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Funny Feet—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vegas lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowyer. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—A return engagement of an exquisite theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, except June 3, and Thursday, June 4, at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays, except June 4, and Wednesday, June 3, at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, June 10, at 2.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A comedy by Ray Bradbury, **the wonderful ice cream suit**, is the third in this season's series of productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. Morning performances Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11. Closes Saturday, June 13.)

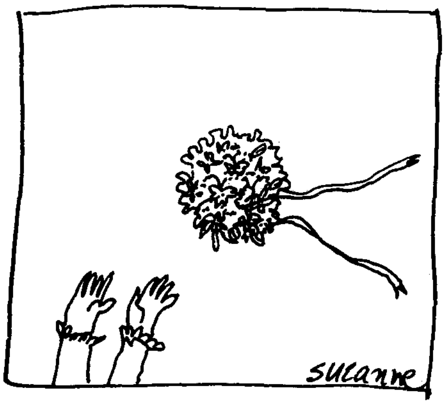
Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Life of the Land—A comedy by Edward Sakamoto, a sequel to his 1985 "Manoa Valley." The final production this season of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, at 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 20.)

Little Murders—A more than satisfactory revival of Jules Feiffer's comedy about a family under the siege of the day-to-day menace in this city. Mr. Feiffer's satire doesn't cut very deep, but his humor and his mocking spirit are as entertaining as ever. With Mike Nussbaum (in three roles), Graham Beckel, Christine Lahti, and Frances Sternhagen, among other good actors. John Tillinger directed. (5/18/87) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 7.)

Mabou Mines—Presenting **it's a man's world**, a multimedia theatre piece by Greg Mehrten, which tells the story of an actor (played by Mr. Mehrten) whose homosexuality the world of nineteen-seventies daytime television was not ready for. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 869-3981. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pygmalion—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A disappointing revival of Tom Stoppard's play. (6/1/87) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Songs on a Shipwrecked Sofa—A musical based on the nonsense poems of Mervyn Peake, with a book and lyrics by James Milton and Polly Pen and a score by Miss Pen. Directed by André Ernotte. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Staggerlee—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—The gifted Eric Bogosian appears in a strong and funny play of his own as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**big river:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,280 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer, who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Hal Linden. Starting Tuesday, June 9, Jack Klugman will replace Mr. Linden. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** A fifty-year-old British musical once starred in by Lupino Lane. His worthy successor is Robert Lindsay, who in his day has played Hamlet and can evidently play anything. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Jewish Cameo Music Theatre—A company of seventeen actors, singers, and dancers from

Moscow, appearing here for the first time. Performances in Yiddish, with English narration. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, June 6, at 9; Sunday, June 7, at 1 and 6; and Monday, June 8, at 8.)

Peking Acrobats—A twenty-five-member troupe. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, June 10-12, at 7:30; Saturday, June 13, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, June 14, at 2.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

James Thurber Kintypes—John Valentine in a one-man show, based on the writings of James Thurber. Part of the Lunchtime Humorists Series at the American Place. (111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 1, and Wednesdays at noon.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, June 3: "Swan Lake," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 4: "La Sonnambula" and "Bournonville Divertissements" (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5585). . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 5: "The Four Temperaments," "La Sonnambula," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 6: "The Four Temperaments," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Swan Lake," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 7: "Swan Lake," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 7: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 9: "Square Dance," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 10: "Swan Lake," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 11: "Kammermusik No. 2," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Liebeslieder Walzer." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 12: "Swan Lake," "Les Petits Riens," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 13: "Square Dance," "La Sonnambula," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 13: "Swan Lake," the new ballet, and "Episodes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, June 3: "Donizetti Variations," "Sunset," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 3: "Donizetti Variations," "Dark Elegies," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 4: "Donizetti Variations," "Dark Elegies," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 5, and Saturday matinée, June 6: "Paquita," "Airs," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Donizetti Variations," "Airs," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 8: "Les Rendezvous," "Dark Elegies," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 9: "Paquita" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 10: "Enough Said" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 10: "Sunset" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 11: "Duets," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 12, and Saturday matinée, June 13: "Enough Said" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 13: "Sunset" and "La Sylphide." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Kenneth Rinker Dance Company—Presenting the New York premières of "Out of the Rolling Ocean" and "Unzip Me" (the latter with guest artist Lillo Way), "Tongues of Men and Angels," and "Night Trippers." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, June 3, at 7:30; Thursday through Saturday, June 4-6, at 8; and Sunday, June 7, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Ritha Devi—A program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, June 6, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

Peggy Spina Tap Company—The premières of "Dream Planet Rock" and "Rare Occasion," plus repertory works. With musical accompaniment by the Joel Forrester trio. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Saturday, June 6, at 8, and Sunday, June 7, at 7. For information about tickets, call 674-8885.)

David Parsons Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 28. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, June 11-13, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room, concentrating on the songs of Arthur Schwartz. **WILLIAM ROY,** her nimble accompanist, sings with her on "Rhode Island Is Famous for You," "Little Igloo for Two," and other light numbers. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up with nautical décor. **MICHAEL HASHIM,** a young alto saxophonist who plays in the swing-oriented Widespread Jazz Orchestra, swings it with pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** on Friday, June 5, and on Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, trumpeter Mark Morganelli's trio will be aboard. Music from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from nine-thirty the rest of the week.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. The young romantic pianist **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI** and his trio share the working space with trumpeter **DONALD BYRD** and his quartet through Sunday, June 7, and starting Tuesday, June 9, guitarists **JOE PASS** and **BADEN POWELL** trade sets. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies and rock-and-roll fundamentalists, in a big pillared room that seats four hundred. The lineup: Wednesday, June 3, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday, June 4, flat-picking folk and bluegrass guitarist **DOC WATSON;** Thursday, June 11, the Def Jam Soul Song Tour, with Oran (Juice) Jones and others; and Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, the **ROCHES.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good duos and trios. Guitarists **JIMMY RANEY** and **ATTILA ZOLLER** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** work together through Saturday, June 6; alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** leads a trio on Sunday, June 7; and on Monday, June 8, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** comes in with a bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. A late-modernist quintet known as **THE GROUP** (trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH,** alto saxophonist **MARION BROWN,** violinist **BILLY BANG,** bassist **SIRONE,** and drummer **ANDREW CYRILLE**) performs through Sunday, June 7, and starting Tuesday, June 9, **LODI CARR** sings with bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** trio. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, is presiding over the little principality known as the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** are his aides. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you can listen to pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**ASTRUD GILBERTO** will be in this velvet-and-mirror-walled music box, singing in her soft, low, slippered voice, through Sunday, June 7, and on Tuesday, June 9, jazz-rock drummer **BILLY COBHAM** will settle in behind his hardware and drive his band forward. On Mondays, **LES PAUL** plugs in his guitar and plays with his trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms, a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The piano is in **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV'S** hands through Saturday, June 6, and starting Tuesday, June 9, it will belong to **HAL SCHAEFER.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. It's romantic during a rainstorm, more romantic when it's raining and the jukebox is playing Bunny Berigan's "I Can't Get Started," and romantic in an offbeat way when **BOB DOROUGH,** an Arkansas-born hipster, is at the upright, singing his revised version of that song ("I played the Village Vanguard opposite Miles, I wear all those latest SoHo downtown West Side styles"). He also sometimes sings "Moon River," "East of the Sun (and West of the Moon)," and his own "Bijou," a bossa-nova-ish number about love and insanity. He and his longtime partner, bassist **BILL TAKAS,** are here on Sundays and Mondays. Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio, and Wednesdays through Satur-

days by singer Alicia Sherman, pianist Peter Madsen, and bassist Phil Bowler. Music from about ten.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. The duos: **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** through Saturday, June 6, and **BILL MAYS** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** starting Tuesday, June 9. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and the musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, June 3, **RICK DANKO** and the Cliff Eberhardt band; Thursday, June 4, **ROBERT GORDON** and Range War; Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, brassy jump-blues revivalists **ROOMFUL OF BLUES;** Sunday, June 7, jazz clarinettist **EDDIE DANIELS;** Tuesday, June 9, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY;** Thursday, June 11, blues harpists **SUGAR BLUE** and **JAMES COTTON;** and Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, country blues singer **TRACY NELSON.** Music after nine. Dining.

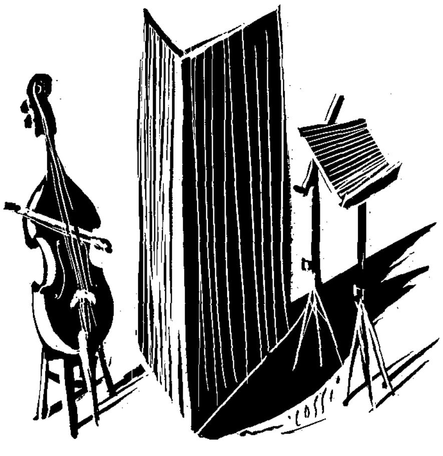
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Broadway veterans **JO SULLIVAN** (a dainty soprano) and **LEN CARIOU** (a husky baritone) are performing songs from Broadway musicals through Saturday, June 6. One of **DIZZY GILLESPIE'S** horns—the King Silver Flair that he used between 1972 and 1985—now belongs to the Smithsonian, but the trumpeter and former Presidential candidate remains at large, and starting Tuesday, June 9, he'll be here, with his quintet. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Small but satisfying helpings (trio-size, as a rule) of jazz and soul in an upper West Side café. Baritone saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** is here with his band on Friday and Saturday, June 5-6. Music from about ten until two.

Positano, 250 Park Ave. S., at 20th St. (777-6211)—A high-ceilinged Italian seafood restaurant. The waiters and waitresses wear what look like Chinese bowling shirts—loose black blouses with a picture of a mermaid, the house mascot, on the back. Good jazz trios play quietly in the aerie above the bar. Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR'S** threesome will be perched there through Friday, June 5, and on Monday, June 8, **JUNIOR MANCE** and company take charge. Music from nine Mondays and Tuesdays, and from ten Wednesdays through Fridays. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Once in a while, the management brings in an exotic, such as the Nigerian juju master **KING SUNNY ADÉ,** who will be here with his seventeen-man band Thursday and Friday, June 11-12. Mr. Adé's *juju* is gentle, cheerful, rhythmically exciting music; it's made for dancing—marathon dancing, apparently, since Mr. Adé gives non-stop eight-hour concerts in Nigeria—and it can sometimes do what Art Blakey says music ought to do: "wash away the dust of everyday life." The rest of the schedule: Thursday, June 4, Patty Smyth and Reckless Sleepers; Friday, June 5, Thrashing Doves; Saturday, June 6, Urban Blight; and Saturday, June 13, Wire. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday, June 3, Byron Lee & the Dragonaires, a "soca" (soul-calypso) ensemble; Thursday, June 4, Tiger (Norman Jackson's *nom de reggae*); Friday, June 5, the Brooklyn-based Haitian dance band **TABOU COMBO;** Saturday, June 6, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, June 9, pianist Frank Ferrucci & his Latin Jazz Ensemble; Wednesday and Thursday, June 10-11, reggae singer Sugar Minott; and Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, **MIKATA.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—According to Pliny the Elder, sweet basil mixed with rose oil and vinegar and applied as a liniment relieves headache and fatigue. No ailment-specific claim can be made for the trio composed of **CEDAR WALTON** (piano), **RON CARTER** (bass), and **BILLY HIGGINS** (drums), but something like wellness may overtake you during one of their sets. They perform every night but Monday, June 8, when trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO'S** quintet holds forth. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered jazz and soul room. A white grand piano illuminates the bandstand. **DAKOTA STATON** sings blues and ballads through Saturday, June 6, and the **CHI-LITES** start singing soul numbers on Tuesday, June 9. Music from nine. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple no-frills blues and rock club that is attached to an Irish pub. Wednesday, June 3, Barry Moore; Thursday, June 4, the Greg Trooper band and the Special Guests; Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, Big Time Sarah's Blues Show; Sunday, June 7, Performers Against Censorship, with Buster Poindexter's drummer, Tony Machine; Monday, June 8, Cheapskates and Deep Six; Wednesday, June 10, Funk Philharmonik; and Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, Chicago-blues guitarist **JIMMY DAWKINS.** Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Peppy salsa bands play for their excitable fans in the gym-size downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Monday, June 8, Venezuelan singer **OSCAR D'LEON** and his orchestra will share the stage with Frankie Morales's band and baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT,** the guest soloist. Dancing under the spinning mirrored ball. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass team of **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** through Sunday, June 7, and to **MIKE LONGO** and Ben Brown starting Tuesday, June 9. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from nine-thirty on Tuesdays, and from ten the rest of the week.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** leads a quartet through Sunday, June 7, and on Tuesday, June 9, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** descends the stairs with his quintet. Mondays remain the property of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines and jukebox is a room full of jazz. **BENNY WATERS,** an eighty-five-year-old reed man who played with Charlie Johnson, Claude Hopkins, and Fletcher Henderson a few decades back, is here with his combo through Sunday, June 7, and on Wednesday, June 10, saxophonist **DAVID NEWMAN** moves in with his band. Shows from nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist Jeanne Matisse and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** collaborate through Saturday, June 6, and on Monday, June 8, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** and bassist Ira Coleman go to work. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** play quietly fervent, highly melodic, room-stilling jazz. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Liza Minnelli—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Through Thursday, June 18.

Terry Waldo's Gotham City Band—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, June 5, at 8.

Luther Vandross—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday through Monday, June 5-8, at 8.

Tabu Ley Rochereau and M'Bilia Bel—With their Afrisa International Orchestre and guest artists. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Saturday, June 6, at 8.)

Casselberry-DuPreé—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, June 6, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.

Billy Bang Quintet and Henry Threadgill's Wind String Ensemble—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. Saturday, June 6, at 9:30. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.

George Winston—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, June 8, at 8.

Pia Zadora and Charles Aznavour—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, June 10, at 8.

Howard Jones—With Frozen Ghost. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 12, at 8.)

Loudon Wainwright III—With Michelle Shocked. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, June 13, at 8.)

Psychedelic Furs—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, June 13-14, at 8.

Black Swan Quartet and the Muhal Richard Abrams Quartet—Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, June 13, at 9:30. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.

Jazz Center of New York—Thursday, June 4, at 8:30: John Shaw sextet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 9: Jamil Nasser trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 6, at 9: Jamil Nasser and the Bassoon Choir. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

Henry Street Settlement Jazz Festival—Friday, June 5: Cecil Taylor. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 6: Paquito d'Rivera quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12: Milt Jackson quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13: Robert Banks quintet. (466 Grand St. All performances at 7. Through Friday, June 26. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Roberta Davis, with the Barry Harris trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, at 10, 11:30 and 1: Chris Anderson trio, with Lodi Carr at the one-o'clock performances. (Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300.)

Tenth Annual Women's Jazz Festival—At the Jazz Center of New York. Monday, June 8, at 8:30: Carline Ray and the UJC Choral Jazz Ensemble. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 9, at 8:30: Karen Taborn, with the Rob Schneiderman trio, and Robin Connell & Focal Point. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 10, at 8:30: Catherine Russell, with the Carline Ray trio, and Gail Hightower. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 8:30: Noriko Kamo trio and Amina Claudine Myers sextet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 9: Carrie Smith, Carline Ray, Bross Townsend, and Bernard Purdie. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 9: Terry Jenoure quartet and Jeree Palmer Wade, with the Frank Owens trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 14, from 6 to 9: The UJC Big Apple Jazzwomen and others in a tribute to the late Eddie Durham.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Joby Baker—Figurative paintings and monotypes. Through June 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Carlo Carrà (1881-1966)—Fifty paintings and drawings from the early nineteen-hundreds. Through June 30. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

John Chamberlain—Recent sculptures. Through Saturday, June 13. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Leonardo Cremonini—Large paintings of beach scenes with solitary figures. Through July 10. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Bryan Hunt—A two-gallery show. Drawings at Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through Saturday, June 6), and sculptures at the Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through Saturday, June 13).

Jane Kaplowitz—Oil-stick drawings of imaginary interiors and exteriors decorated, tongue-in-cheek, with twentieth-century art works—a Matisse figure and a Hoffmann-style chair, for instance. Through Saturday, June 6. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Steven Katz—Paintings and drawings of New York streets. Through June 19. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday, June 13.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—A number of gallery shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Aquatints at Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, and drawings at Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Bronzes completed in the artist's last two years, at Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 20.

Charles Seliger—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, June 13. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

John Stockdale / Marianne Engberg—Abstract grid paintings. / Color photographs of masks used in the Basel Fastnacht, a Lenten festival. Through June 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Paintings and drawings. Through June 27. (Martin, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Selina Trieff—Recent works on paper. Through June 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

John H. Twachtman (1853-1902)—Nineteen paintings by an American Impressionist. Through Saturday, June 13. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART**, 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Opens at noon on Sundays.) . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Two shows of oil paintings and works on paper—"Cubist Legacy: The American Abstract Artists," including Eleanor De Laittre, Carl Holty, John Sennhauser, and others; and "Modernism," including Helen Torr, James Guy, Edwin Dickinson, and others. Through Friday, June 12. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LAFAYETTE PARKE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists Kirchner, Pechstein, Macke, Feininger, Nolde, and others. Through July 11. . . . **MAZOH**, 13 E. 76th St.: Twenty works, including thirteen oil panels representing a color spectrum, by Ellsworth Kelly, and a figure in graphite by Georges Seurat. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—A retrospective of woodcuts, drypoints, and lithographs. Through Friday, June 12. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Francis Bacon—Six triptychs and a diptych, all from the eighties. Through July 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Carroll Cloar—Paintings of small-town life long ago, based on episodes the artist remembers from his youth in the rural South. Through June 20. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Thomas Aquinas Daly—Paintings of wildlife and landscapes. Through June 30. (Grand Central Art Galleries, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Kim Do—Realist plein-air landscapes that emphasize green forests and lawns. Through Saturday, June 6. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Gainsborough (1727-88)—A loan show of twenty-eight drawings. Through Friday, June 12. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Christopher Gerlach / Barbara Dixon Drewa—Paintings of West Coast landscapes. / Trompe-l'œil paintings of bulletin boards. Through June 25. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein / Ellsworth Kelly—Pop paintings from the early sixties. / Pencil drawings outlining leaves. Through Saturday, June 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Colorado landscapes painted in egg tempera and watercolors, plus ink drawings. Through Saturday, June 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper—Two gallery shows that complement the artist's sculpture exhibit opening at the Brooklyn Museum on Friday, June 5. Small sculptures at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Paintings at Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Through July 2.

Langdon Quin—Still-lifes and landscapes inspired by the artist's travels in Italy. Through June 26. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sean Scully—Monotypes with stripe motifs. Through June 30. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

David Smalley / Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Kinetic sculptures in brass and steel. / Color woodcuts. Through Saturday, June 13. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **DE NAGY**, 41 W. 57th St.: Still-lifes by Fish, Groover, Guston, Thiebaud, Paul Hunter, and others. Through June 27. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Old Master prints. Through Saturday, June 13. . . . **PEARL**, 38 E. 57th St.: Sketches for W.P.A. mural projects and other works from the thirties. Through June 20.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Mac Adams—Six abstract steel sculptures that are illuminated in such a way that they cast shadows of figures. Also, large photographs of figures reflected in household objects—a mirror, a metal kettle. Through June 20. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

John M. Armleder—An installation of paintings and musical instruments—a trio of gleaming French horns, for instance. Through June 27. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings. Through June 28. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Elise Asher—Fantasy landscape paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, June 6. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Tom Bills—Squat freestanding steel-and-lead sculptures. Through Saturday, June 6. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Enrico Castellani—Monochromatic canvases stretched over various patterns of nails to form a slight relief effect. Through June 20. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

Michael Chandler—Out-of-the-ordinary landscapes, among them a wood construction of a fish skeleton with small panoramic (fish-eye view?) paintings of New York Harbor set between its vertebrae. Through June 20. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Lauren Ewing—Bold-colored sculptures, including two trompe-l'oeil theatre curtains in bronze, one painted solid red, the other green. Through Saturday, June 6. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Jud Fine—Freestanding mixed-medium sculptures—one measures more than twenty feet in length and resembles an elongated pig—and several large paintings. Through June 27. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Frank Gardner—Images from Dutch Masters are recognizable in these large-scale mosaics made from bits of fabric. Through June 20. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Gilbert and George—New works. Through June 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Joan Goldsmith—Abstract acrylic paintings on paper. Through June 20. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Ethelyn Honig / Gloria Greenberg—A painted paper mural measuring thirty feet across, plus related paintings. / Monochromatic landscapes consisting of only land and sky. Through Saturday, June 6. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Eve Ingalls—Recent paintings of Western wilderness areas. Through June 27. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

Phyllis Mark—Sculptures meant to move in the wind, which are here activated by fans. Through June 20. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Andrew Menard—Six painted plaster reliefs inspired by Rabelais and Duchamp. Through Saturday, June 13. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Claire Moore—Expressionist canvases with stencilled texts by an artist who early in her career in New York bartered stories of her life on an Indian reservation for art lessons with Fernand Léger. Through Saturday, June 6. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

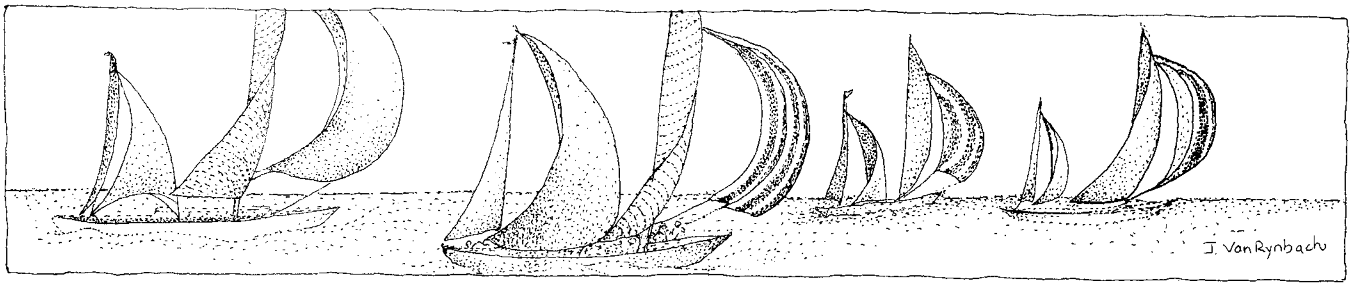
Nicholas Pearson—Large-scale sculptures, each consisting of a web of steel rods in which pieces of colored concrete and painted aluminum are caught. Through June 27. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Martin Schreiber—Hard-edge paintings and sculptures. Through June 21. (Pleiades, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Leon Tarasewicz—A forest near the artist's home in Poland is depicted in a series of large canvases using vertical shafts, along with color and composition, to represent the forest in snow, sunlight, rain, etc. Through June 26. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Drawings from France 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: New installations by Stella, Nauman, and Artschwager. Through Saturday, June 6. . . . **MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY HISPANIC ART**, 584 Broadway: Paintings and drawings by forty-five artists, including Diego Rivera and Wifredo Lam. Through June 21. (Open Sun-



days.) . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS,** 114 Prince St.: Wall pieces by David Provan, Lowell Reiland, John R. Thompson, and Lindsay Walt. Through Saturday, June 6. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Charles Clough—Abstract paintings. Through June 14. (American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Calvert Coggeshall and Frederick Hammersley—Abstract paintings by two artists with contrasting styles. Through June 27. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

Claudia DeMonte—Painted clay sculptures with the artist herself cast as an odalisque—à la Matisse, Rousseau, and others. Through June 14. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

George Negroponte—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 13. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Jody Pinto—Freestanding plaster sculptures of arms and legs, plus works on paper. Through June 28. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—Pieces by eight contemporary English and German artists, including Anish Kapoor, Tony Cragg, Isa Genzken, and Thomas Schütte. Through June 21. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

James Casebere—Photographs. Through June 21. (303 Gallery, now located at 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ A sculpture installation. Through June 27. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Sid Grossman (1914-55)—Vintage prints, including a series on Coney Island. Through July 2. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Proctor Jones—Recent idyllic prints of Russia, including cityscapes and landscapes (one is titled "Tolstoy's Birches in Winter"), by a photographer who worked there at the government's invitation. Through Saturday, June 6. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

David Joyce / H. Terry Braunstein—Installations in which life-size photographic cutouts of figures and objects are integrated with actual objects; one involves a man (photo) sitting in a chair (real) watching TV (real). / Photomontages made with a combination of published and private photographs. Through June 26. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Mark Klett—Landscape photographs of the American Southwest. Through Saturday, June 13. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Gustave Le Gray (1820-82) **and Henri Le Secq** (1818-82)—The Metropolitan Museum will be mounting an exhibition of works by these paper-negative pioneers. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Danny Lyon—Photographs from the past twenty-five years. Through Saturday, June 6. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Ray K. Metzker / Dennis Farber—Tuscan landscapes. / The street life of Venice, California, in prints that have gold-leaf modifications. Through Saturday, June 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Deborah Turbeville—Photographs, most of them done on assignment for *Vogue* and other publications. Through July 11. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of prints of Mexico by Manuel Alvarez Bravo. . . . ¶ Stop-action photographs by Harold Edgerton. . . . ¶ Photographs documenting the westward progress of the Union Pacific Railroad, reprinted from the negatives of A. J. Russell, who worked for the railroad in the eighteen-sixties. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) All three shows through June 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

Museum Mile Festival—The annual spring art frolic is on Tuesday, June 9, from six to nine, when upper Fifth Avenue (beginning at Eighty-sixth Street) becomes a pedestrian mall and street fair and ten adjacent museums and institutions sweeten their Tuesday-night free-admission policies (except the Metropolitan Museum, which always asks for a contribution) with house bands (ranging from chamber music to jazz). The ten are the Metropolitan, 82nd St. . . . ¶ Goethe House, 83rd St. . . . ¶ YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, 86th St. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Museum, 89th St. . . . ¶ National Academy of Design, 89th St. . . . ¶ Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 91st St. . . . ¶ Jewish Museum, 92nd St. . . . ¶ International Center of Photography, 94th St. . . . ¶ Museum of the City of New York, 104th St. . . . ¶ Museo del Barrio, 104th St.

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of forty-eight French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings belonging to the Courtauld Institute of Art, in London. Renoir's "La Loge" and Gauguin's "Te Rerioa" are among them. Through June 21. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Two nineteenth-century French photographers—Gustave Le Gray (seascapes of the English Channel and the Mediterranean, and other prints), and Henri Le Secq (Chartres and Notre-Dame de Paris before their restorations, and other prints). Starts Thursday, June 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Berlinart" will cover paintings and sculptures by artists (German and otherwise) who have been part of the Berlin art world in the past twenty-five years. Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, Eva-Maria Schön, Terry Fox, David Hockney, and others. Starts Thursday, June 4. (A related performance series in the Titus Theatre 2: Tuesday, June 9, at 7 and 9: The group Die Tödliche Doris. . . . Wednesday, June 10, at 7 and 9: Thomas Kapielski and Frieder Butzmann. . . . Friday, June 12, at 7 and 9: Joan Jonas. Tickets at the museum.) . . . ¶ Prints by Gauguin and other artists active in Brittany and Paris during the late eighteen-hundreds. The show includes etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and monoprints. Through July 26. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Complementary shows are at Nathan Silberberg Fine Arts, 16 E. 79th St.; Arnold Herstand & Company, 24 W. 57th St.; and Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.) (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1987 Biennial. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Beverly Pepper's sculptures over the past two decades will begin outside the museum's entrance, where four monumental columnar pieces and four smaller works will be placed. Starts Friday, June 5. (Complementary exhibits are at André Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St., and Charles Cowles Gallery, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, drawings, and monotypes by Mary Frank. Through Sunday, June 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual show of manuscripts, paintings, and sculptures by new members of the Academy-Institute and by recipients of its awards, among them Renata Adler, James Rosenquist, Frank Gehry, Milton Babbitt, Isabel Bishop, Kenneth Snelson, Robert Bly, Amy Clampitt, Emily Hahn, Ralph Manheim, Steven Millhauser, Padgett Powell, and Norman Rush. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. Through July 17. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Frank Lloyd Wright's designs for the Johnson Wax Company's buildings in Racine, Wisconsin, are documented with a hundred items, including drawings, models, furniture, and a videotape of Wright discussing the structures. Through July 19. . . . ¶ A show devoted to Louis Sullivan, the influential Chicago-school architect who was Wright's mentor. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of book illustrations by Jean-Baptiste Le Prince, an eighteenth-century French artist and student of Boucher. The ink-and-wash drawings were done for Jean Chappe d'Auteroche's "Voyage en Sibérie" (also on view). Through June 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

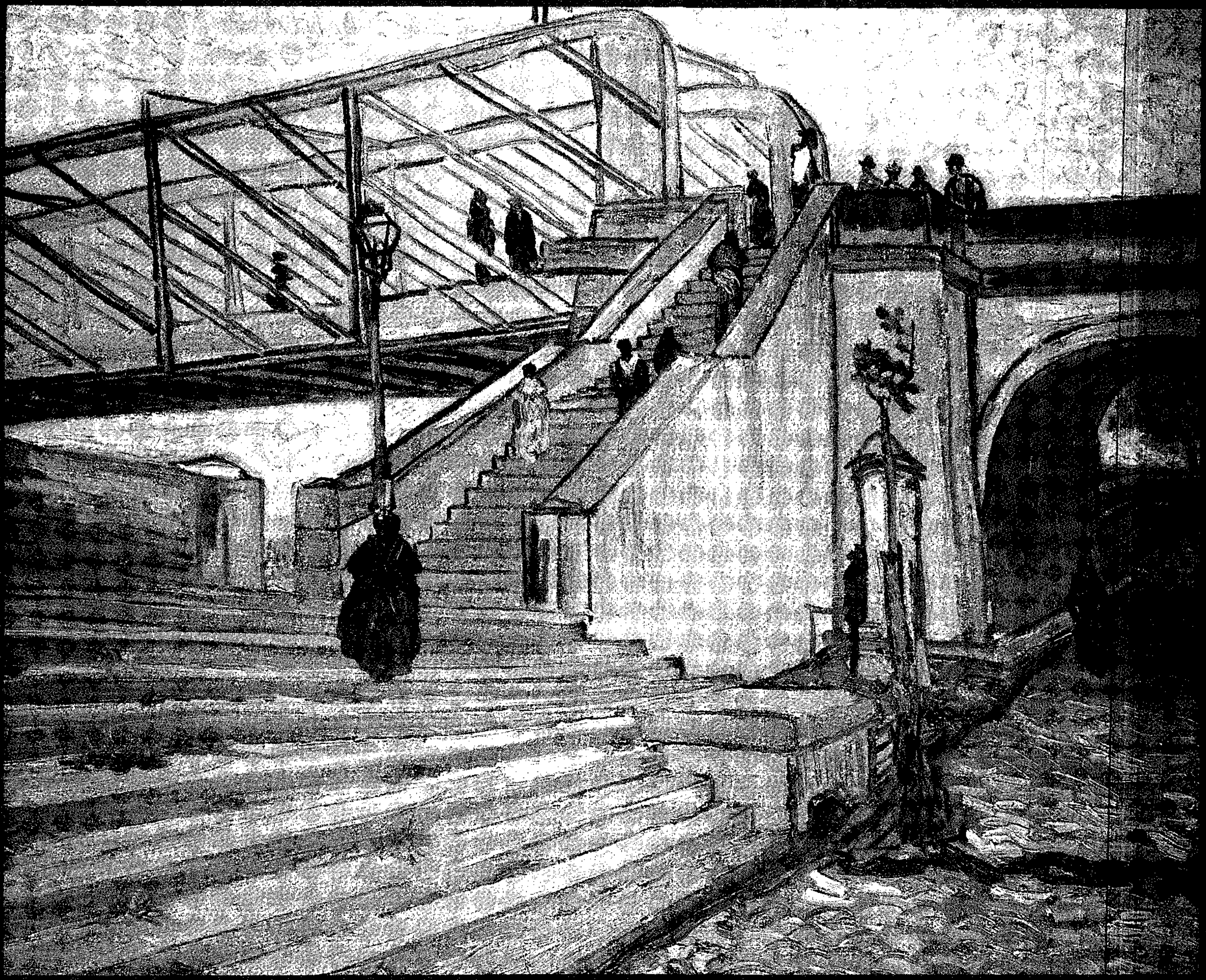
Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—The first of a series of exhibits of works by contemporary Japanese. This show features three artists living in New York: painters Akira Arita and Naoto Nakagawa and photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thurs-

FROM THE LAND WHERE MAN WAS BORN

Dalla Terra dove è nato l'Uomo
A new fragrance for men created by Aramis. Firenze • Italia

© 1986 Aramis Inc.



Impressionist and Modern Paintings and Sculpture

Auction to be held on Monday, June 29, 1987 at 6:30 p.m. in our galleries at 8 King Street, St. James's, London SW1Y 6QT England. For further information contact James Roundell, David Ellis-Jones and Guy Jennings at Christie's London 01/839-9060 or Michael Findlay at Christie's New York 212/546-1171. To order catalogue telephone Christie's U.S. Publications at 718/784-1480.

Vincent van Gogh: Le Pont de Trinquetaille, 1888, oil on canvas. 28¾ x 36¼ in.

CHRISTIE'S
LONDON

days, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Homer, Eakins, Chase, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—"Fake," an exhibit of varying works which examines the ideas of authenticity and originality in art. For example, a "painting" by David Cabrera is in fact a piece of printed polyester fabric that is stretched like a canvas and framed. Through July 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—"The Ideal," an opera with a cast of twelve—all members or former members of the Bread and Puppet group—about political ideology as defined by the life of Rosa Luxemburg. Fridays, June 5 and 12, at 10; Saturdays and Sundays, June 6-7 and 13-14, at 8. . . . ¶ Tom Gilroy and Michael Stipe (performance), Sunday and Monday, June 7-8, at 9. . . . ¶ Videos by John Sanborn and Mary Perillo, Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 9.

ARTISTS' FILMS—Two programs of films by or about artists. Thursday, June 4, at 8: Six films, including "Script," by John Baldessari. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 8: "Marcel Duchamp in His Own Words," by Lewis Jacobs, and three other films. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. 924-4212.)

NOTE—"The Gun Is Loaded," a performance work by Lydia Lunch. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3615. Thursday through Sunday, June 4-7, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ "Middle Ground," a new performance work written and directed by Jessie Allen. (Home for Contemporary Theatre and Art, 44 Walker St. 431-7434. Wednesday through Sunday, June 10-14, at 10:30.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—James DePreist conducting a tribute to George Gershwin and Duke Ellington Thursday through Saturday, June 4-6, at 8 (all with Leon Bates, piano, and Dexter Gordon, saxophone). The program includes a new work by David Baker, derived from Ellington themes. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting the New York première of a three-minute work by Elliott Carter and Bruckner's Symphony No. 8 on Tuesday, June 9, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Julius Hegyi, Raymond Harvey, Bruce Hangen, and Peter Leonard conducting, seriatim, four new works by American composers on Wednesday, June 10, at 7:30. . . . ¶ The Messrs. Leonard, Hegyi, Harvey, and Hangen conducting works by Strauss, Barber, Elgar, and Stravinsky on Thursday, June 11, at 7:30. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

"THE WESTERN WIND SONGBOOK: A CABARET"—A two-week engagement of the a-cappella ensemble Western Wind. Their wide-ranging program features works by such composers as Monteverdi, Jerome Kern, and Philip Glass. (CSC Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Thursdays, June 4 (a benefit performance) and 11, and Fridays, June 5 and 12, at 8; and Saturdays, June 6 and 13, and Sunday, June 7, at 3 and 8. Through Monday, June 15.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

IL PICCOLO TEATRO DELL' OPERA—Lukas Foss conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in his own nine-minute "Introductions and Goodbyes" and Mozart's one-act "Impresario." The latter will be performed in an English version written by Mr. Foss, who will conduct, in costume, from the harpsichord. Directed by Maurice Edwards. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Thursday, June 4, and Saturday, June 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 855-4751.)

MUSIC BY STEPHEN MAYER—Solo and ensemble works for singers and instrumentalists composed during the past fifteen years. Mr. Mayer, piano, will be among the performers, and Louise Basbas will direct two choral pieces. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, June 5, at 8.)

CONCORDIA: A CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Marin Alsop conducting works by Gregory Smith, Leonard Bernstein (with Glenn Dicterow, violin), and Arthur Kreutz. The program finale is a performance of George Gershwin's chamber opera, "Blue Monday," with vocal soloists and the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble; staged by George Faison. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, June 5, at 8.)

LARK STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, June 6, at 7:30. No *tickets necessary.)*

AMOR ARTIS CHAMBER CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA—Johannes Somary directing, with soloists and the Greenwich High School Chorale. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, June 6, at 8.)

I CANTORI—Bart Folse directing. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, June 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

DIANE CHAPLIN—Cello. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, June 6, at 8:30.)

ROY EATON—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, June 7, at 3.)

FLORILEGIUM CHAMBER CHOIR—JoAnn Rice directing, with Cheryl Bensman, soprano; Patrick Romano, tenor; William Sharp, bass; and Walter Hilse, organ. (Park Avenue Christian Church, Park Ave. at 85th St. Tuesday, June 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

NORTH/SOUTH CONSONANCE ENSEMBLE—Chamber works by American composers, including Elizabeth Bell, who will be present. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Tuesday, June 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SUSAN ALEXANDER—Soprano. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, June 10, at 8.)

TERRY MURRAY—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 11, at 8.)

"NEW WORK CITY, NEW WORK"—Solo and ensemble pieces by six young American composers performed by Beatrice Roman, piano; Dennis Smylie, bass clarinet; the Manhattan Wind Quintet; and others. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, June 11, at 8.)

GOLDEN FLEECE LTD.—Presenting the premières of two one-act operas: Judith Shatin Allen's "Follies and Fancies," with a libretto by Gloria Russo based on Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules," and Harold Seletsky's "Songs of Insanity." With a chamber ensemble conducted by Jerome Shannon. Staged by Lou Rodgers. (TOMI Theatre, 23 W. 73rd St. Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 8; Saturday, June 13, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, June 14, at 3 and 7. For information about tickets, call 691-6105.)

COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE—A concert performance of the Virgil Thomson–Gertrude Stein opera "The Mother of Us All," with a chamber ensemble conducted by Richard Cordova. Directed by Stanley Silverman. The composer, whose ninetieth birthday is being honored, will be on hand to introduce the work. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, June 12, at 8.)

BENEFIT CONCERTS—The première of a David Diamond–Elie Wiesel cantata, "A Song for Hope," with the New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y, and performances by Yo-Yo Ma, Joseph Kalichstein, and others will benefit the performing-arts programs of the Y. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Wednesday, June 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-6000, Ext. 267.) . . . ¶ André-Michel Schub in a piano recital, proceeds from which will go to the New York Youth Symphony. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. Thursday, June 11, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call 581-5933.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. California, Wednesday, June 3, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Toronto, Monday through Wednesday, June 8-10, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, at 7:30. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, June 5, at 7:35; Saturday, June 6, at 1:35; and Sunday, June 7, at 1:05 (doubleheader).

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 11-14.)

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Aug. 3. The Hempstead Handicap, Friday, June 5; the Belmont and the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 6; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 13. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5.

TROTTING—At the **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY:** Nightly at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, June 14. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

ET ALIA

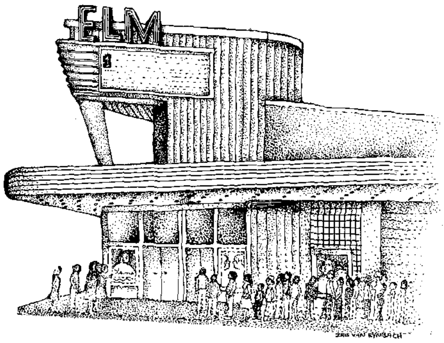
PROSE READINGS—Barry Lopez and Richard Selzer reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, June 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 645-5848.)

BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN—On Thursday, June 4, the Cranford Rose Garden will open for the season, with more than six thousand rosebushes representing nearly a thousand varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7, from noon until sundown.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through June 7: At 6:30, "Moonfleet" (1955; directed by Fritz Lang), with Stewart Granger, George Sanders, Joan Greenwood, and Viveca Lindfors; and "Unfinished Business" (Viveca Lindfors), with Lindfors and Peter Donat. At 9:30, "My Life for Zarah Leander" (Christian Blackwood; in German); and "La Habañera" (1937; Douglas Sirk; in German), with Zarah Leander.
From June 9: (Separate admissions) "Andy Warhol" (1973; Lana Jokel), a documentary; "My Life for Zarah Leander;" and "To New Shores" (1937; Douglas Sirk; in German), with Zarah Leander.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gardens of Stone" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 11: "Platoon" (†).
From June 12: "The Witches of Eastwick" (George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 9: "Tin Men" (†).
From June 10: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: Through June 4: "Beverly Hills Cop II." From June 5: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ishtar" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 4: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.
From June 5: "Munchies."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Ishtar" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 11: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
From June 12 (tentative): "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Devil in the Flesh" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Maruschka Detmers.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: Theatre closed. From June 5: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: Through June 4: Theatre closed. June 5-9: "Beverly Hills Cop II." From June 10: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "River's Edge" (Tim Hunter).
Theatre 2: "Summer Heat" (Michie Gleason), with Lori Singer and Anthony Edwards.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Tin Men" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Second Victory" (Gerald Thomas), with Anthony Andrews.
Theatre 2: "Personal Services" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Morgan Stewart's Coming Home" (Alan Smithee), with Jon Cryer, Lynn Redgrave, and Nicholas Pryor.
Theatre 2: "The Stepfather" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 11: "Raising Arizona" (†).
From June 12: "The Witches of Eastwick" (George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Cher, Susan Sarandon, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy. From June 5: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Amazing Grace and Chuck" (Mike Newell).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Gardens of Stone" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 4: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.
From June 5: "Munchies."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables."

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Quiet Happiness" (1985; directed by Dusan Hanak; in Czech); and six other Czech films, shown on a daily changing basis. From June 10: "Chile: Hasta Cuando?" (1986; David Bradbury; in English and Spanish); and "Painted Landscapes of the Times" (1986; Helene Klodawsky), a short film.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Salvation!" (Beth B).
Theatre 2: "The Festival of Claymation," a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Athens, Ga.–Inside/Out" (†).
Theatre 2: "River's Edge" (Tim Hunter).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Gothic" (Ken Russell).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Ishtar" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "Ishtar" (†). From June 5: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: Through June 4: "Padre Nuestro" (†). From June 5: "Shadey" (Philip Saville).
Theatre 4: "Law of Desire" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney. From June 5: "The Stepfather" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 4: (Matinées only) "The Chipmunk Adventure," a full-length animated film; and (evenings only) "Lethal Weapon" (†). From June 5: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tin Men" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Chipmunk Adventure," a full-length animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ishtar" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sweet Lorraine" (Steve Gomer), with Maureen Stapleton.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through June 4: "Gothic" (Ken Russell).
From June 5: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"L'Année des Méduses" (Christopher Frank; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Radio Days" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gardens of Stone" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Ernest Goes to Camp" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney. From June 12: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 3: Through June 4: "Tin Men" (†). From June 5: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.
Theatre 4: "Beverly Hills Cop II."
Theatre 5: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Untouchables."

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: "Padre Nuestro" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Extreme Prejudice" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (directed by Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg. From June 5: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Gate" (Tibor Takacs).
Theatre 6: "The Stepfather" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables."
Theatre 4: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 4: "The Secret of My Success" (†).
From June 5: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: Through June 4: "Morgan Stewart's Coming Home" (Alan Smithee), with Jon Cryer, Lynn Redgrave, and Nicholas Pryor. From June 5: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through June 4: "Hunter's Blood." From June 5: "Munchies."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 4: "Choose Me" (1984; directed by Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren; and "Remember My Name" (1979; Alan Rudolph), with Geraldine Chaplin, Anthony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn.

June 5-6: "Ménage" (1986; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou; and "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, Patrick Dewaere, and Jeanne Moreau.

June 7: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976; Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland.

June 8-9: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters.

June 10-11: "Invitation au Voyage" (1983; Peter Del Monte; in French); and "Le Dernier Combat" (1984; Luc Besson; a French film, without dialogue).

From June 12: "The Most Beautiful" (1944; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Yojimbo" (†).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 6: "Pandora's Box" (1928; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks; and "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks.

June 7-8: "Matter of Heart" (1986; Mark Whitney), a documentary about Carl Jung; and "Nineteen Nineteen" (1985; Hugh Brody), with Paul Scofield and Maria Schell.

June 9: "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen; and "Putney Swope" (†).

June 10: "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien; and "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck. At 4:10 only, "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings.

June 11-13: "Mephisto" (1982; István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer; and "A Year of the Quiet Sun" (1985; Krzysztof Zanussi; in English and Polish).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 3: "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941; Robert Z. Leonard), with Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart; and "The Shopworn Angel" (1938; H. C. Potter), with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, Hattie McDaniel, and Sam Levene.

June 4-6: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

June 7-8: "Navy Blue and Gold" (1937; Sam Wood), with Robert Young, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Florence Rice; and "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and James Stewart.

June 9-10: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (†); and "Shenandoah" (1965; Andrew McLaglen), with James Stewart, Doug McClure, Glenn Corbett, Patrick Wayne, and Rosemary Forsyth.

June 11-13: "Born to Dance" (†) and "Wife Versus Secretary" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

June 3: "The Sea of Grass" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Melvyn Douglas, and Robert Walker; and "The Visitors" (1972; Elia Kazan).

June 4: "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle; and "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.

June 5-6: "Thalia in Ruins" (1982; Irmgard von Zur Muehlen; in German); and "Memories of Berlin" (1980).

June 7: "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

June 8: "After Hours" (1985; Martin Scorsese), with Griffin Dunne and Rosanna Arquette; and "Taxi Driver" (†).

June 9: "Beat the Devil" (†); and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

June 10: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner; and "Pinky" (1949; Elia Kazan), with Jeanne Crain, William Lundigan, Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Waters.

June 11: "Gloria" (1980; John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; and "Husbands" (†).

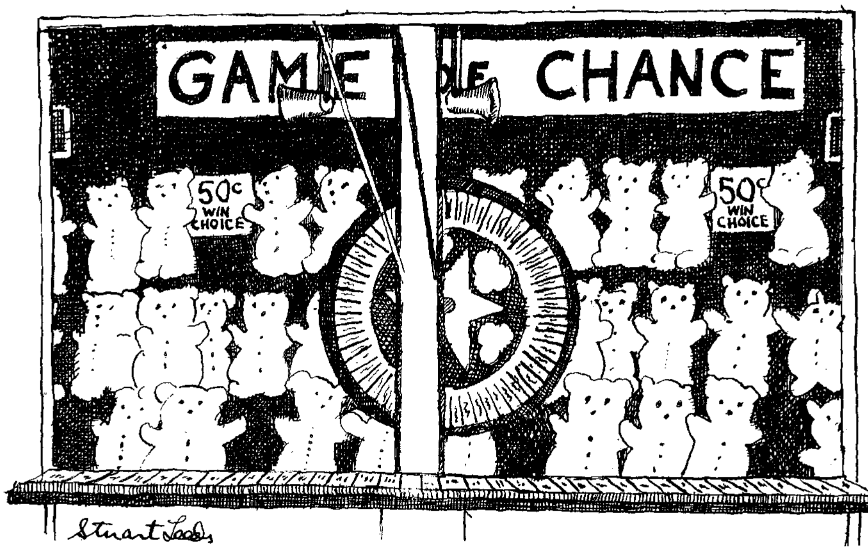
June 12-13: "Chinatown" (†) and "Repulsion" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 3: "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean.

June 4: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

June 5-6: "Ministry of Fear" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Hen-



Father's Day at the courts

This exclusive white cotton mesh knit is embroidered with our symbol. Small, medium, large, extra large or extra extra large. $27 Exclusive white pleated cotton tennis shorts in even sizes 32 to 42. $34

Use your Brooks Brothers card, American Express, Diners Club, MasterCard or Visa

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Furnishings for Men, Women & Boys
346 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

rey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

June 7: "The Merry Widow" (1934; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier; and "Monte Carlo" (1930; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan.

June 8: "Secrets of Women" (1952; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Anita Björk, Eva Dahlbeck, and Maj-Britt Nilsson; and "Illicit Interlude" ("Summer Interlude;" 1951; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Maj-Britt Nilsson.

June 9: "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "Brief Encounter" (1946; David Lean), with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard.

June 10: "Morocco" (†); and "Dishonored" (1931; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen.

June 11: "The Tenant" (†) and "Knife in the Water" (†).

June 12-13: "Midnight" (1939; Mitchell Leisen), with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore; and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE I: June 4 at 2:30 and 6: A program of films (1939-67) by Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ June 5 at 2:30: "From Russia with Love" (1963; directed by Terence Young), with Sean Connery, Robert Shaw, Daniela Bianchi, Pedro Armendariz, and Lotte Lenya. . . . ¶ June 5 at 6: "Dr. No" (1962; Terence Young), with Sean Connery, Ursula Andress, Joseph Wiseman, and Jack Lord. . . . ¶ June 7 at 2: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery, Honor Blackman, Gert Frobe, and Shirley Eaton. . . . ¶ June 7 at 5: "From Russia with Love." . . . ¶ June 9 at 2:30: "Dr. No." . . . ¶ June 9 at 6: "Goldfinger." . . . ¶ June 11 at 2:30: "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), with Sean Connery, Claudine Auger, Adolfo Celi, and Luciana Paluzzi. . . . ¶ June 11 at 6: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert), with Sean Connery, Akiko Wakabayashi, Tetsuro Tamba, Mie Hama, and Donald Pleasence. . . . ¶ June 12 at 2:30: "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby, Diana Rigg, and Telly Savalas. . . . ¶ June 12 at 6: "Diamonds Are Forever" (1971; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery, Jill St. John, and Charles Gray. . . . ¶ June 13 at 2: "You Only Live Twice." . . . ¶ June 13 at 5: "Thunderball."

THEATRE 2: June 4 at 3 and 6:30: "In a Jazz Way: A Portrait of Mura Dehn" (1985; Louise Ghertler and Pamela Katz) and "Memoirs of an Everyday War" (1986; Gaston Ancelovici, Jaime Barrios, and Rene Davila), both documentaries. . . . ¶ June 6 at 2:30: "Confessions of a Stardreamer" (1978; John Canemaker); "Rhythm in Light" (1934), "Abstronic" (1952), and "Mood Contrasts" (1953), all directed by Mary Ellen Bute; and "Rushlight" (1984; Holly Fisher). . . . ¶ June 6 at 5:30: A program of Edison Kinetoscopes; and "Ingeborg Holm" (1913; Victor Sjöström; a Swedish silent film, with Swedish intertitles), with Hilda Borgström, Eric Lindholm, and William Larsson. . . . ¶ June 7 at 2:30: "The Farm They Won" (1950; Morris Engel) and "America and Lewis Hine" (1984; Nina Rosenblum). . . . ¶ June 7 at 5:30: "Money" (1984; Henry Hills), "The Braddock Food Bank" (1985; Tony Buba), "Clotheslines" (1981; Roberta Cantow), and "What Do Children Think of When They Think of the Bomb?" (1984; John Canemaker). . . . ¶ June 11 at 6:30 and June 13 at 4: "Laputa" (1986; Helma Sanders-Brahms; in German, with English subtitles), with Sami Frey and Krystyna Janda.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—June 9 at 7:30: "The Makioka Sisters" (1983; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Keiko Kishi. . . . ¶ June 12 at 7:30: "Muddy River" (1981; Kohei Oguri; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Nobutaka Asahara.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Brendan Gill, Penelope Gilliatt, and Terrence Rafferty.)

Angel Heart—There's no way to separate the occult from the incomprehensible in this Alan Parker film set in 1955. Mickey Rourke plays a private eye who is hired by a mysterious client (Robert De Niro) to search for information about a crooner of the prewar era who has disappeared. Every place Rourke goes is artfully arranged to be scuzzy, and *he's* scuzzy, although women don't seem to mind. He has a cajoling, intimate manner with Elizabeth Whitcraft as a ready-for-action blonde, with Charlotte Rampling as a sullen psychic, and, especially, with the screen's newest sexpot, Lisa Bonet, as a teen-age Mambo priestess who has a penchant for smearing herself with chicken blood. This is a lavishly sombre piece of hokum—funereal and loony. Parker simply doesn't have the gift of making evil seductive, and he edits like a flasher. With Brownie McGhee, Michael Higgins, and Stocker Fontelieu. Parker wrote the screenplay, based on William Hjortsberg's "Falling Angel." Cinematography by Michael Seresin; music by Trevor Jones. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/87.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

Athens, Ga.-Inside/Out—"This is one of the most Zen places on earth," says one beaming resident of this music-obsessed university town. Tony Gayton, the director of this low-budget 16-mm. documentary, may have Zen aspirations, too—he shoots and edits as if blindfolded—but his aim is not true. Although the film is meant as a celebration of Athens' crowded creative "scene," it has such a smug insider's tone that it becomes something very different: almost a cautionary movie about the insularity and self-infatuation that college towns are prone to. The picture chuckles and stammers and shakes its head and tells the audience, "You just had to *be* there"—a pretty infuriating attitude for a documentary to take. And fans of Athens' best-known group, melodic and spacey R.E.M., should be warned: the band plays only two songs, and one of them is a limp-spirited cover of the Everly Brothers' "All I Have to Do Is Dream." Among the many other performers are the B-52's (seen here in an old, poorly synchronized film clip) and a promising band called Dreams So Real. —T.R. (Waverly.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—The plot of the picture was unknown to the cast, but presumably known to its director, John Huston, and his co-writer, Truman Capote; however, Capote later remarked that he had "a suspicion that John wasn't too clear about it." Commercially speaking, the movie courted—and achieved—disaster. It kidded itself, yet it succeeded in some original (and perhaps dangerously marginal) way by finding a style of its own. Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Gina Lollobrigida, are on a ship bound for British East Africa; their travelling companions are a gang of uranium swindlers. Then there's a shipwreck. This straight-faced parody of the international thriller killed off the whole genre. With Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, and Jennifer Jones. (Thalia SoHo; June 9.)

Born to Dance (1936)—The plot of this big, unimaginative M-G-M musical is a half-hearted reprise of "42nd Street" and "On with the Show;" this time Eleanor Powell is the understudy who replaces the star (Virginia Bruce). Directed by Roy Del Ruth, the movie was designed to show off Powell, who had just scored a success in "Broadway Melody of 1936;" the chief woman tapper of the period, she had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. Here she falls for a sailor on leave (James Stewart) and in the finale she taps on a battleship. Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around. Also Frances Langford and Una Merkel. The Cole Porter score includes the great "I've Got You Under My Skin," as well as "Easy to Love." (Regency; June 11-13.)

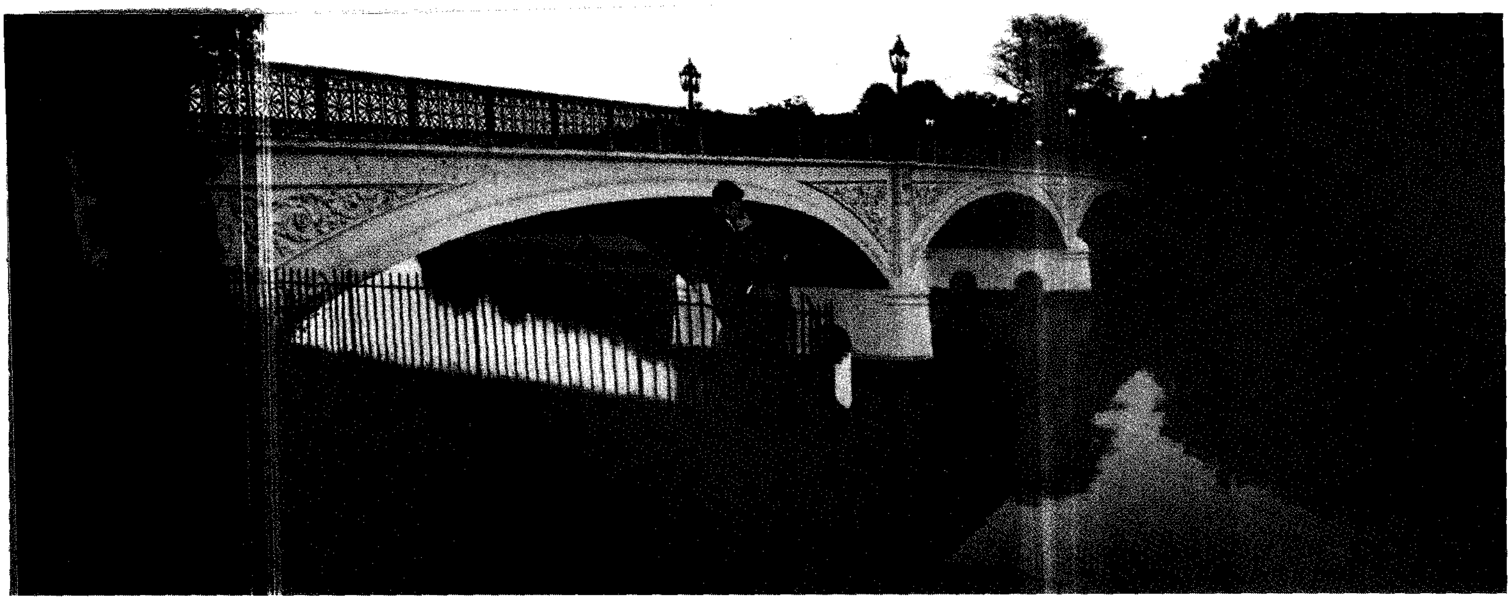
Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in the thirties, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert.—P.G. (Thalia SoHo; June 12-13.)

Extreme Prejudice—This Tex-Mex border thriller, directed by Walter Hill, wants to be a lean, hard contemporary action picture, but the story (by John Milius and Fred Rexer) has too much fat on it. It's a jumble of genre conventions and macho codes, deployed with a recklessness that suggests desperation. There are scorpions, long swigs of tequila, and heavy eyeballing in smoky cantinas; a lawman (Nick Nolte) and a crook (Powers Boothe) competing for the loyalty of a good woman (Maria Conchita Alonso); and a handful of man's-man proverbs. The echoes of Peckinpah and of Hill's fine earlier work ("The Warriors," "The Long Riders," and "Southern Comfort") are saddening. Also with Rip Torn, Michael Ironside, Clancy Brown, and William Forsythe. Screenplay by Deric Washburn and Harry Kleiner.—T.R. (Criterion Center.)

Gardens of Stone—The period of this Francis Coppola film is 1968 and 1969, and the title refers to Arlington National Cemetery; most of the characters serve in the Old Guard, the Army's official ceremonial unit, and take part in the burials of up to fifteen young men a day. The film is far from being a seamless work of art, but it probably comes closer to the confused attitudes that Americans had toward the Vietnam War than any other film has come, and so its own messiness seems honorable. James Caan gives a sturdy, hypermasculine performance as the sergeant who loves the Army but doesn't believe the war can be won. The movie is too wet when it deals with his fatherly efforts to wise up an eager, gullible young trainee (D. B. Sweeney), but when Caan and James Earl Jones, as the sergeant major who's his best friend, express their profane disgust with the war and the Army bureaucracy they're great together, overacting joyously. With the magical, humorous Dean Stockwell, and Anjelica Huston, Lonette McKee, Mary Stuart Masterson, Dick Anthony Williams, Casey Siemaszko, and, in a scene that's an embarrassment, Bill Graham. The screenplay, by Ronald Bass, was adapted from Nicholas Proffitt's novel; cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (5/18/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Husbands (1970)—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Thalia SoHo; June 11.)

Ishtar—Written and directed by Elaine May, this must have started out to be a casual, tacky "Road to" comedy about two aging nonentities—singer-songwriters (Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman) who can only be booked into faraway night spots; dreaming of show-business success, they arrive in the



When he saw the Mariner, he smiled. When he saw what was engraved on the back, he blushed.

"I like you, really I do," was about as poetic as he ever got.

At least in terms of what he *said* to me. He was of the school that believes actions speak louder than words.

Every time I brought up the subject of the future he'd smile and say nothing.

So, after a year of seeing him just about every second day, I thought it was time to celebrate the longevity of our romance.

And perhaps try and prompt him into revealing his future plans with me.

At a celebrated jeweller's store in the city a salesman suggested a solution to my woes.

"If you give him a beautiful timepiece he will immediately understand that you are every bit as concerned about tomorrow as you are about today," the salesman said.

"But it will need to be something truly special," I replied, "because he's an engineer and knows a lot about design and technology."

The salesman went straight to a Concord display cabinet, unlocked it, and withdrew a single watch. It was called the Concord Mariner SG®

"This is a masterpiece of design, watertight to five atmospheres, and extraordinarily thin, which makes it by far the most exquisite choice you could make for an engineer," he continued.

The textured face featured simple gold bars to indicate the hours. The bezel was solid .585 plumb gold.

The bracelet was so beautifully engineered that you'd swear it was held together by magic.

I left it until after dinner, walking home through the cool autumn night, before I confronted my engineer.

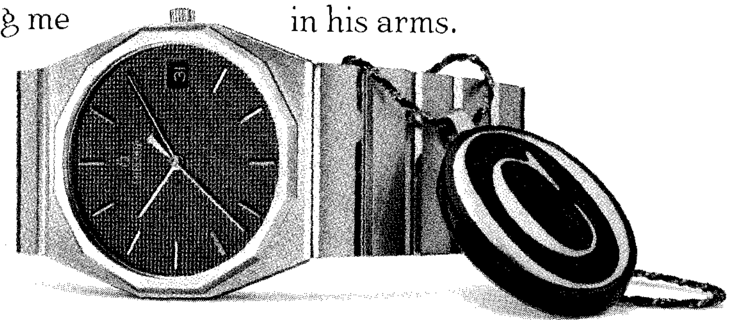
"What time should we meet tomorrow?" I enquired innocently.

Before he could respond I reached into my handbag, pulled out the package and presented it to him.

Lifting the hinged lid of the case, the timepiece was revealed. He moved beneath a streetlight to inspect my gift.

And that's when he saw the message engraved on the back.

"I think it's time to talk about next summer." And that's all he said before taking me in his arms.

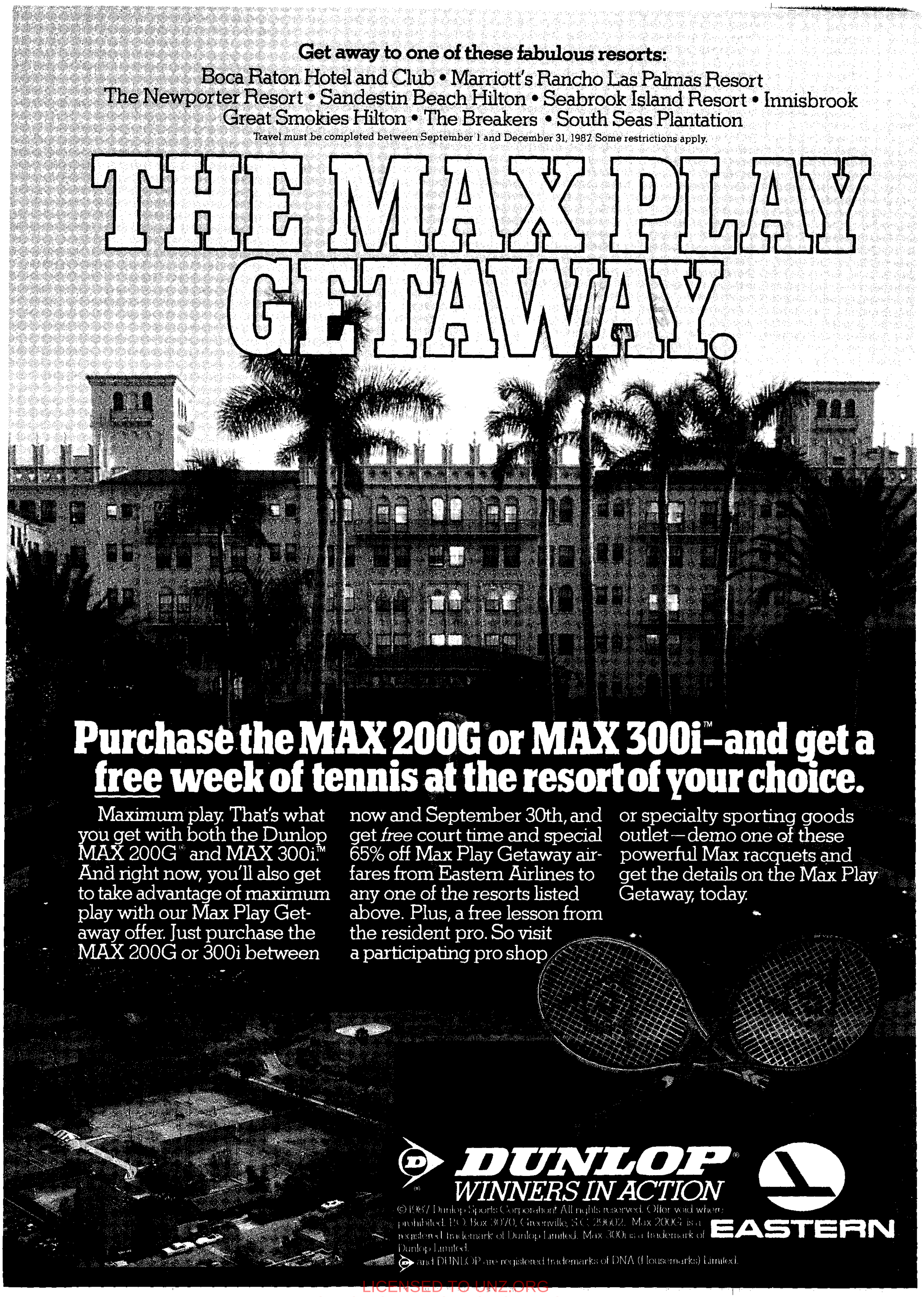


FOR BROCHURE SEND $3 TO CONCORD, DEPT. NY, 650 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, NY 10019.

CONCORD®

WATCH
MAKERS
TO
THE GENTRY℠

SINCE 1908



Get away to one of these fabulous resorts:

Boca Raton Hotel and Club • Marriott's Rancho Las Palmas Resort
The Newporter Resort • Sandestin Beach Hilton • Seabrook Island Resort • Innisbrook
Great Smokies Hilton • The Breakers • South Seas Plantation

Travel must be completed between September 1 and December 31, 1987. Some restrictions apply.

THE MAX PLAY GETAWAY.

Purchase the MAX 200G® or MAX 300i™–and get a free week of tennis at the resort of your choice.

Maximum play. That's what you get with both the Dunlop MAX 200G® and MAX 300i.™ And right now, you'll also get to take advantage of maximum play with our Max Play Getaway offer. Just purchase the MAX 200G or 300i between now and September 30th, and get *free* court time and special 65% off Max Play Getaway airfares from Eastern Airlines to any one of the resorts listed above. Plus, a free lesson from the resident pro. So visit a participating pro shop or specialty sporting goods outlet—demo one of these powerful Max racquets and get the details on the Max Play Getaway, today.

DUNLOP®
WINNERS IN ACTION

EASTERN

©1987 Dunlop Sports Corporation. All rights reserved. Offer void where prohibited. P.O. Box 3070, Greenville, S.C. 29602. Max 200G is a registered trademark of Dunlop Limited. Max 300i is a trademark of Dunlop Limited.
and DUNLOP are registered trademarks of DNA (Housemarks) Limited.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

Middle East and get caught up in revolutionary politics they don't know a thing about. Though determinedly inconsequential, the picture has been made on authentic locations and in a glamorous romantic style; it gets stalled in exposition and in the sand of the Sahara. It isn't dislikable, but it has no comic energy. May's directing is limp, passive; she doesn't do the obvious, but sometimes she doesn't do anything else, either. And when Beatty and Hoffman play small-timers it's a reverse conceit, a form of affectation. Besides, they don't have the kind of sketch-humor savvy to goof off gracefully. They do have a great desert scene with a troupe of unusually handsome, well-groomed vultures. And there are performers who bring some charge with them: Jack Weston, as the team's two-bit hustling agent; Rose Arrick, in a tiny role as Hoffman's mother. And, as the C.I.A. villain, Charles Grodin manages to be fairly amusing because of his bland, whiny *lack* of charge. With Isabelle Adjani, whose pure, childlike face peeps out of the dark Moroccan clothes she's swathed in; she seems hidden in the picture. Also with Tess Harper, Carol Kane, Aharon Ipale, and Herb Gardner. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (6/1/87) (34th St. East, Sutton, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Ziegfeld.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in modern Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish.—B.G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 11.)

Law of Desire—This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. And even when it loses its beat (after a murder) there's always something happening. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina as Pablo's true love, Manuela Velasco as little Ada, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Quad Cinema.)

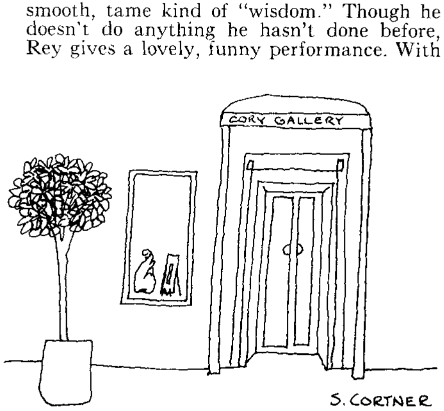
Lethal Weapon—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. But neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can be. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through June 4, evenings only.)

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962)—The reputation of this John Ford Western is undeservedly high; it's a heavy-spirited piece of nostalgia. John Wayne is in his flamboyant element, but James Stewart is too old for the role of an idealistic young Eastern lawyer who is robbed on the way West, goes to work in the town of Shinbone as a dishwasher, and learns about Western life. Opposite him, Vera Miles is as proficient and colorless as ever. With Lee Marvin, Edmond O'Brien, Andy Devine, John Carradine, Woody Strode, and Strother Martin. (Regency; June 9-10.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first Hollywood film, and perhaps Josef von Sternberg's most effective piece of romantic mythmaking. It's enchantingly silly, full of soulful grand passions, drifting cigarette smoke, and a few too many pictorial shots of the Foreign Legion marching this way and that. Dietrich is Amy Jolly, a mysterious woman with a past she won't talk about, who arrives in Morocco and gets a job singing in a rough café. You feel that she's a real performer here: when she comes out to sing, her energy level soars. For her first number, she appears in top hat, white tie, and tails; a Legionnaire (Gary Cooper) shushes the raucous, jeering crowd. When, in a feather boa and a short leotard that shows off her long sleek legs, she sings "What am I bid for my apples?," the Legionnaire knows just what to offer. Dietrich is at the peak of her naughty perfection—cool effrontery and a hint of amusement. This is the movie with the classically giddy, ridiculously satisfying romantic finish: she says goodbye to the rich, kind, worldly Adolphe Menjou, who loves her, kicks off her high heels, and follows Cooper and the departing Legionnaires into the desert. With Juliette Compton, Ullrich Haupt, and Eve Southern. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 10.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Padre Nuestro—Director Francisco Regueiro has cast Buñuel veterans Fernando Rey and Francisco Rabal in this movie about a dying Spanish cardinal (Rey) who returns home to put his house in order. His goals are to reconcile with his illegitimate daughter, a prostitute who dispenses her favors under the name of La Cardenala, and to arrange the disposition of his vineyards, which produce "the Blood of Christ"—Communion wine. The movie is full of dry little jokes about red hats and red lights, and at one point the Cardinal gives his brother (Rabal), a doctor who's supposed to be a worldly atheist, some pointers, in Latin, on sexual technique. Regueiro's work is intelligent, but the film is finally disappointing; the strong wine of Buñuel's wit seems to have been adulterated with a smooth, tame kind of "wisdom." Though he doesn't do anything he hasn't done before, Rey gives a lovely, funny performance. With Victoria Abril as La Cardenala and Emma Penella as the Cardinal's mother, who's outraged that her son didn't make Pope. Screenplay by Angel Fernández Santos and the director. In Spanish.—T.R. (Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 4.)



Personal Services—An astonishingly cheerful high and low comedy, starring Julie Walters as a London brothelkeeper. Walters is a human carnival; at times, she's as spirited as Mel Brooks on a good day. When this madam, called Christine Painter, thinks about the undignified actions that her dignified old gentlemen like to engage in, she giggles, and she carries you along with her. Her giddy hysteria seems the only appropriate response to the sexual habits of the English—it seems a higher normality. Christine Painter, grounded on Cynthia Payne, London's famous Mme. Cyn (who acted as consultant to the film), is a great subject for the director, Terry Jones, of the Monty Python group, and the writer, David Leland (who co-wrote the 1986 "Mona Lisa"). Julie Walters seems to energize the whole film—to give it a rare kind of screwball fizziness—though she actually gets a lot of help from Alec McCowen, Shirley Stelfox, and Danny Schiller (as Dolly, the elderly maid at the brothel). Cinematography by Roger Deakins. (5/18/87) (Cinema II.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (New Gramercy; through June 11.)

Prick Up Your Ears—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. —P.G. (Film Forum 2; June 9.)

Radio Days—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rock-

Bill Koch
8 time Nat'l X-C
Ski Champion
Olympic Silver Medalist
World Cup Winner

Builds Cardiovascular Fitness More Effectively Than Other Exercisers

NordicTrack duplicates the smooth, rhythmic motion of cross-country skiing, recognized by health authorities as the most effective fitness-building exercise available.

- **Exclusive Flywheel Action**
Provides unmatched smoothness and continuity from stride to stride. Motion and resistances are the same as real skiing.
- **Jarless Action is Safer Than Running**
Completely jarless motion prevents back and joint injuries associated with running. Arm-motion resistances provide superior upper body exercise.
- **More Complete Than Exercise Bikes**
Adds important upper body exercise and exercises leg muscles more uniformly. Fitness-building high pulse rates are easier to attain because more muscles share the exercise.
- **Safer and More Effective Than Rowing Machines**
Safer because no dangerous back strain loads imposed. Scientific tests prove NordicTrack's skiing motion is superior to rowing for building fitness.
- **Burns up to 600 Calories per 20-Minute Workout**
Lose weight without dieting.

Folds compactly. Requires only 15" x 17" floor space.

Free Brochure, and New Video!
800-328-5888
Minnesota 612-448-6987

NordicTrack

141NY Jonathan Blvd., Chaska, MN 55318

away Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (Cinema 3.)

Raising Arizona—This broad farce is no big deal, but it has a cornpone-surreal quality and a rambunctious charm. It's about baby love—about people who feel they can't live without an infant to cuddle. When Edwina, or Ed—played by Holly Hunter—discovers she can't have a child, she's a wreck until she hears about male quintuplets that have been born to a woman who took fertility drugs; then she torments her husband, Hi (Nicolas Cage), until he goes to steal one of them. Hi and Ed live in a yellow mobile home in a Tempe, Arizona, trailer park at the edge of a Pop-art version of the desert. Everything in the film is warped and flipped out; the light seems fluorescent, as if the world were a twenty-four-hour supermarket. And the film is storyboarded like a comic strip; it has a galumphing tempo. Joel and Ethan Coen did the writing together, and Joel directed and Ethan produced (with Mark Silverman). With John Goodman and William Forsythe as the escaped-convict brothers who become gaga over the babe, Trey Wilson as the quints' hardheaded father, Randall (Tex) Cobb as the biker, and Frances McDormand and Sam McMurray. Cinematography by Barry Sonnenfeld. (4/20/87) (Movieland 8th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Beekman; through June 11.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The approach is so objective, so external, that the film doesn't raise questions about this foreign girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn't *offer explanations of her madness.* It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors. Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have to be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjoy this one. With Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, Ian Hendry, Patrick Wymark, Renée Houston, James Villiers, and Polanski in a bit. (Thalia SoHo; June 12-13.)

Rosa Luxemburg—Margarethe von Trotta's biography of the fiery, independent-minded Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxemburg is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries to bring Luxemburg to life as a character and to reconstruct the time and place of her struggles (Germany before and just after the First World War) without romanticizing and trivializing history. The film is occasionally moving, more frequently puzzling: it bears the same uneasy relationship to both politics and entertainment as a May Day parade, and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa's portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her a Best Actress award at last year's Cannes festival, is dogged and rather monotonous. With Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Adelheid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenplay; the excellent cinematography is by Franz Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Secret of My Success—The story of how the farm-bred Brantley (Michael J. Fox) comes to Manhattan, is given a lowly mailroom job by his distant uncle (Richard Jordan), and takes over his uncle's wife (Margaret Whitton), mistress (Helen Slater), and conglomerate. The picture is stupid and often perfunctory; at the same time it has a let's-try-it cheerfulness, a knockout performance by Whitton, who's like a Lubitsch vamp, and nonchalant bits of artifice that are like Lubitsch touches. The director, Herbert Ross, seems to take the derivative, jumbled material as a challenge, and he gives the adventures of Fox's polite Yuppie hustler a spinning, light-headed quality. With standout "character" performances by Elizabeth Franz as Brantley's mother, John Pankow as his mailroom pal, Christopher Murney as the boss of the mailroom, Susan Kellerman and Carol-Ann Susi as secretaries, and Mercedes Ruehl as a waitress. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma; the editing is by Paul Hirsch. The movie is painless, except for the music (by David Foster). (5/4/87) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Movieland; through June 4. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center; starting June 5.)

The Stepfather—A first-rate cunning, shapely thriller, directed by Joseph Ruben ("Dreamscape"), from a nifty screenplay by the crime novelist Donald E. Westlake. The blandly handsome perfectionist (Terry O'Quinn) wants to be the head of an ideal family; he's attracted to widows with children, in picture-postcard houses. Everything's going smoothly for him in his new marriage, except that his sixteen-year-old stepdaughter (Jill Schoelen) recoils from his touch. She knows right down to her toes that he's got some kind of fix on her and that he doesn't love her bamboozled mother (Shelley Hack). This movie has a deceptively placid surface: the horror is there waiting all the time. It's in what's missing from the man we see, and the skill of the picture is that it keeps us creepily conscious of what's missing. With Charles Lanyer, Stephen Shellen, and Jeff Schultz; cinematography by John W. Lindley. (2/9/87) (Gemini, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting June 5.)

Swimming to Cambodia—Jonathan Demme directed this concert film of Spalding Gray's stage performance; it was shot before live audiences in November, 1986, at the Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan. Working on a minimalist basis, with nothing but Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. Gray presents a droll, vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to be cast in the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields." The high point of his monologue comes when he hears about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has discovered strong material, and he builds the tension. But he doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do. (4/6/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro is in almost every frame of Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. De Niro's inflamed, brimming eyes are the focal point of the compositions. He's Travis Bickle, an outsider who can't find any point of entry into human society. Surrounded by the night world of the uprooted—whores, pimps, transients—he hates New York with a Biblical fury, and its filth and smut obsess him. Scorsese achieves the quality of trance in some scenes, and the whole movie has a sense of vertigo. With Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (Thalia SoHo; June 8.)

THE TENANT (1976)—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, and he's a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity: it seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This is no piece of whimsy and shock; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile. —P.G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 11.)

TIN MEN—Written and directed by Barry Levinson, this movie about aluminum-siding salesmen in Baltimore in 1963 is a middle-aged echo of his 1982 film "Diner." He's making essentially the same point—that guys relate better to guys than they do to girls. The picture centers on a feud between two strutting tin men—Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito—who work for different outfits, and on Dreyfuss's trying to score off DeVito by seducing his wife (Barbara Hershey). The salesmen's scams are entertaining, but their spritzing is too tame, and the action is prolonged with limp, wavering scenes. Levinson wants to be on the humane side of every issue. The best work is done by the supporting players. Dreyfuss's sales team includes John Mahoney as his partner, and Seymour Cassel, Matt Craven, Richard Portnow, Alan Blumenfeld, and Michael Tucker as the boss. DeVito's team includes Jackie Gayle as his partner, and Stanley Brock, Bruno Kirby, and J. T. Walsh as the boss. (4/6/87) (D. W. Griffith, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through June 4. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through June 9.)

WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of hit picture M-G-M was famous for. It's taken from one of the love-triangle magazine stories that Faith Baldwin ground out, and though Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked on it, it's just glossy, contrived, and moralistic. What makes it so fundamentally dull is that Jean Harlow, who's the central character, is cast as a nice hardworking girl—she's the hyper-efficient executive secretary to Gable, a millionaire publisher. He's in love with his adoring wife, Myrna Loy, who is misled into thinking that he's having an affair with the secretary. Gable overacts rather fatuously and makes the publisher seem very stupid; Loy's role gives her no chance to do anything but fret graciously; and James Stewart, who plays the secretary's poor-boy fiancé, is a high-minded type, who wants her to quit her glamorous job when they get married. Whatever interest the movie has is in the secretary's role, because although innocent of any adulterous wrongdoing, she is half in love with her boss. Harlow has some moments, but, likably brassy as she is, Jean Harlow is nobody's secretary, and when she tries to seem natural and sincere she is a truly terrible actress. The hairdresser who did her up in rigid little platinum curls didn't help. Clarence Brown directed. (Regency; June 11-13.)

YOJIMBO (1961)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as an unemployed samurai, a sword for hire. He walks into a town divided by two rival merchants quarrelling over a gambling concession, each supporting a gang of killers. He hires out to each and systematically eliminates both. We might expect violence carried to extremity to be sickening; Kurosawa, in a triumph of bravura technique, makes it explosively comic and exhilarating. There is so much displacement of the usual movie conventions that we don't have the time or inclination to ask why we are enjoying the action; we respond kinesthetically. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to American audiences. In Japanese. (Cinema Village; starting June 12.)

A very
fine thing
has
happened to
New York

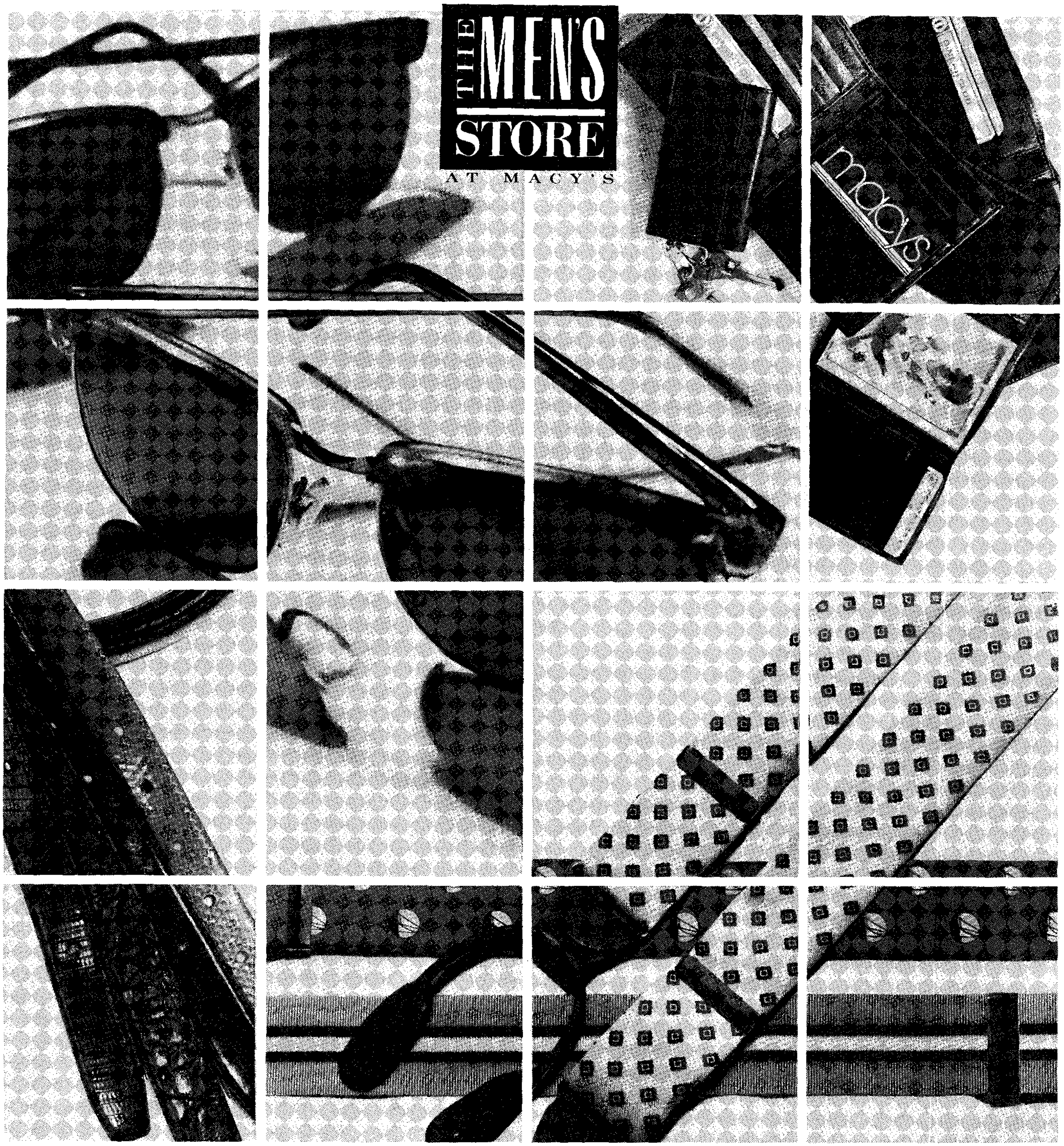
Davidoff

Davidoff of Geneva,
internationally known for its luxury products,
has opened its first store in the United States at 535 Madison Avenue,
New York, NY 10022. Phone 212-751-9060 or 800-548-4623.

THE FINEST COLLECTION OF:
Quality Cigars
Pipes and Tobacco
Smoking Accessories
Humidors
Leather Goods
Attaché Cases
Precision Timepieces
Neckwear
Writing Instruments
Gentlemen's Fragrances and
Skincare Products

For special requests,
custom cigars will be made to order
on the premises
from June 9 to July 15.

GENEVA, ZURICH, LONDON, AMSTERDAM, BRUSSELS, FRANKFURT, HONG KONG, SINGAPORE, BANGKOK, KUALA LUMPUR, MONTREAL, TORONTO,
AND NOW NEW YORK



SUITING HIS IMAGE

As a father, he's a natural. So of course he deserves the best—from head to toe: "Jagger" sunglasses by Colors In Optics, designed by Sanford Hutton with 100% ultraviolet protective lenses. Black, dark tortoise, light tortoise or blue, $55. Alfani wallets in lambskin, cashmere calf or Florentine calf. Passcase, trifold, hipster, keycase and more in black, brown, burgundy or grey, special values, $22-$70. Leather end or clip end suspenders from Polo, Trafalgar, Campaign, Liberty of London, Etro, Dooney & Bourke and John Henry, $11-$90. Exotic belts for sizes 30-42 at value prices from Austin Grey and Club Room: Lizard or eel in black, brown, burgundy or grey, $24. Alligator in black or brown, $65. Snakeskin in black, brown, grey, tan or navy, $17.

The Men's Store (D.212/069). Not all styles, sizes and colors in all stores. Use your Macy's charge. Or the American Express® cards.
Call Macy's By Appointment, your fashion consultants, for details: (212) 560-4181.

macy's
WE'RE A PART OF YOUR LIFE

HERALD SQUARE ★ PARKCHESTER ★ FLATBUSH ★ KINGS PLAZA ★ QUEENS ★ STATEN ISLAND ★ ROOSEVELT FIELD ★ HUNTINGTON ★ MASSAPEQUA ★ SMITH HAVEN ★ BAY SHORE ★ WHITE PLAINS ★ NEW ROCHELLE ★ NEW HAVEN ★ STAMFORD ★ COLONIE ★ AVENTURA ★ DEERBROOK ★ WILLOWBROOK ★ BAYBROOK ★ HOUSTON GALLERIA ★ DALLAS GALLERIA

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN Dr. David Linder and his wife, Elizabeth, appeared before a congressional panel recently, they were harshly rebuked by Representative Connie Mack, a Republican from Florida, for criticizing American support for the Nicaraguan Contras who had killed their son, Benjamin, on April 28th. (They had said, among other things, "It was not an accident but the result of United States foreign policy.") "I can't understand how you can use the grief I know you feel to politicize the situation," Representative Mack said, and he added, "I don't want to be tough on you, but I really believe you're asking for it." There were gasps and hisses from the audience, and Elizabeth Linder replied, "That was the most cruel thing you could have said." It was also, perhaps, the most gratuitous thing he could have said, because Benjamin Linder's death has been ceaselessly "politicized" since the day it occurred.

The Contras' initial account of Linder's death had him caught in cross fire between their fighters and Nicaraguan "regulars." The Nicaraguan government's first story had Linder murdered in his office, and the government's version changed several times before settling on a sequence of events in which Linder was first wounded, then shot in the head at close range. (This is what Linder's parents believe happened.) Politicians and commentators in this country began wrangling almost immediately over the meaning of Linder's death. Prominent supporters of the Contras insisted that the important question was whether or not Linder had been a Communist; opponents of the Contras saw in his death one more example of the Contras' murderousness.

Mira Brown was Ben Linder's friend. She is a twenty-seven-year-old engineer from Somerville, Massachusetts. She had been working with Linder, who was also twenty-seven, on a rural-electrification project in the Nicaraguan province of Jinotega at the time he was killed. Earlier in April, Mira had written a letter to her parents, Norman and Janet Brown, of Washington, D.C. We quote from it with their permission; indeed, Mrs. Brown has expressed the hope that its publication may make her daughter, who remains in Jinotega, "safer than before."

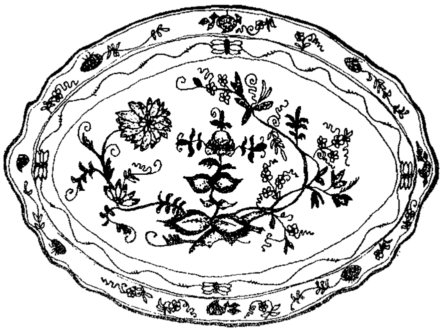
DEAR MOM AND POP—

Hello! I am out of paper, so reading this will be something of an eye exercise. I sit on my bed, listening to the Talking Heads for a few last minutes before lights out at 9 P.M.—we've been turning the plant off at night since the attack [a Contra attack on the local power plant which had destroyed the home of the plant operators, Oscar and Gilda Blandón]—locking the barn door after the horse is stolen, and all that. Actually, it's part of an effort to pressure the army to beef up security out there. They have already stationed more soldiers, which is good, but Oscar and Gilda are still holding out for a mortar or a heavier machine gun . . . odd demands for a work stoppage, no?

I somehow got right off starting talking about the war, *not* my objective when I took out this last sheet. I was going to say, "I had a great day today," which I did. . . .

I woke up to a beautiful sunrise in the graveyard [where two or three villagers sleep each night, on guard duty; the graveyard is on high ground] at 5:30 (I love sleeping outside—just wish the circumstances were a bit different), trudged back to the house, ate breakfast (rice, beans, tortilla, coffee), drank powdered milk, wrote a letter to Donald [a Canadian volunteer who had recently left] full of philosophical reflections about this Revolution and what the hell is my role in it anyway . . . arranged work details, and headed off. Drove to El Trebol in the Jeep (I am enjoying driving immensely, largely because everyone is so shocked to see me at the wheel). Got a good early start on Doña Carmenza's new Lorena stove, working with her. She is a gentle, bright, firm, single mom who's happy that way, with four well-disciplined bright kids she's putting through school, a member of the co-op, and one of the women around here whose lives have changed radically in the last few years. . . . They inspire me.

We shovelled and compacted and shovelled some more. Today the heavy work didn't wear me out. I had more energy than in the office the day before, even though I'd slept less.



Ten days later, nine days before Ben Linder's death, Mira wrote this addendum:

Ben and I spent yesterday getting the Jeep repaired, a small miracle considering it was Saturday of Holy Week. We had to find someone to make two new supports for the windshield, the old ones having ripped out when I drove down this time. Now we've done away with welding directly to the canopy and have a system with bolts and rubber washers. Much better. I can hit potholes with relative impunity. And potholes abound.

Ben is much better, though very tired still. I will go with him to build the weir, basically being his feet. I look forward to it. I should learn a lot about weirs and water measurements, and a bit about concrete form work. I love this job. . . . Where else would I get called off of Lorena stoves to build a weir for a small hydroelectric plant?

Love to you all,
MIRA

Ben Linder, who had hurt his leg while riding the unicycle for which he was locally famous—hence Mira's "being his feet"—was working on the weir when he and two of his Nicaraguan companions were killed by the Contra ambush. Mira was in another village at the time, but her letter conveys the circumstances, and even some of the meaning, of his death better than most of the news reports, and without much of the “politicizing” that Representative Mack shrinks from.

At the House hearing at which Ben Linder’s parents testified, several Contra-supporting representatives suggested that, as the Washington *Post* put it, “Linder died in a combat area like other Americans in other war zones around the world.” But for Americans, of course, Nicaragua is not like other war zones around the world, since it is our own government that has created, has armed, and continues to direct one of the combatant armies—an army that has distinguished itself largely by concentrating on civilian targets.

Elliott Abrams, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, also testified before the House panel. He blamed the Sandinistas for Ben Linder’s death, claiming that the Nicaraguan government *should not allow* Americans to work or travel in combat zones, and he added that, although the details were still unclear, it appeared that Linder and his co-workers had been “a legitimate target.” Mr. Abrams refused to tell the House panel just what guidelines the Contras observe in choosing targets; such things, he explained, are classified. “They have their own guidelines—an elaborate system and a code of behavior,” he said.

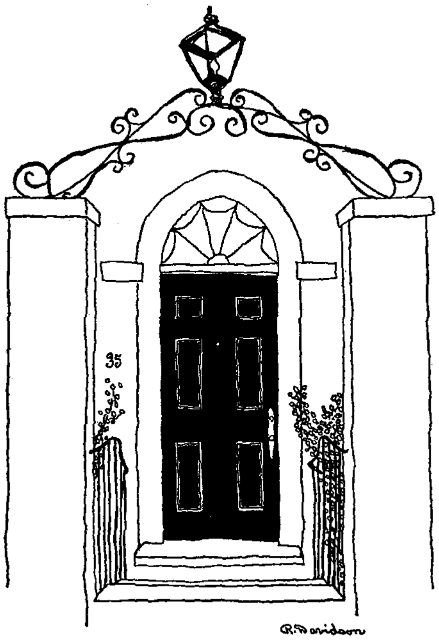
This elaborate system and code of behavior clearly expanded sometime last year to include the murder of foreign civilian volunteers. Since 1986, the Contras have killed development workers from France, Spain, Switzerland, West Germany, and, now, the United States.

• •

Midwestern State

THREE and a half tons of Nebraska cuisine (“the largest carry-out order ever,” according to one Nebraskan) got delivered one recent Sunday afternoon to Fiftieth Street and Park Avenue—the site of St. Bartholomew’s Church and the Nebraska Society of New York’s Taste of Nebraska festival—and there it got eaten. Young people in Nebraska, after they finish school, confront an existential choice: either buy a big freezer and settle in or move someplace with a few more ups and downs. A Nebraskan who moves to New York is eventually tracked down by the Nebraska Society of New York, which is determined to network with every plausible Nebraskan in the tri-state area. Right now, it’s up to eight hundred and counting. That still leaves a million and a half Cornhuskers back in the mother country.

Nebraskans eat: runzas (beef-and-cabbage encased in dough), kolaches (a pastry like a small Danish), pizza from a place in Lincoln called Valentino’s, smoked beef, hot dogs, grilled sausages, ice cream on a stick (called a Whirla Whip), Miller & Paine cinnamon rolls, Lithuanian pumpernickel and sourdough rye, lots of leafy greens with lots of dressing (Dorothy Lynch Home Style Dressing, Albert’s Finest Poppy Seed Dressing, Big Fred’s Salad Dressing), Irv’s famous giant deli sandwiches (from Irv’s Deli & More, in Fremont), Grandma Polt’s Home-Style Beef Chunks (in fourteen-ounce tins: if you like your dog, let him try a bite; if you love your dog, let him try a can). When a Nebraska doctor tells you you’re not getting enough cholesterol, he prescribes Humpty Dumpty fresh hard-boiled eggs—they’re dyed and come two to a package. Tom Vickers, who is the brains behind Tom Vickers, Inc., a small group of Nebraska cattlemen who raise “corn-fed beef . . . on the rolling prairies under the wide-open skies of Nebraska,” wants Nebraskans, and even non-Nebraskans, to get access to his toll-free phone number and to eat more beef. Tom Vickers used to be a state senator—until the last election, when the people in his district decided otherwise. He’s not all that bitter. “The voters have a right to say whatever they want to say,” Tom Vickers says. “The dumb bastards.”



Nebraskans are chauvinistic. They wear T-shirts that say “It’s Hard to Be Humble When You’re from Nebraska” and “On the 8th Day God Created the Cornhuskers.” Nebraskans revere simplicity and straightforwardness. Non-Nebraskans sometimes misread this, dangerously, as naïveté. Nebraskans are proud that their state isn’t boringly rectangular: there’s a river on the right and a panhandle on the left.

Expatriate Nebraskans say: “Over there’s a girl I went to Bible school with. See? Over *there*—in the red-and-black dress. She’s a sinner now,” and “Another ice-cream thing, son? No, three’s enough,” and “All these people look familiar, but I don’t actually know any of them,” and “When I’m homesick, what do I do? Oh, I call my mother. Call my aunt. Make tapioca pudding.”

Significant Nebraska facts (culled from significant Nebraska promotional literature and in-depth interviews):

1. “Though Nebraska lies in the central part of the prairie plains region, grass is only one of its varied vegetations.”
2. The whole darn place is twenty per cent bigger than all of New England. Also flatter.
3. “Nebraska is a land of exciting contrasts,” according to Tom Allen, of the Omaha *World-Herald*.
4. Ranks first nationally in popcorn production, third nationally in dry-edible-bean production.
5. Sand and gravel “are produced throughout the state in large quantities.”
6. Members of the Nebraska Society chapter in Anchorage call themselves Alaska Nebraskans, or maybe vice versa.
7. The world’s largest elephant fossil was found in Nebraska.

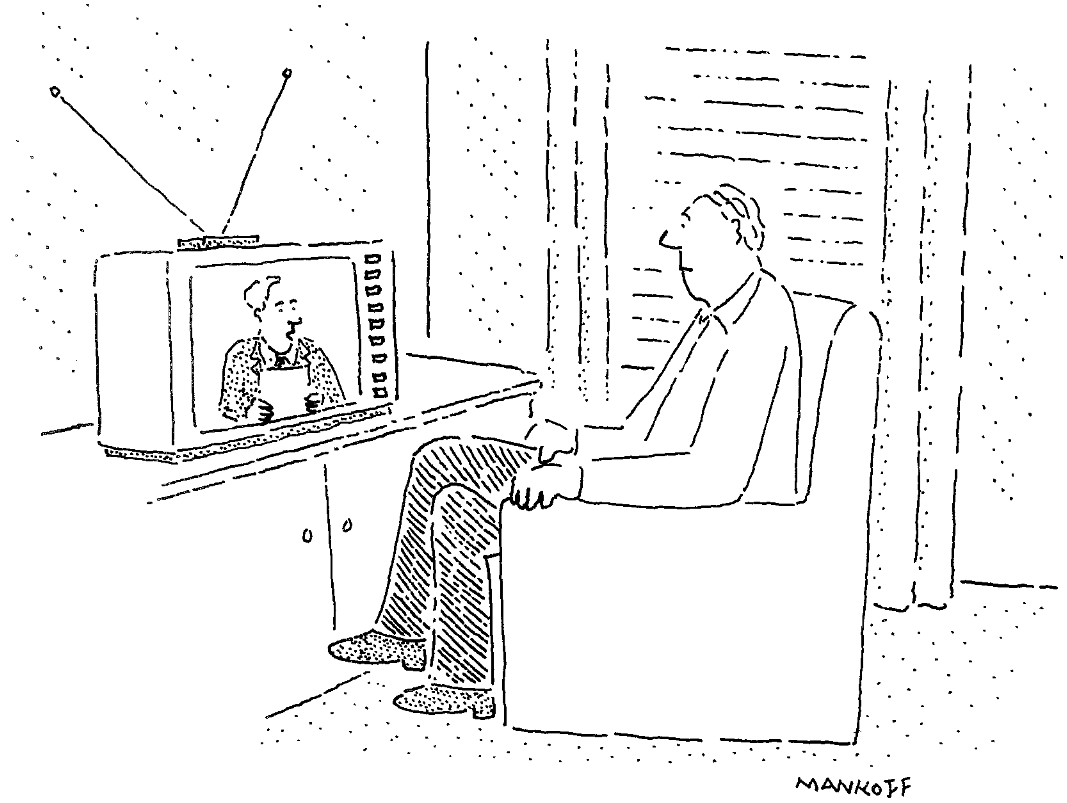
The Grafton sisters, Linda and Peggy, originally from Lebanon, in Red Willow County (down near Kansas and Colorado), and now residing in Westchester County (up near Yonkers), were on hand at St. Bartholomew’s. They brought along their friends Jim and Harold, who are from the Bronx. Jim and Harold have never been to Nebraska, but they have got sort of close. “I’ve been to Pennsylvania,” said Jim. “I’ve been to Montreal,” said Harold. In Westchester, Linda and Peggy both have jobs as au pairs. First Linda came East, then Peggy. They plan to stick around.

"I've been informed that I'm supposed to stay till the kid's twenty-one," Peggy said. "He'll turn two in July."

Before Peggy left Nebraska, she was living in a two-bedroom house on one and a half acres. "My rent was seventy-five dollars a month," she said. "And my landlord came over and mowed the grass himself. He had a horse, so he'd planted alfalfa in the back yard. I was working four different jobs—two days for a doctor, occasionally for a hospital, babysitting, and at the Dairy Queen on weekends. I was still having trouble paying the rent. Linda kept saying, 'Come on out. Come on out.' So I did."

When Linda and Peggy left Lebanon, the town's population slipped down to ninety-nine. "The Bank of Lebanon has gone out of business," Linda said. "It's a bar now. Even though it's no longer a bank, it still has the most money in town."

Someone asked the Grafton sisters why certain people in Westchester County prefer au pairs from Nebraska to au pairs from Europe. Linda said, "Fewer visa problems."



"On the foreign-exchange markets today, the dollar fell against all major currencies and the doughnut."

• •

The Mini

WE have heard from a friend of ours, a self-appointed fashion-watcher in his fifties:

Let's start with a principle: Real fashion almost always has to do with flouting physical and social probability (the bustle, the wig, the waist-cincher, the high heel, lipstick) and sometimes has to do with subversion and rebellion and with being perverse. So, once again, we have the miniskirt.

It was at its first birth a symbol of shamelessness, of the defeat of bourgeois attitudes. It was a style for the end of the world. Is it a style for the end of the world this time, too? Or has it been detoxified? Is it almost nostalgia? A tradition? Is it nostalgia for a tradition of revolution? I found myself thinking that the mini was happening again just when bourgeois standards were making a comeback, together with pre-sixties notions of propriety. So I called a friend of mine in Washington and asked if he thought I might talk to someone at the White House about it, and my friend said that no one would talk to me about such a thing as the miniskirt but I could try. I did reach one of the First Lady's deputy press secretaries. She was immensely polite and very cheerful, and said that she preferred not to speak for attribution generally, and that this subject did not seem to her to have the weight I was placing on it. She said she thought that people were simply tired of wearing long skirts, that it was time for a change. "We're only talking about up to the knees," she said. I said I didn't want to argue, but I'd been told that some young people were planning to wear very short minis, and there was talk that the skirt was revolutionary this time, too. She said no, she disagreed, it was just a relief to get out of long skirts. I thanked her and hung up.

A man at my office said he could remember the exact moment he saw a mini for the first time, in London in the sixties: the shock, the very real shock. Now his feelings about the mini are mild and fond. "Remembrance of things short and past," he said.

Then, being shy, I asked a young woman I know to telephone a famous poet and ask if she might put a foolish question to him. He asked what the question was, and she said, "What do you think of the mini? And does it have any meaning this time?"

"In its own time, it was wonderful. Now it's not terribly important whether a skirt is mini or maxi."

"Why isn't it terribly important?"

"Because I'm older."

"Do you think they look good?"

"Depends on the wearer."

"What about not so young women wearing them?"

"That would be attractive."

"Why?"

"Because it's not the most expected thing. An element of surprise."

"Would you wear one if you were a girl?"

"If I were a girl, I would go for it. It creates a mild tension, a suspense."

Next, I approached some journalists I know, and one of them said, "The male fantasy is that women want to be exhibitionists, but they don't. Short skirts are a male fantasy."

"But women wear them," I said.

"Men think women want to have sex on the railroad tracks, but it's not true," the man went on. "Women are less accessible than men think they are." He added, "The hard part is to show off the leg without becoming a fool."

"And what about miniskirts from the point of view of being a father?" I asked.

The man replied, "I try not to think about my daughters, because it would be such torment if I did."

Then I asked another journalist, one considerably older, and he said, "The human animal is said to have the greatest amount of leg in proportion to torso of any creature, including the ostrich. This is one of the reasons a man can outwalk a horse. Women are hollow-thighed and knock-kneed. Nature arranges it so, to dish out a child. Men's legs are more beautiful than women's legs. It's a fact of life."

"Do you think miniskirts are too aggressive?"

"There's an element of comedy in them, especially if women wear very high heels and are teetering like foals testing their locomotive aptitude."

"Would you want your wife to wear one?"

"Not anymore."

An acting assistant to Secretary of Defense Weinberger said that he didn't think the question was one that ought to be transmitted by courier to the Secretary, who was travelling abroad, but that if Mr. Weinberger had been upstairs he would have asked him, since the question does in a sense concern military personnel. But perhaps Mr. Weinberger wouldn't want to discuss the matter, even so. The call kept getting distorted through the wires, and I heard one operator say, "I need to overhaul my entire bedroom," and then I heard another operator say, "Did you find your hamburger?"

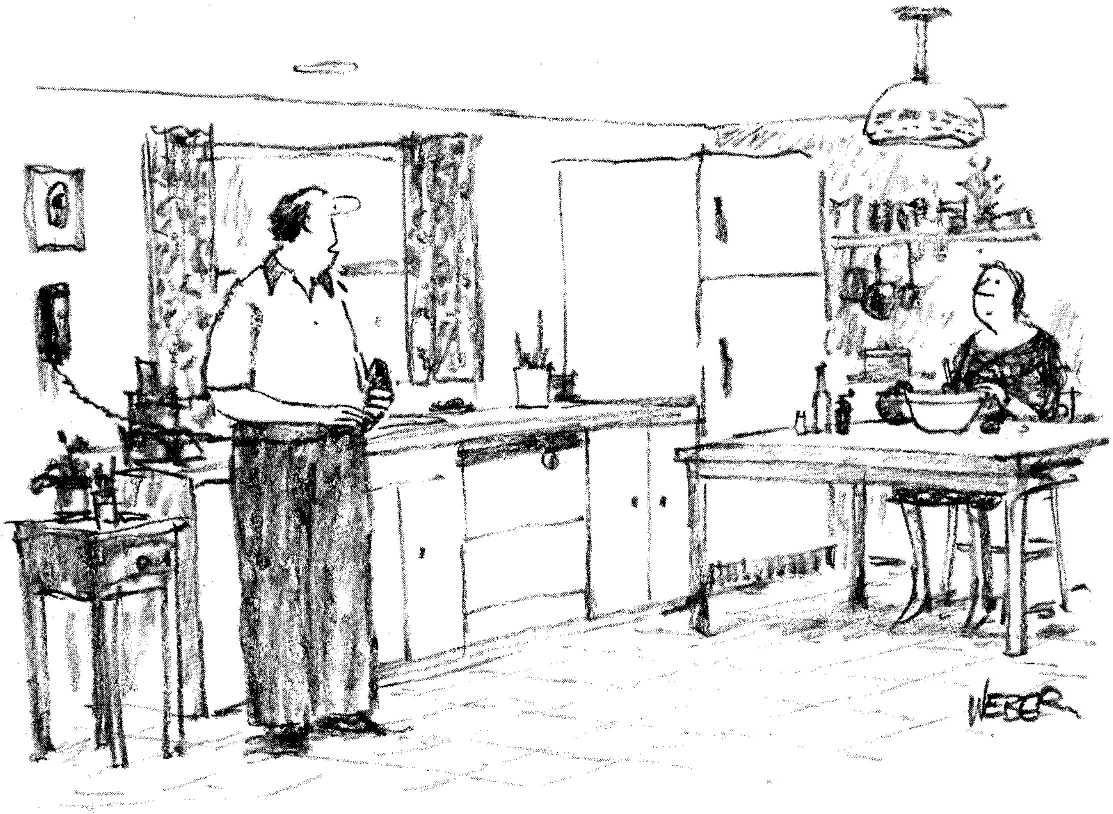
Later, the acting assistant called back and said Mr. Weinberger was "disinclined to discuss the matter at this time."

A Jesse Helms staff person said, "I don't think Mr. Helms has ever been asked a fashion question before."

A woman in the fashion business said of another, extremely important woman in the fashion business who had started wearing very short skirts, "My God, who knew she had good-looking legs? A woman looks twenty-five years younger in those things." I asked her what she had thought of all this back in the sixties, and she said, "I was at *Vogue* in the sixties. The excitement was the pants suit then."

A woman I know wore a miniskirt one night recently. A man she was cooking for said when he saw her, "It's a shock."

She replied, "Darling, the same thing happens to women when men cut their hair."



"It's the Miami 'Herald.' They saw you go in the front door yesterday, but they haven't seen you come out."

A friend told me of a long-distance phone conversation with her mother.

Mother: "The miniskirt? Oh, that's about ethics and ego and self-images. It's distressing and disturbing on women whose legs aren't good. Fashion is unkind. Women like to be appreciated. As do men and dogs."

Daughter: "Do you think your friends will shorten their skirts?"

Mother: "Maybe the uninteresting people will."

Daughter: "Why do you know uninteresting people?"

Mother: "You can't always have interesting people in your life. You have to have some flops around the edges."

An unidentified good-looking blond woman of about fifty shopping at Henri Bendel said, "When it's ghastly-looking, it's an obscenity to the eye. Shorts are for children."

"Do you think men like them?" I asked.

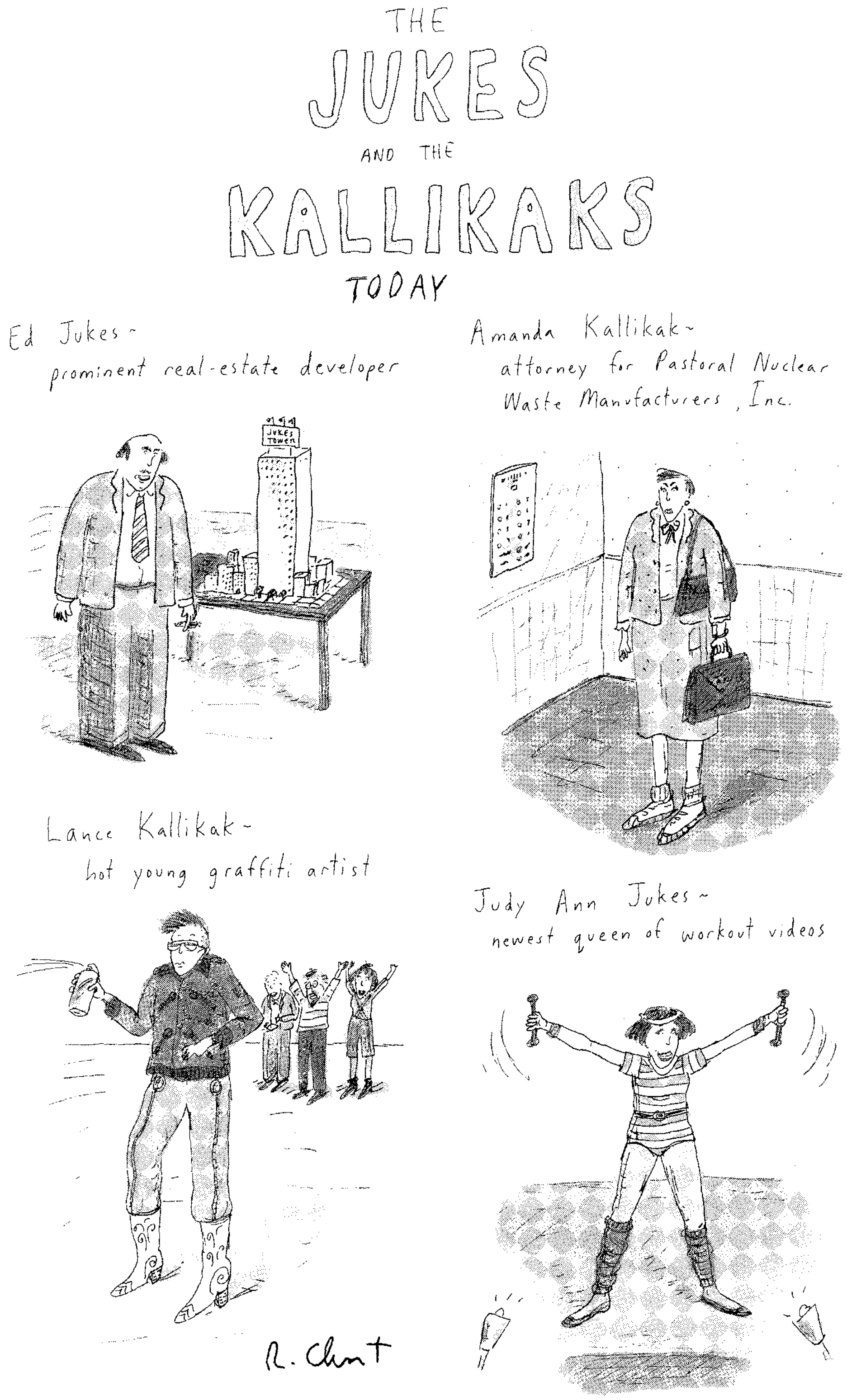
"Absolutely, even if it's disastrous."

A young good-looking man, recently divorced: "I like them, but if it's a liberation it's a peculiar time for it. I mean, AIDS—here they are, dressing sexy when no one can do anything about sex."

A young woman in L.A. said, "At this point, I wouldn't wear one. I'm five months pregnant. But I think they're fine. I think longer skirts are dowdy, but they aren't selling any mini-length clothes for pregnant women."

A young girl: "It's invited by every leg. It's part of the new distrust of the rich. There is no shame. My great-grandmother said, 'If you're out of fashion, you're out of the world.' M.S.P. is Miniskirt Panic. It's part of 'Less is more.' The right size is this: Put your thumb on your pelvic bone. Stretch your pinkie down. That's where the skirt should be. If it's longer, go smoke a joint and wear a maxi, because you're so out of it you may as well go to the Portobello Road."

It is my conclusion that it *is* the end of the world again—the mini, I mean. The world has fallen into the hands of the young—the young have stolen it—and now we can only wait and see what they do with it this time.

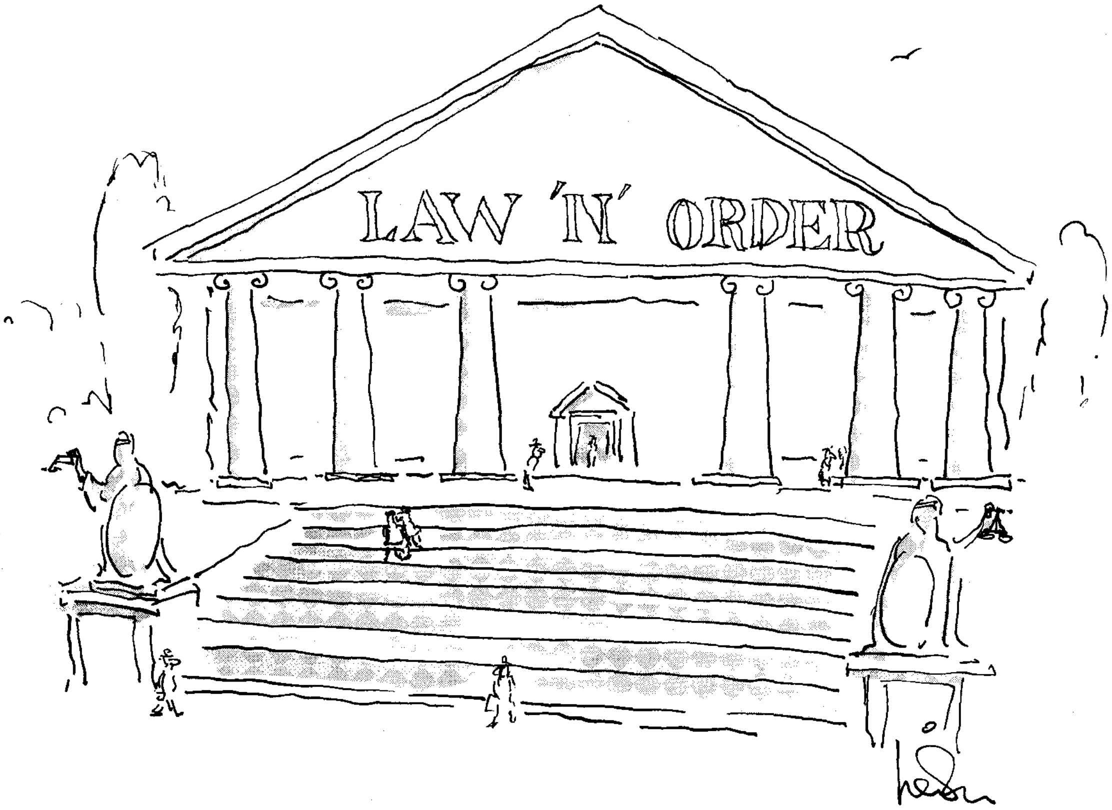

THE
JUKES
AND THE
KALLIKAKS
TODAY
Ed Jukes - prominent real-estate developer
JUKES TOWER
Amanda Kallikak - attorney for Pastoral Nuclear Waste Manufacturers, Inc.
Lance Kallikak - hot young graffiti artist
Judy Ann Jukes - newest queen of workout videos
R. Chast

Fifty

"EVERY society lives not on bread and water but on idealism," Carl Scheele, a curator at the Smithsonian Institution, told us one recent foggy morning when we stopped by the World Trade Center's observation deck for bacon, eggs, and birthday cake provided by DC Comics in honor of Superman's upcoming fiftieth birthday. Mr. Scheele is putting together an exhibit, his last before he retires, called "Superman: Many Lives, Many Worlds," which will include comic books, movie posters, Christopher Reeve's costume, the break-away shirt George Reeves wore in the television version, and the bow tie Jack Larson wore in that version, as Jimmy Olsen, Clark Kent's colleague at the *Daily Planet*. "There's nothing mysterious about the ideals of Superman," Mr. Scheele, a soft-spoken, affable man, went on. "They're simple: truth, justice, and goodness. They don't tax the memory, and they're powerful and sustaining—from decade to decade, generation to generation. They haven't solved the world's problems, but they make people feel good."

Visibility was nil from the hundred-and-seventh floor, so if a bird, a plane, or Superman had been hovering in the air outside we wouldn't have known. We were, however, treated to a spliced videotape of various crucial Supermen—Kirk Alyn, George Reeves, Christopher Reeve—and some "Superman" events: Krypton perished, a baby boy hurtled toward the earth and landed in a cornfield, a small boy pulled the family car out of a ditch, prompting the narrator to comment, in the manner of a nineteen-thirties newsreel, "It was soon clear that he was no ordinary infant." John Byrne, a large, bearded man, who is the current writer and illustrator of "Superman," and Jenette Kahn, an enthusiastic young woman, who is the publisher of DC Comics, filled the audience in on the history of "Superman": In 1933, seventeen-year-old Jerry Siegel, of Cleveland, lay awake in bed at night imagining the life of a man from another planet. He teamed up with his friend Joe Shuster, who was good at drawing, and together the two created a comic strip based in part on Philip Wylie's science-fiction novel "Gladiator." It was five years before "Superman" was published; the following year, the hero had his own regular comic-book title.

Mark Hamill, the actor, thanked Superman for the escapism he'd provided, and said he couldn't think of a better travel agent. The English rock star Mick Jones, of Foreigner, said that the "Superman" color comics were part of his childhood fantasy of America. Ms. Kahn conveyed regards from her friend Gloria Steinem, who was at the moment stuck in traffic, but who had stated earlier that Superman had taught us to reach out to the stars. Mary Moebus, the director of licensing for DC Comics, informed us that corporate America was joining in the celebration with tie-ins of such products as Armour hot dogs and Slurpees. Back to the videotape, where Christopher Reeve, in full Superman regalia, was flying toward the camera at lightning speed, and then Jack Larson shook his head in disbelief as Lois



• •

Lane asked George Reeves, in Clark Kent disguise, "How did you leave there later than we did and beat us to the airport?"

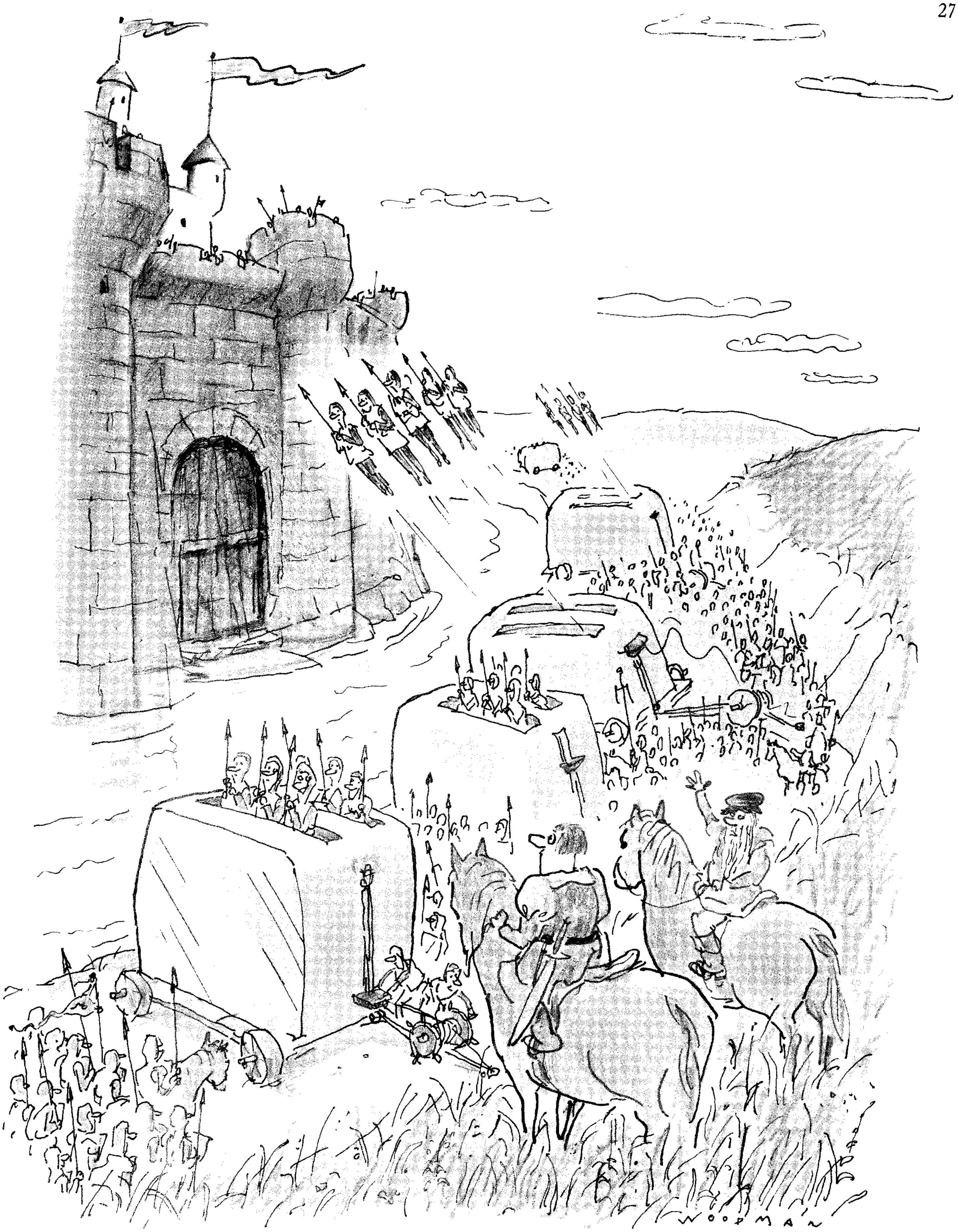
"Jimmy was an eager reporter but not a bright one," Jack Larson in person told us after the video ended. "He couldn't see that Clark Kent and Superman were the same man, when it was only a pair of glasses that made the difference. 'Superman' was one of the first television series ever filmed. In 1951, when I was offered the role of Jimmy, I didn't want to do it. I was a serious actor on the West Coast, and I wanted to get to New York. Somebody told me to take the money and run, that nobody would ever see the show. Well, when the television show had been on only a few weeks I was having a late breakfast at Yankee Doodle's, on Madison Avenue in the Eighties, and I became aware of a commotion outside. I looked out the window and saw dozens and dozens of children piled up on one another's shoulders. One of them called out, 'Look, there's Jimmy!' I hadn't realized it was me they were gawking at. The police had to escort me out. That's when I knew the program was popular. Unfortunately, I became typecast as Jimmy Olsen, so I quit acting and began writing plays and other pieces, including an opera libretto for Virgil Thomson."

"I took the part because I thought it meant thirteen weeks' work," said Noel Neill, a petite woman with gray hair pulled back in a ponytail, who played Lois Lane in the early movie serials and also in the television series. "My father was a newspaper editor in Minneapolis, so I was familiar with reporters. I'd been on a four-year contract with Paramount. I did 'Here Come the Waves,' with Betty Hutton and Bing Crosby, and played the elevator operator in 'The Big Clock,' with Ray Milland. I did thirty chapters of the 'Superman' movie serial in 1948 and 1950, and in the mid-fifties I did seventy-eight television episodes. In the Christopher Reeve version, I played little Lois Lane's mother. I didn't meet Christopher or Margot Kidder until after we'd finished filming, and that seemed strange. They didn't call me for advice, but if Margot had, I think I would have told her not to be so mean to Clark Kent. A lot of young women I've spoken to think Margot played Lois as too hard, too brassy. Maybe that's why her part was eventually cut back. We talked about reviving the television show in 1959, but that was the year George Reeves died. George was wonderful, a real Southern gentleman. He once said that he felt a little foolish, a grown man flying around on a big metal mold in his underwear."

Ms. Neill turned to Mr. Larson and asked, "Jack, do you remember the time Superman got stuck in a wall in a cave?" Then she explained, "We were on such a small budget. Fake walls would be built late at night or early in the morning, and they had to be exactly right—hard enough to stand, soft enough for somebody to go through them. One day, the cameras started rolling, and a hand and a foot came through, but no George. The wall had hardened. The director yelled 'Cut!' and pulled George out. George got up graciously, and dusted himself off, and for the rest of that day we had to think of scenes to shoot without him."

"I remember that," Mr. Larson said, and he went on, "I wasn't sure why 'Superman' was so popular at the time it came out, but I think a lot of its appeal now is the continuity: fathers, grandfathers, and grandsons share the experience. 'Superman' also has mythic power. In my own life, I've been quite daring. I'm a skier, and I've gone off cliffs in Switzerland. I worked on 'Superman' for eight years, and I suppose that, in my innocence, I still think he's going to save me."

"Superman is our version of Greek myth," said Gloria Steinem, who had extricated herself from the traffic and arrived on the hundred-and-seventh floor. "He's an inspiration to ordinary people—men, especially. Clark Kent went against the traditional idea of masculinity: he was shy and bumbling, and he wasn't afraid to appear sensitive, or to fall in love. He could be viewed as a wimp, but he was Superman. He's also an embodiment of the idea that creatures unlike us can be friendly and peaceful. The unknown is not necessarily hostile—that was part of the idealism of the thirties. I don't think Superman could have been created in the fifties, with its mistrust of outsiders. In the thirties, there was still the spirit of One Worldism. It's an idea that we need to keep in mind today."



"Someday man will find a peaceful use for my machines."

HELPING

ONE gray November day, Elliot went to Boston for the afternoon. The wet streets seemed cold and lonely. He sensed a broken promise in the city's elegance and verve. Old hopes tormented him like phantom limbs, but he did not drink. He had joined Alcoholics Anonymous fifteen months before.

Christmas came, childless, a festival of regret. His wife went to Mass and cooked a turkey. Sober, Elliot walked in the woods.

In January, blizzards swept down from the Arctic until the weather became too cold for snow. The Shawmut Valley grew quiet and crystalline. In the white silences, Elliot could hear the boards of his house contract and feel a shrinking in his bones. Each dusk, starveling deer came out of the wooded swamp behind the house to graze his orchard for whatever raccoons had uncovered and left behind. At night he lay beside his sleeping wife listening to the baying of dog packs running them down in the deep moon-shadowed snow.

Day in, day out, he was sober. At times it was almost stimulating. But he could not shake off the sensations he had felt in Boston. In his mind's eye he could see dead leaves rattling along brick gutters and savor that day's desperation. The brief outing had undermined him.

Sober, however, he remained, until the day a man named Blankenship came into his office at the state hospital for counselling. Blankenship had red hair, a brutal face, and a sneaking manner. He was a sponger and petty thief whom Elliot had seen a number of times before.

"I been having this dream," Blankenship announced loudly. His voice was not pleasant. His skin was unwholesome. Every time he got arrested the court sent him to the psychiatrists and the psychiatrists, who spoke little English, sent him to Elliot.

Blankenship had joined the Army after his first burglary but had never served east of the Rhine. After a few months in Wiesbaden, he had been discharged for reasons of unsuitability, but he told everyone he was a veteran of the Vietnam War. He went about in a tiger suit. Elliot had had enough of him.

"Dreams are boring," Elliot told him.

Blankenship was outraged. "Whaddaya mean?" he demanded.

During counselling sessions Elliot usually moved his chair into the middle of the room in order to seem accessible to his clients. Now he stayed securely behind his desk. He did not care to seem accessible to Blankenship.

"What I said, Mr. Blankenship. Other people's dreams are boring. Didn't you ever hear that?"

"Boring?" Blankenship frowned. He seemed unable to imagine a meaning for the word.

Elliot picked up a pencil and set its point quivering on his desk-top blotter. He gazed into his client's slack-jawed face. The Blankenship family made their way through life as strolling litigants, and young Blankenship's specialty was slipping on ice cubes. Hauled off the pavement, he would hassle the doctors in Emergency for pain pills and hurry to a law clinic. The Blankenships had threatened suit against half the property owners in the southern part of the state. What they could not extort at law they stole. But even the Blankenship family had abandoned Blankenship. His last visit to the hospital had been subsequent to an arrest for lifting a case of hot-dog rolls from Woolworth's. He lived in a Goodwill depository bin in Wyndham.

"Now I suppose you want to tell me your dream? Is that right, Mr. Blankenship?"

Blankenship looked left and right like a dog surrendering eye contact. "Don't you want to hear it?" he asked humbly.

Elliot was unmoved. "Tell me something, Blankenship. Was your dream about Vietnam?"

At the mention of the word "Vietnam," Blankenship customarily broke into a broad smile. Now he looked guilty and guarded. He shrugged. "Ya."

"How come you have dreams about that place, Blankenship? You were never there."

"Whaddaya mean?" Blankenship began to say, but Elliot cut him off.

"You were never there, my man. You never saw the goddam

"Peter Pan isn't as young as he looks."

place. You have no business dreaming about it! You better cut it out!"

He had raised his voice to the extent that the secretary outside his open door paused at her word processor.

"Lemme alone," Blankenship said fearfully. "Some doctor you are."

"It's all right," Elliot assured him. "I'm not a doctor."

"Everybody's on my case," Blankenship said. His moods were volatile. He began to weep.

Elliot watched the tears roll down Blankenship's chapped, pitted cheeks. He cleared his throat. "Look, fella . . ." he began. He felt at a loss. He felt like telling Blankenship that things were tough all over.

Blankenship sniffed and telescoped his neck and after a moment looked at Elliot. His look was disconcertingly trustful; he was used to being counselled.

"Really, you know, it's ridiculous for you to tell me your problems have to do with Nam. You were never over there. It was me over there, Blankenship. Not you."

Blankenship leaned forward and put his forehead on his knees.

"Your troubles have to do with here and now," Elliot told his client. "Fantasies aren't helpful."

His voice sounded overripe and hypocritical in his own ears. What a dreadful business, he thought. What an awful job this is. Anger was driving him crazy.

Blankenship straightened up and spoke through his tears. "This dream . . ." he said. "I'm scared."

Elliot felt ready to endure a great deal in order not to hear Blankenship's dream.

"I'm not the one you see about that," he said. In the end he knew his duty. He sighed. "O.K. All right. Tell me about it."

"Yeah?" Blankenship asked with leaden sarcasm. "Yeah? You think dreams are friggin' boring!"

"No, no," Elliot said. He offered Blankenship a tissue and Blankenship took one. "That was sort of off the top of my head. I didn't really mean it."

Blankenship fixed his eyes on dreaming distance. "There's a feeling that goes with it. With the dream." Then he shook his head in revulsion and looked at Elliot as though he had only just awakened. "So what do you think? You think it's boring?"

"Of course not," Elliot said. "A physical feeling?"

"Ya. It's like I'm floating in rubber."

He watched Elliot stealthily, aware of quickened attention. Elliot had caught dengue in Vietnam and during his weeks of delirium had felt vaguely as though he were floating in rubber.

"What are you seeing in this dream?"

Blankenship only shook his head. Elliot suffered a brief but intense attack of rage.

"Hey, Blankenship," he said equably, "here I am, man. You can see I'm listening."

"What I saw was black," Blankenship said. He spoke in an odd tremolo. His behavior was quite different from anything Elliot had come to expect from him.

"Black? What was it?"

"Smoke. The sky maybe."

"The sky?" Elliot asked.

"It was all black. I was scared."

In a waking dream of his own, Elliot felt the muscles on his neck distend. He was looking up at a sky that was black, filled with smoke-swollen clouds, lit with fires, damped with blood and rain.

"What were you scared of?" he asked Blankenship.

"I don't know," Blankenship said.

Elliot could not drive the black sky from his inward eye. It was as though Blankenship's dream had infected his own mind.

"You don't know? You don't know what you were scared of?"

Blankenship's posture was rigid. Elliot, who knew the aspect of true fear, recognized it there in front of him.

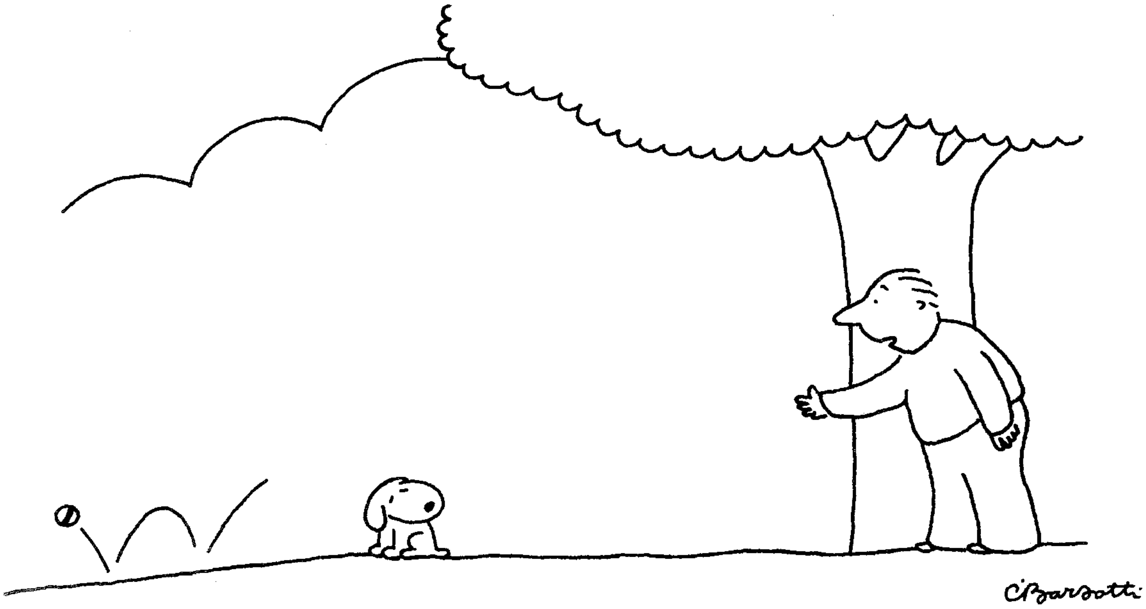
"The Nam," Blankenship said.

"You're not even old enough," Elliot told him.

Blankenship sat trembling with joined palms between his thighs. His face was flushed and not in the least ennobled by pain. He had trouble with alcohol and drugs. He had trouble with everything.

"So wherever your black sky is, it isn't Vietnam."

Things were so unfair, Elliot thought. It was unfair of Blankenship to appropriate the condition of a Vietnam veteran. The trauma inducing his post-traumatic stress had been nothing more serious than his own birth, a routine procedure. Now, in addition to the poverty, anxiety, and confusion that would always be his life's lot, he had been visited with irony. It was all arbitrary and some people simply got elected. Everyone knew that who



"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were my dog Willie."

• •

had been where Blankenship had not.

"Because, I assure you, Mr. Blankenship, you were never there."

"Whaddaya mean?" Blankenship asked.

WHEN Blankenship was gone, Elliot leafed through his file and saw that the psychiatrists had passed him upstairs without recording a diagnosis. Disproportionately angry, he went out to the secretary's desk.

"Nobody wrote up that last patient," he said. "I'm not supposed to see people without a diagnosis. The shrinks are just passing the buck."

The secretary was a tall, solemn redhead with prominent front teeth and a slight speech disorder. "Dr. Sayyid will have kittens if he hears you call him a shrink, Chas. He's already complained. He hates being called a shrink."

"Then he came to the wrong country," Elliot said. "He can go back to his own."

The woman giggled. "He *is* the doctor, Chas."

"Hates being called a shrink!" He threw the file on the secretary's table and stormed back toward his office. "That fucking little zip couldn't give you a decent haircut. He's a prescription clerk."

The secretary looked about her guiltily and shook her head. She was used to him.

Elliot succeeded in calming himself down after a while, but the image of black sky remained with him. At first he thought he would be able to simply shrug the whole thing off. After a few minutes, he picked up his phone and dialled Blankenship's probation officer.

"The Vietnam thing is all he has," the probation officer explained. "I guess he picked it up around."

"His descriptions are vivid," Elliot said.

"You mean they sound authentic?"

"I mean he had me going today. He was ringing my bells."

"Good for Blanky. Think he believes it himself?"

"Yes," Elliot said. "He believes it himself now."

Elliot told the probation officer about Blankenship's current arrest, which was for showering illegally at midnight in the Wyndham Regional High School. He asked what Probation knew about Blankenship's present relationship with his family.

"You kiddin'?" the P.O. asked. "They're all locked down. The whole family's inside. The old man's in Bridgewater. Little Donny's in San Quentin or somewhere. Their dog's in the pound."

Elliot had lunch alone in the hospital staff cafeteria. On the far side of the double-glazed windows, the day was darkening as an expected snowstorm gathered. Along Route 7, ancient elms stood frozen against the gray sky. When he had finished his sandwich and coffee, he sat staring out at the winter afternoon. His anger had given way to an insistent anxiety.

On the way back to his office, he stopped at the hospital gift shop for a copy of *Sports Illustrated* and a candy bar. When he was inside again, he closed the door and put his feet up. It was Friday and he had no appointments for the remainder of the day, nothing to do but write a few letters and read the office mail.

Elliot's cubicle in the social-services department was windowless and lined with bookshelves. When he found himself unable to concentrate on the magazine and without any heart for his paperwork, he ran his eye over the row of books beside his chair. There were volumes by Heinrich Muller and Carlos Casteneda, Jones' life of Freud, and "The Golden Bough." The books aroused a revulsion in Elliot. Their present uselessness repelled him.

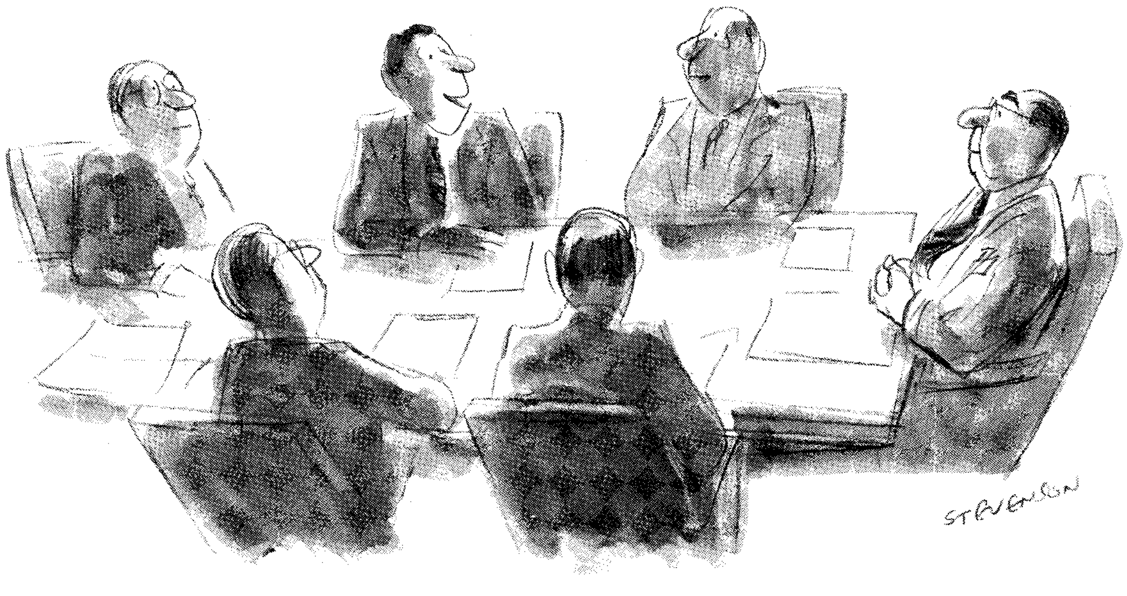
Over and over again, detail by detail, he tried to recall his conversation with Blankenship.

"You were never there," he heard himself explaining. He was trying to get the whole incident straightened out after the fact. Something was wrong. Dread crept over him like a paralysis. He ate his candy bar without tasting it. He knew that the craving for sweets was itself a bad sign.

Blankenship had misappropriated someone else's dream and made it his own. It made no difference whether you had been there, after all. The dreams had crossed the ocean. They were in the air.

He took his glasses off and put them on his desk and sat with his arms folded, looking into the well of light from his desk lamp. There seemed to be nothing but whirl inside him. Unwelcome things came and went in his mind's eye. His heart beat faster. He could not control the headlong promiscuity of his thoughts.

It was possible to imagine larval dreams travelling in suspended animation undetectable in a host brain. They could be divided and regenerate like flatworms, hide in seams and bedding, in war stories, laughter, snapshots. They could rot your socks and turn your memory into a black-and-green blister. Green for the hills, black for the sky above. At daybreak they hung



"I heartily concur with the others, Mr. Grimby. Expressing your thoughts on America in a full-page ad is a whale of an idea."

themselves up in rows like bats. At dusk they went out to look for dreamers.

Elliot put his jacket on and went into the outer office, where the secretary sat frowning into the measured sound and light of her machine. She must enjoy its sleekness and order, he thought. She was divorced. Four red-headed kids between ten and seventeen lived with her in an unpainted house across from Stop & Shop. Elliot liked her and had come to find her attractive. He managed a smile for her.

"Ethel, I think I'm going to pack it in," he declared. It seemed awkward to be leaving early without a reason.

"Jack wants to talk to you before you go, Chas."

Elliot looked at her blankly.

Then his colleague, Jack Sprague, having heard his voice, called from the adjoining cubicle. "Chas, what about Sunday's games? Shall I call you with the spread?"

"I don't know," Elliot said. "I'll phone you tomorrow."

"This is a big decision for him," Jack Sprague told the secretary. "He might lose twenty-five bucks."

At present, Elliot drew a slightly higher salary than Jack Sprague, although Jack had a Ph.D. and Elliot was simply an M.S.W. Different branches of the state government employed them.

"Twenty-five bucks," said the woman. "If you guys have no better use for twenty-five bucks, give it to me."

"Where are you off to, by the way?" Sprague asked.

Elliot began to answer, but for a moment no reply occurred to him. He shrugged. "I have to get back," he finally stammered. "I promised Grace."

"Was that Blankenship I saw leaving?"

Elliot nodded.

"It's February," Jack said. "How come he's not in Florida?"

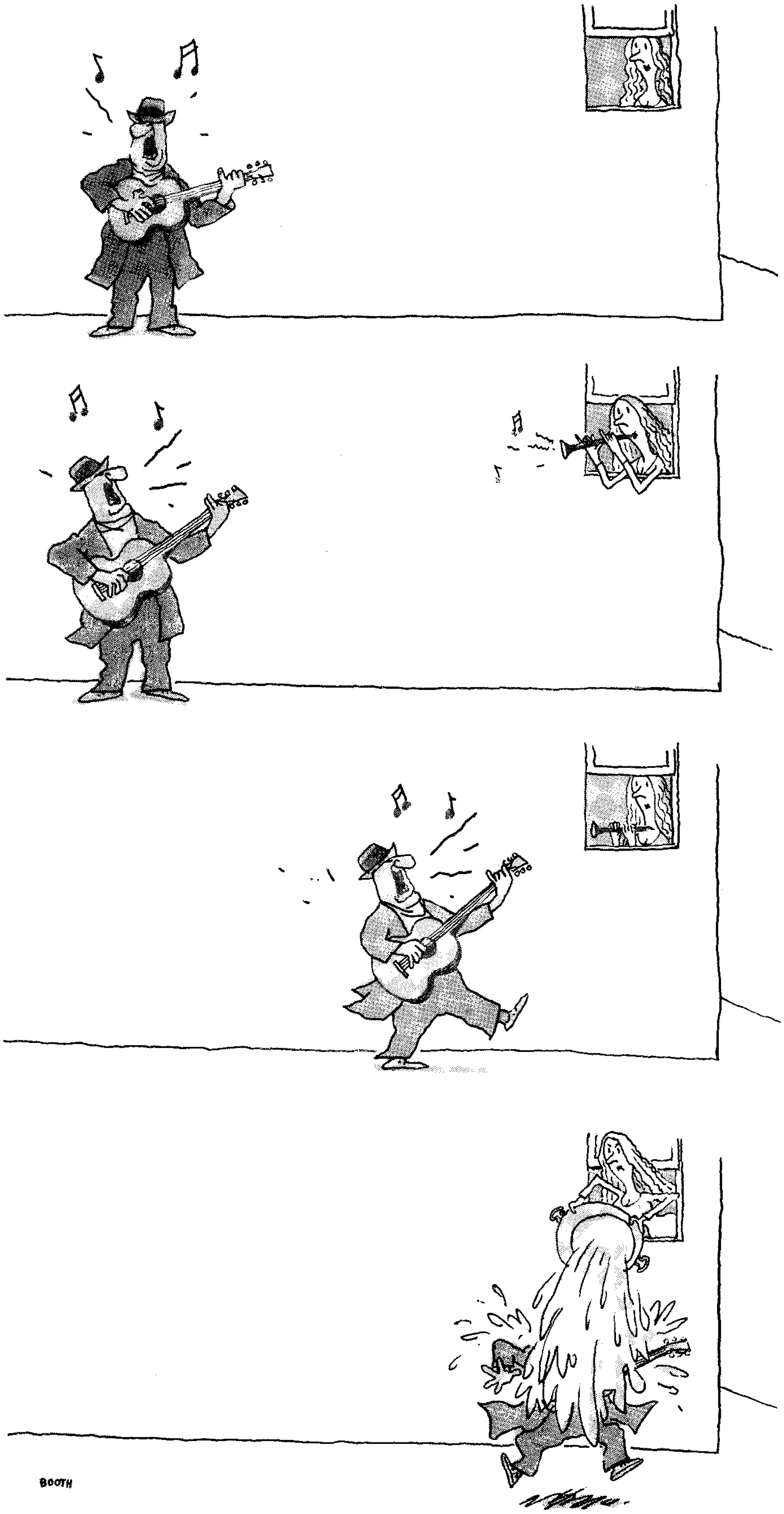
"I don't know," Elliot said. He put on his coat and walked to the door. "I'll see you."

"Have a nice weekend," the secretary said. She and Sprague looked after him indulgently as he walked toward the main corridor.

"Are Chas and Grace going out on the town?" she said to Sprague. "What do you think?"

"That would be the day," Sprague said. "Tomorrow he'll come back over here and read all day. He spends every weekend holed up in this goddam office while she does something or other at the church." He shook his head. "Every night he's at A.A. and she's home alone."

Ethel savored her overbite. "Jack," she said teasingly, "are you thinking



HORSE-CHESTNUT TREES AND ROSES

Twenty-some years ago, I read Graham Stuart Thomas's
"Colour in the Winter Garden." I didn't plant
a winter garden, but the book led on to his
rose books: "The Old Shrub Roses," "Shrub Roses
of Today," and the one about climbers and ramblers.

By the corner of the arbor I planted the splendid
Nevada (a Spanish rose, Pedro Dot) and on the
arbor yellow Lawrence Johnston—
I've never known
anyone who made a real success of that. Then
a small flowered rose (like a blackberry in flower),
whose name I forget, and then, oh loveliness, oh
glory, Mme. Alfred Carrière, white, with a faintest
blush of pink, and which will bloom even on a
north wall. I used to shave and gaze down into her—
morning kisses. The day Robert Kennedy died, a
green and evil worm crawled out of a bud. I killed
it, a gardening Sirhan Sirhan.

At the corner of the house Rosa Mutabilis fluttered
its single, changeable wings. My favorite, perhaps.

Then, in the border, along the south side of
the white house, Golden Wings (a patented rose—
did you know you can patent roses? Well, you can);
prickly, purplish Rose de Rescht; Souvenir
de la Malmaison (said to be named by
a Russian Grand Duke in
honor of the Empress Joséphine, Empress of Rosarians);
Mabel Morrison, lifting her blowsy white blooms
to the living-room windows.

Then Georg Arends, whose silver-pink petals
uniquely fold into sharp points (or is Georg
my favorite?).

And darkly brooding Prince Camille de Rohan, on
which, out of a cloudless sky,
a miraculous rain
once fell. (But I'm forgetting Gloire de Dijon,
Dean Hole's favorite rose.)

Then the smallest, most delicate, delectable
of all, Rose de Meaux. Alas, it pined away.

And elsewhere more: Rosa Gallica, the striped
and the pink, the Pembertons, Persian yellow,
and unforgettable cerise Zéphirine Drouhin.
And a gray rose, Reine des Violettes. Sweet-
brier, Mme. Pierre Oger, Variegata di Bologna.
And more, whose names escape me.

I went by there Sunday last and they're gone, all
gone, uprooted, supplanted by a hateful "foundation
planting" of dinky conifers, some pointed, some
squatty roundish. I put a curse on it and them.

On either side of the front walk there towered two
old horse-chestnut trees. I loved their sticky,
unfurling leaves, and when they bore their candles
it was magic, breath-catching, eye-delighting. Cut
down, cut down. What kind of man cuts
down trees
that took all those years to grow? I do not
understand.

Oh, well, it's his house now, and I remove the
curse, but not without a hope that Rose de Rescht
and the rugosas gave him a good scratching. He
deserved it.

But oh dear: I forgot the five Old China Monthly
roses, and I always wish I'd planted Félicité
et Perpétue—it's their names I like. And
Climbing Lady Hillingdon.

(But the Garland grown as a fountain seemed
somehow beyond me.)

There are roses and roses, always more roses.
It's the horse-chestnut trees I mind.

Odious hateful vandal.

—JAMES SCHUYLER

• •

what I think you're thinking? Shame on you."

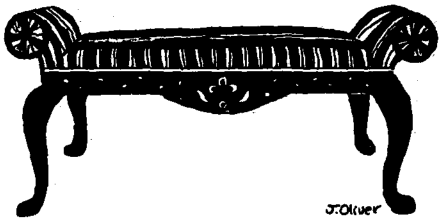
"I'm thinking I'm glad I'm not him, that's what I'm thinking. That's as much as I'll say."

"Yeah, well, I don't care," Ethel said. "Two salaries and no kids, that's the way to go, boy."

ELLIOT went out through the automatic doors of the emergency bay and the cold closed over him. He walked across the hospital parking lot with his eyes on the pavement, his hands thrust deep in his overcoat pockets, skirting patches of shattered ice. There was no wind, but the motionless air stung; the metal frames of his glasses burned his skin. Curlicues of mud-brown ice coated the soiled snowbanks along the street. Although it was still afternoon, the street lights had come on.

The lock on his car door had frozen and he had to breathe on the keyhole to fit the key. When the engine turned over, Jussi Björling's recording of the Handel Largo filled the car interior. He snapped it off at once.

Halted at the first stoplight, he began to feel the want of a destination. The fear and impulse to flight that had got him out of the office faded, and he had no desire to go home. He was troubled by a peculiar impatience that might have been with time itself. It was as though he were waiting for something. The sensation made him feel anxious; it was unfamiliar but not altogether unpleasant. When the light changed he drove on, past the Gulf station and the firehouse and between the greens of Ilford Common. At the far end of the common he swung into the parking lot of the Packard Conway Library and stopped with the engine running. What he was experiencing, he thought, was the principle of possibility.



• •

He turned off the engine and went out again into the cold. Behind the leaded library windows he could see the librarian pouring coffee in her tiny private office. The librarian was a Quaker of socialist principles named Candace Music, who was Elliot's cousin.

The Conway Library was all dark wood and etched mirrors, a Gothic saloon. Years before, out of work and booze-whipped, Elliot had gone to hide there. Because Candace was a classicist's widow and knew some Greek, she was one of the few people in the valley with whom Elliot had cared to speak in those days. Eventually, it had seemed to him that all their conversations tended toward Vietnam, so he had gone less and less often. Elliot was the only Vietnam veteran Candace knew well enough to chat with, and he had come to suspect that he was being probed for the edification of the East Ilford Friends Meeting. At that time he had still pretended to talk easily about his war and had prepared little discourses and picaresque anecdotes to recite on demand. Earnest seekers like Candace had caused him great secret distress.

Candace came out of her office to find him at the checkout desk. He watched her brow furrow with concern as she composed a smile. "Chas, what a surprise. You haven't been in for an age."

"Sure I have, Candace. I went to all the Wednesday films last fall. I work just across the road."

"I know, dear," Candace said. "I always seem to miss you."

A cozy fire burned in the hearth, an antique brass clock ticked along on the marble mantel above it. On a couch near the fireplace an old man sat upright, his mouth open, asleep among half a dozen soiled plastic bags. Two teen-age girls whispered over their homework at a table under the largest window.

"Now that I'm here," he said, laughing, "I can't remember what I came to get."

"Stay and get warm," Candace told him. "Got a minute? Have a cup of coffee."

Elliot had nothing but time, but he quickly realized that he did not want to stay and pass it with Candace. He had no clear idea of why he had come to the library. Standing at the checkout desk, he accepted coffee. She attended him with an air of benign supervision, as though he were a Chinese peasant and she a medical missionary, like her father. Candace was tall and plain, more handsome in her middle sixties than she had ever been.

"Why don't we sit down?"

He allowed her to gentle him into a chair by the fire. They made a threesome with the sleeping old man.

"Have you given up translating, Chas? I hope not."

"Not at all," he said. Together they had once rendered a few fragments of Sophocles into verse. She was good at clever rhymes.

"You come in so rarely, Chas. Ted's books go to waste."

After her husband's death, Candace had donated his books to the Conway, where they reposed in a reading room inscribed to his memory, untouched among foreign-language volumes, local genealogies, and books in large type for the elderly.

"I have a study in the barn," he told Candace. "I work there. When I have time." The lie was absurd, but he felt the need of it.

"And you're working with Vietnam veterans," Candace declared.

"Supposedly," Elliot said. He was growing impatient with her nodding solicitude.

"Actually," he said, "I came in for the new Oxford 'Classical World.' I thought you'd get it for the library and I could have a look before I spent my hard-earned cash."

Candace beamed. "You've come to the right place, Chas, I'm happy to say." He thought she looked disproportionately happy. "I have it."

"Good," Elliot said, standing. "I'll just take it, then. I can't really stay."

Candace took his cup and saucer and stood as he did. When the library telephone rang, she ignored it, reluctant to let him go. "How's Grace?" she asked.

"Fine," Elliot said. "Grace is well."

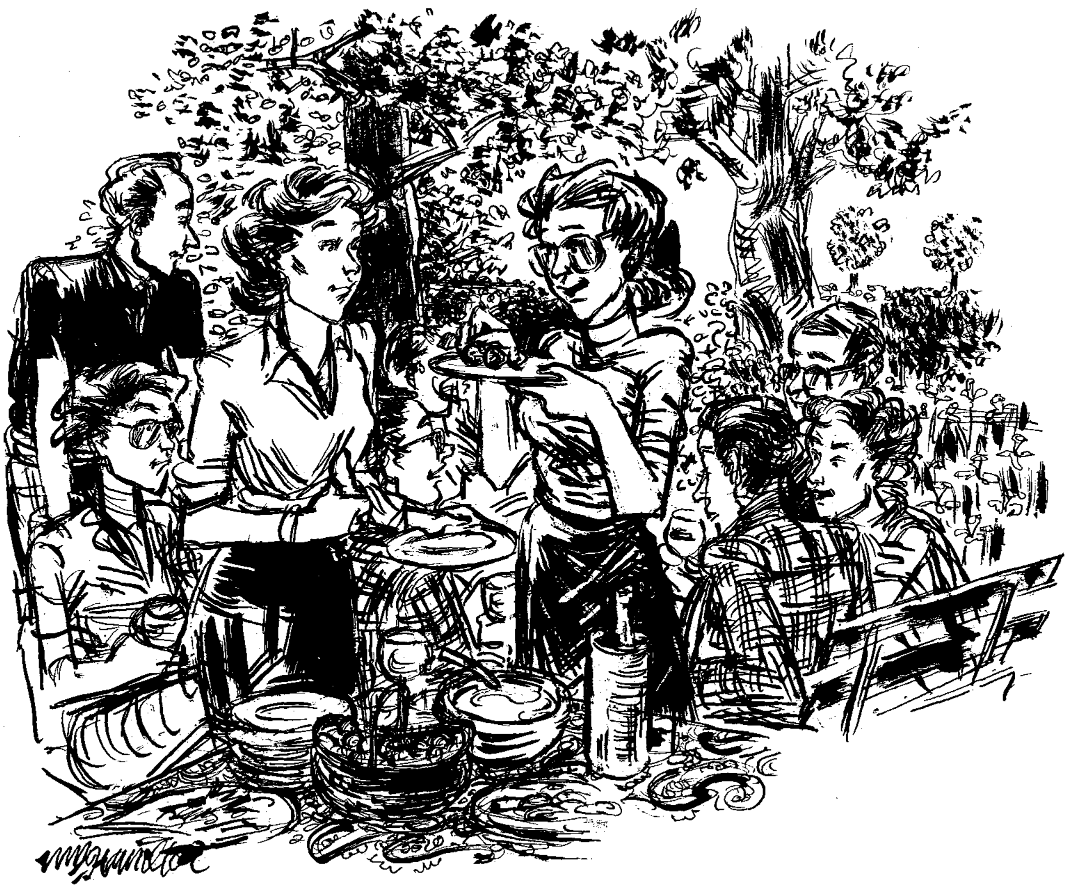
At the third ring she went to the desk. When her back was turned, he hesitated for a moment and then went outside.

The gray afternoon had softened into night, and it was snowing. The falling snow whirled like a furious mist in the headlight beams on Route 7 and settled implacably on Elliot's cheeks and eyelids. His heart, for no good reason, leaped up in childlike expectation. He had run away from a dream and encountered possibility. He felt in possession of a promise. He began to walk toward the roadside lights.

Only gradually did he begin to understand what had brought him there and what the happy anticipation was that fluttered in his breast. Drinking, he had started his evenings from the Conway Library. He would arrive hung over in the early afternoon to browse and read. When the old pain rolled in with dusk, he would walk down to the Midway Tavern for a remedy. Standing in the snow outside the library, he realized that he had contrived to promise himself a drink.

Ahead, through the storm, he could see the beer signs in the Midway's window warm and welcoming. Snowflakes spun around his head like an excitement.

Outside the Midway's package store, he paused with his hand on the doorknob. There was an old man behind the counter whom Elliot remembered from his drinking days. When he was inside, he realized that the old man neither knew nor cared who he was. The package store was thick with dust; it was on the counter, the shelves, the bottles themselves. The old counterman looked



"People's own strawberries are so much more meaningful."

dusty. Elliot bought a bottle of King William Scotch and put it in the inside pocket of his overcoat.

Passing the windows of the Midway Tavern, Elliot could see the ranks of bottles aglow behind the bar. The place was crowded with men leaving the afternoon shifts at the shoe and felt factories. No one turned to note him when he passed inside. There was a single stool vacant at the bar and he took it. His heart beat faster. Bruce Springsteen was on the jukebox.

The bartender was a club fighter from Pittsfield called Jackie G., with whom Elliot had often gossiped. Jackie G. greeted him as though he had been in the previous evening. "Say, babe?"

"How do," Elliot said.

A couple of the men at the bar eyed his shirt and tie. Confronted with the bartender, he felt impelled to explain his presence. "Just thought I'd stop by," he told Jackie G. "Just thought I'd have one. Saw the light. The snow . . ." He chuckled expansively.

"Good move," the bartender said. "Scotch?"

"Double," Elliot said.

When he shoved two dollars forward along the bar, Jackie G. pushed one of the bills back to him. "Happy hour, babe."

"Ah," Elliot said. He watched Jackie pour the double. "Not a moment too soon."

FOR five minutes or so, Elliot sat in his car in the barn with the engine running and his Handel tape on full volume. He had driven over from East Ilford in a Baroque ecstasy, swinging and swaying and singing along. When the tape ended, he turned off the engine and poured some Scotch into an apple-juice container to store providentially beneath the car seat. Then he took the tape and the Scotch into the house with him. He was lying on the sofa in the dark living room, listening to the Largo, when he heard his wife's car in the driveway. By the time Grace had made her way up the icy back-porch steps, he was able to hide the Scotch and rinse his glass clean in the kitchen sink. The drinking life, he thought, was lived moment by moment.

Soon she was in the tiny cloakroom struggling off with her overcoat. In the process she knocked over a cross-country ski, which stood propped against the cloakroom wall. It had been more than a year since Elliot had used the skis.

She came into the kitchen and sat down at the table to take off her boots. Her lean, freckled face was flushed with the cold, but her eyes looked weary. "I wish you'd put those skis down in the barn," she told him. "You never use them."

"I always like to think," Elliot said, "that I'll start the morning off skiing."

"Well, you never do," she said. "How long have you been home?"

"Practically just walked in," he said. Her pointing out that he no longer skied in the morning enraged him. "I stopped at the Conway Library to get the new Oxford 'Classical World.' Candace ordered it."

Her look grew troubled. She had caught something in his voice. With dread and bitter satisfaction, Elliot watched his wife detect the smell of whiskey.

"Oh God," she said. "I don't believe it."

Let's get it over with, he thought. Let's have the song and dance.

She sat up straight in her chair and looked at him in fear.

"Oh, Chas," she said, "how could you?"

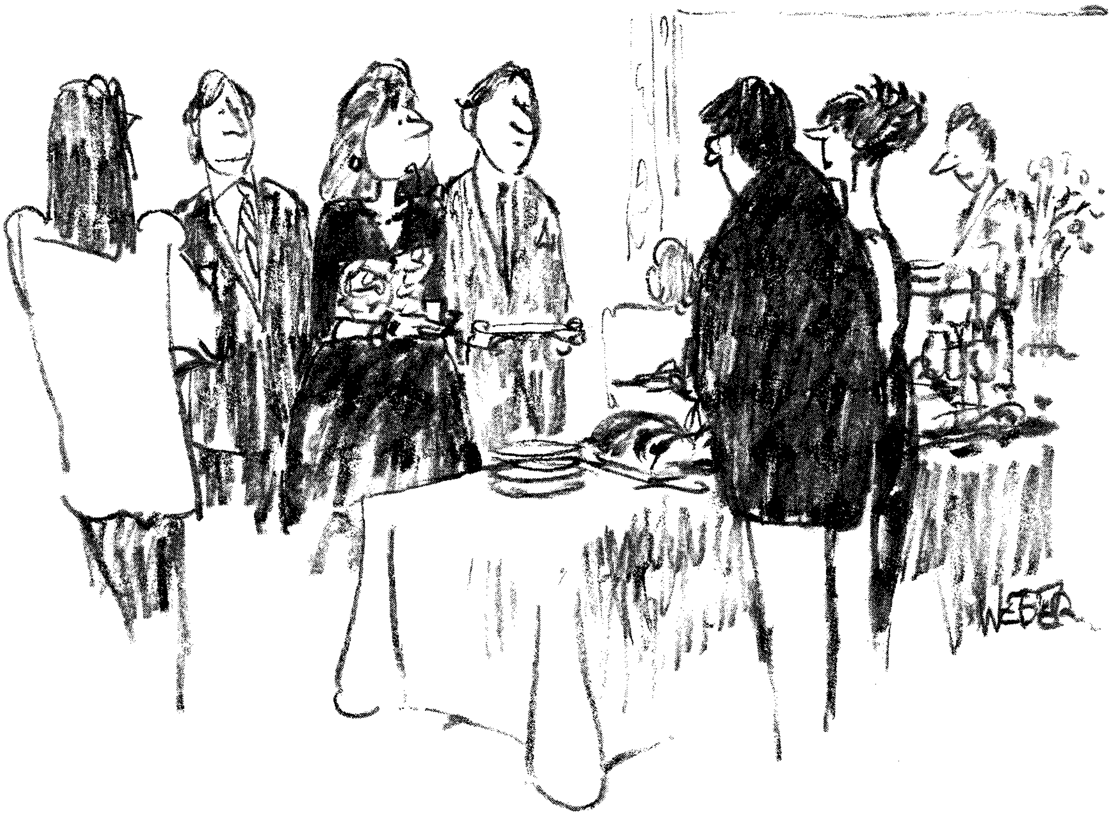
For a moment he was tempted to try to explain it all.

"The fact is," Elliot told his wife, "I hate people who start the day cross-country skiing."

She shook her head in denial and leaned her forehead on her palm and cried.

He looked into the kitchen window and saw his own distorted image. "The fact is I think I'll start tomorrow morning by stringing head-high razor wire across Anderson's trail."

The Andersons were the Elliots' nearest neighbors. Loyall Anderson was a full professor of government at



"We didn't see anything so special about the light in Greece. We have the same light in Tuckahoe."

• •

the state university, thirty miles away. Anderson and his wife were blond and both of them were over six feet tall. They had two blond children, who qualified for the gifted class in the local school but attended regular classes in token of the Andersons' opposition to élitism.

"Sure," Elliot said. "Stringing wire's good exercise. It's life-affirming in its own way."

The Andersons started each and every day with a brisk morning glide along a trail that they partly maintained. They skied well and presented a pleasing, wholesome sight. If, in the course of their adventure, they encountered a snowmobile, Darlene Anderson would affect to choke and cough, indicating her displeasure. If the snowmobile approached them from behind and the trail was narrow, the Andersons would decline to let it pass, asserting their statutory right-of-way.

"I don't want to hear your violent fantasies," Grace said.

Elliot was picturing razor wire, the Army kind. He was picturing the decapitated Andersons, their blood and jaunty ski caps bright on the white trail. He was picturing their severed heads, their earnest blue eyes and large white teeth reflecting the virginal morning snow. Although Elliot hated snowmobiles, he hated the Andersons far more.

He looked at his wife and saw that she had stopped crying. Her long, elegant face was rigid and lipless.

"Know what I mean? One string at Mommy and Daddy level for Loyall and Darlene. And a bitty wee string at kiddie level for Skippy and Samantha, those cunning little whizzes."

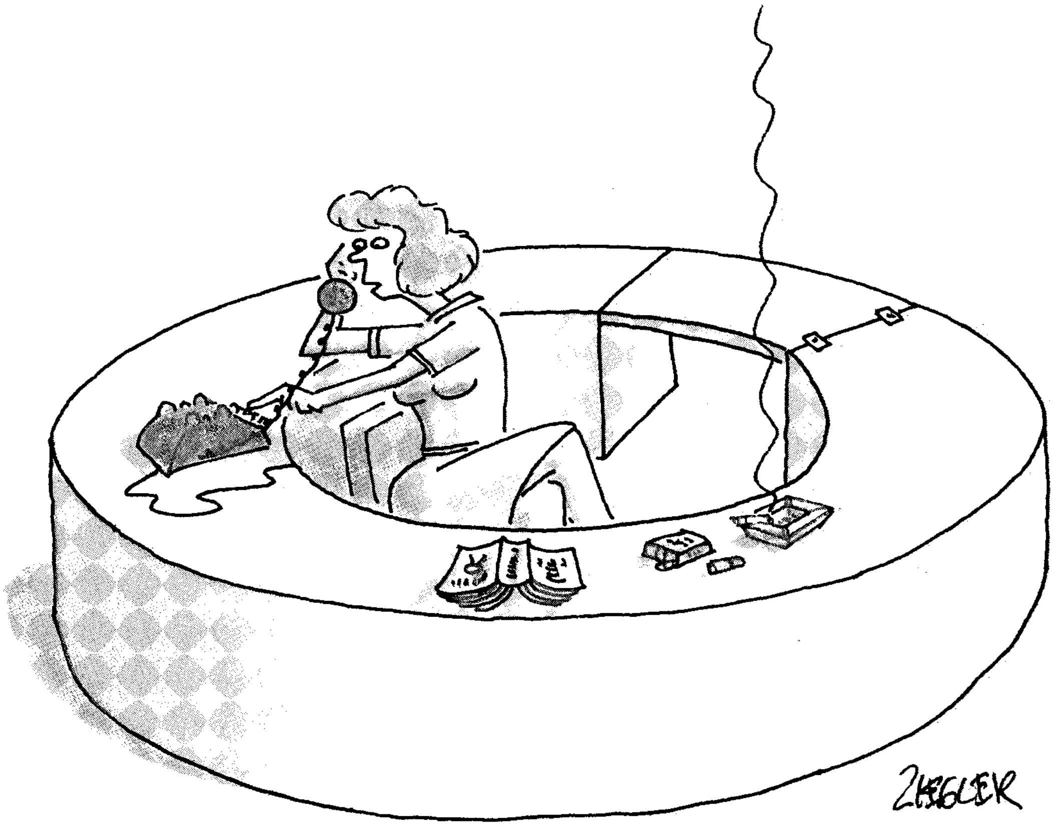
"Stop it," she said to him.

"Sorry," Elliot told her.

Stiff with shame, he went and took his bottle out of the cabinet into which he had thrust it and poured a drink. He was aware of her eyes on him. As he drank, a fragment from old Music's translation of "Medea" came into his mind. "Old friend, I have to weep. The gods and I went mad together and made things as they are." It was such a waste; eighteen months of struggle thrown away. But there was no way to get the stuff back in the bottle.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "You know I'm very sorry, don't you, Grace?"

The delectable Handel arias spun on in the next room.



"*Congratulations. You have finally reached Extension Five Million. Please hold.*"

"You must stop," she said. "You must make yourself stop before it takes over."

"It's out of my hands," Elliot said. He showed her his empty hands. "It's beyond me."

"You'll lose your job, Chas." She stood up at the table and leaned on it, staring wide-eyed at him. Drunk as he was, the panic in her voice frightened him. "You'll end up in jail again."

"One engages," Elliot said, "and then one sees."

"How can you have done it?" she demanded. "You promised me."

"First the promises," Elliot said, "and then the rest."

"Last time was supposed to be the last time," she said.

"Yes," he said, "I remember."

"I can't stand it," she said. "You reduce me to hysterics." She wrung her hands for him to see. "See? Here I am, I'm in hysterics."

"What can I say?" Elliot asked. He went to the bottle and refilled his glass. "Maybe you shouldn't watch."

"You want me to be forbearing, Chas? I'm not going to be."

"The last thing I want," Elliot said, "is an argument."

"I'll give you a fucking argument. You didn't have to drink. All you had to do was come home."

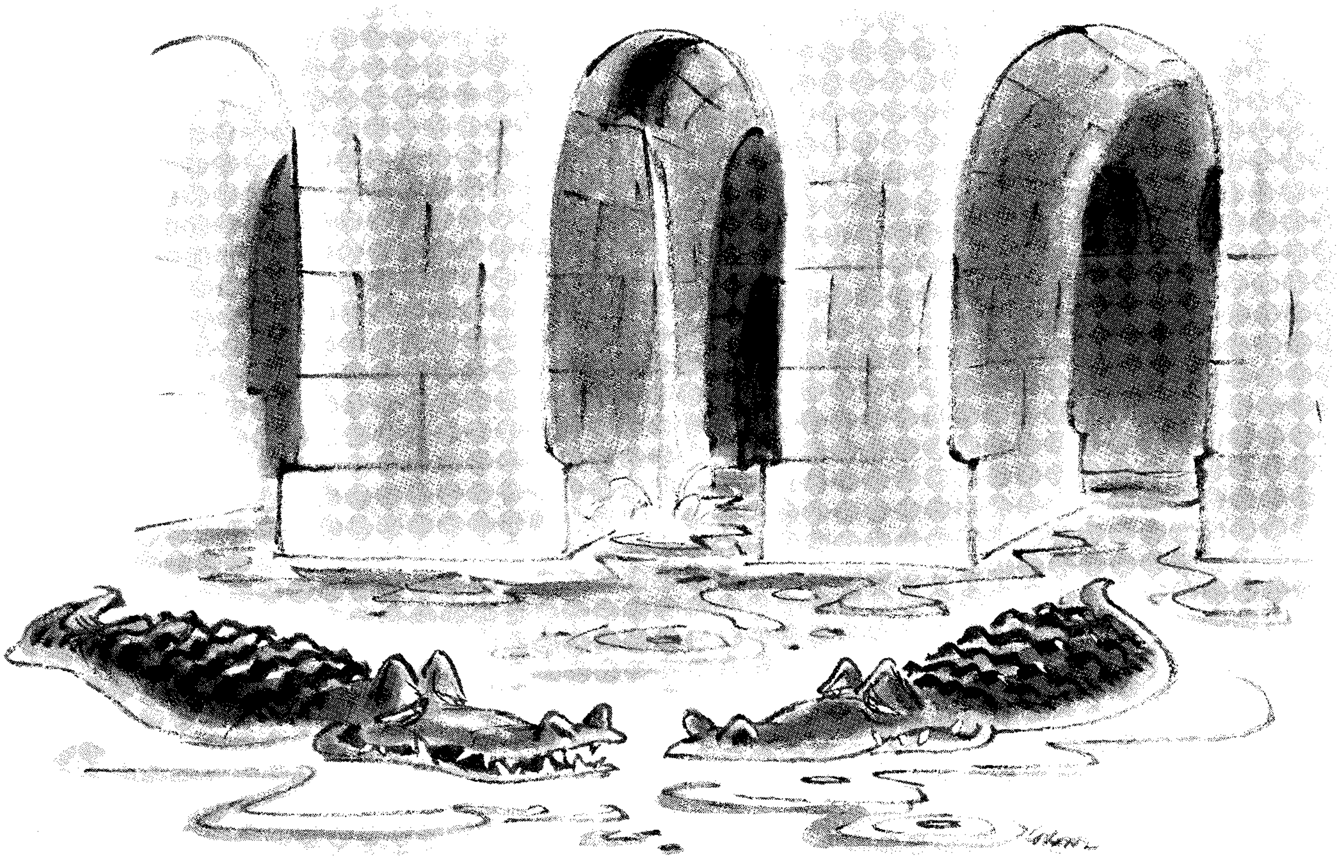
"That must have been the problem," he said.

Then he ducked, alert at the last possible second to the missile that came for him at hairline level. Covering up, he heard the shattering of glass, and a fine rain of crystals enveloped him. She had sailed the sugar bowl at him; it had smashed against the wall above his head and there was sugar and glass in his hair.

"You bastard!" she screamed. "You are undermining me!"

"You ought not to throw things at me," Elliot said. "I don't throw things at you."

He left her frozen into her follow-through and went into the living room to turn the music off. When he returned she was leaning back against the wall, rubbing her right



"Like so many New Yorkers, I've lived here all my life and never been to the top of the Empire State Building."

• •

elbow with her left hand. Her eyes were bright. She had picked up one of her boots from the middle of the kitchen floor and stood holding it.

"What the hell do you mean, that must have been the problem?"

He set his glass on the edge of the sink with an unsteady hand and turned to her. "What do I mean? I mean that most of the time I'm putting one foot in front of the other like a good soldier and I'm out of it from the neck up. But there are times when I don't think I will ever be dead enough—or dead long enough—to get the taste of this life off my teeth. That's what I mean!"

She looked at him dry-eyed. "Poor fella," she said.

"What you have to understand, Grace, is that this drink I'm having"—he raised the glass toward her in a gesture of salute—"is the only worthwhile thing I've done in the last year and a half. It's the only thing in my life that means jack shit, the closest thing to satisfaction I've had. Now how can you begrudge me that? It's the best I'm capable of."

"You'll go too far," she said to him. "You'll see."

"What's that, Grace? A threat to walk?" He was grinding his teeth. "Don't make me laugh. You, walk? You, the friend of the unfortunate?"

"Don't you hit me," she said when she looked at his face. "Don't you dare."

"You, the Christian Queen of Calvary, walk? Why, I don't believe that for a minute."

She ran a hand through her hair and bit her lip. "No, we stay," she said. Anger and distraction made her look young. Her cheeks blazed rosy against the general pallor of her skin. "In my family we stay until the fella dies. That's the tradition. We stay and pour it for them and they die."

He put his drink down and shook his head.

"I thought we'd come through," Grace said. "I was sure."

"No," Elliot said. "Not altogether."

They stood in silence for a minute. Elliot sat down at the oilcloth-covered table. Grace walked around it and poured herself a whiskey.

"You are undermining me, Chas. You are making things impossible for me and I just don't know." She drank and winced. "I'm not going to stay through another drunk. I'm telling you right now. I haven't got it in me. I'll die."

He did not want to look at her. He watched the flakes settle against the glass of the kitchen door. "Do what you feel the need of," he said.

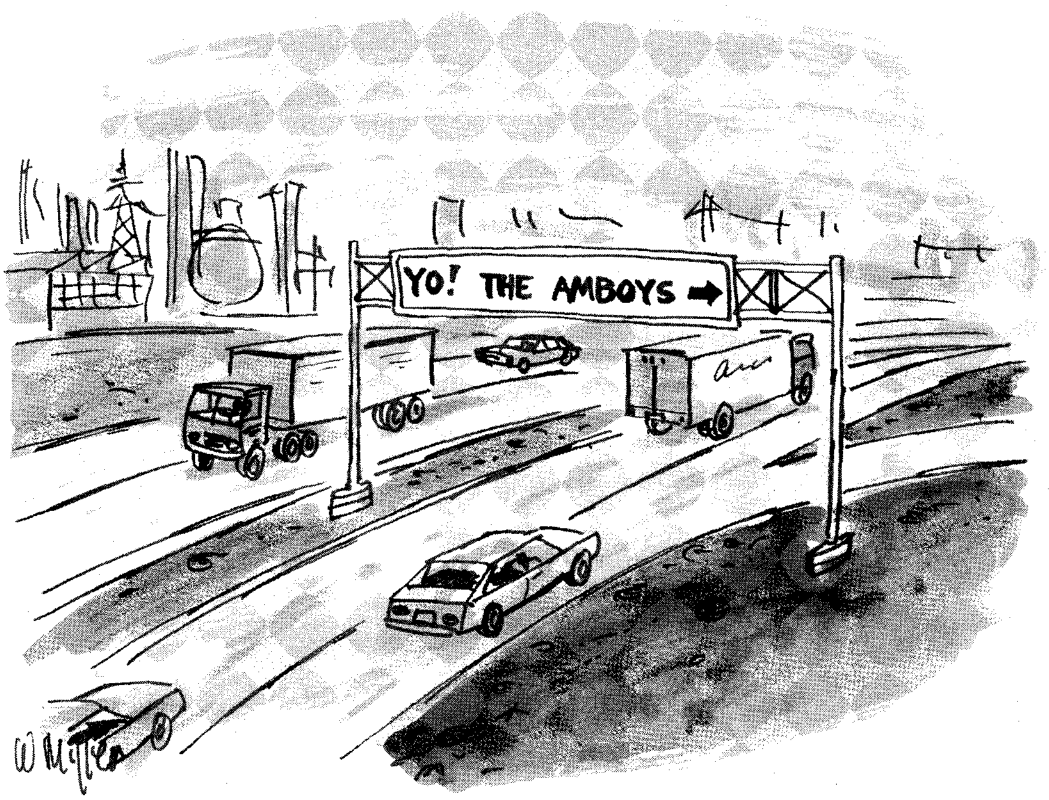
"I just can't take it," she said. Her voice was not scolding but measured and reasonable. "It's February. And I went to court this morning and lost Vopotik."

Once again, he thought, my troubles are going to be obviated by those of the deserving poor. He said, "Which one was that?"

"Don't you remember them? The three-year-old with the broken fingers?"

He shrugged. Grace sipped her whiskey.

"I told you. I said I had a three-year-old with broken fingers, and you



said, 'Maybe he owed somebody money.' "

"Yes," he said, "I remember now."

"You ought to see the Vopotiks, Chas. The woman is young and obese. She's so young that for a while I thought I could get to her as a juvenile. The guy is a biker. They believe the kid came from another planet to control their lives. They believe this literally, both of them."

"You shouldn't get involved that way," Elliot said. "You should leave it to the caseworkers."

"They scared their first caseworker all the way to California. They were following me to work."

"You didn't tell me."

"Are you kidding?" she asked. "Of course I didn't." To Elliot's surprise, his wife poured herself a second whiskey. "You know how they address the child? As 'dude.' She says to it, 'Hey, dude.' " Grace shuddered with loathing. "You can't imagine! The woman munching Twinkies. The kid smelling of shit. They're high morning, noon, and night, but you can't get anybody for that these days."

"People must really hate it," Elliot said, "when somebody tells them they're not treating their kids right."

"They definitely don't want to hear it," Grace said. "You're right." She sat stirring her drink, frowning into the glass. "The Vopotik child will die, I think."

"Surely not," Elliot said.

"This one I think will die," Grace said. She took a deep breath and puffed out her cheeks and looked at him forlornly. "The situation's extreme. Of course, sometimes you wonder whether it makes any difference. That's the big question, isn't it?"

"I would think," Elliot said, "that would be the one question you didn't ask."

"But you do," she said. "You wonder: Ought they to live at all? To continue the cycle?" She put a hand to her hair and shook her head as if in confusion. "Some of these folks, my God, the poor things cannot put Wednesday on top of Tuesday to save their lives."

"It's a trick," Elliot agreed, "a lot of them can't manage."

"And kids are small, they're handy and underfoot. They make noise. They can't hurt you back."

"I suppose child abuse is something people can do together," Elliot said.

"Some kids are obnoxious. No question about it."

"I wouldn't know," Elliot said.

"Maybe you should stop complaining. Maybe you're better off. Maybe your kids are better off unborn."

"Better off or not," Elliot said, "it looks like they'll stay that way."

"I mean our kids, of course," Grace said. "I'm not blaming you, understand? It's just that here we are with you drunk again and me losing Vopotik, so I thought why not get into the big unaskable questions." She got up and folded her arms and began to pace up and down the kitchen. "Oh," she said when her eye fell upon the bottle, "that's good stuff, Chas. You won't mind if I have another? I'll leave you enough to get loaded on."

Elliot watched her pour. So much pain, he thought; such anger and confusion. He was tired of pain, anger, and confusion; they were what had got him in trouble that very morning.

The liquor seemed to be giving him a perverse lucidity when all he now required was oblivion. His rage, especially, was intact in its salting of alcohol. Its contours were palpable and bleeding at the borders. Booze was good for rage. Booze could keep it burning through the darkest night.

"What happened in court?" he asked his wife.

She was leaning on one arm against the wall, her long, strong body flexed at the hip. Holding her glass, she stared angrily toward the invisible fields outside. "I lost the child," she said.

Elliot thought that a peculiar way of putting it. He said nothing.

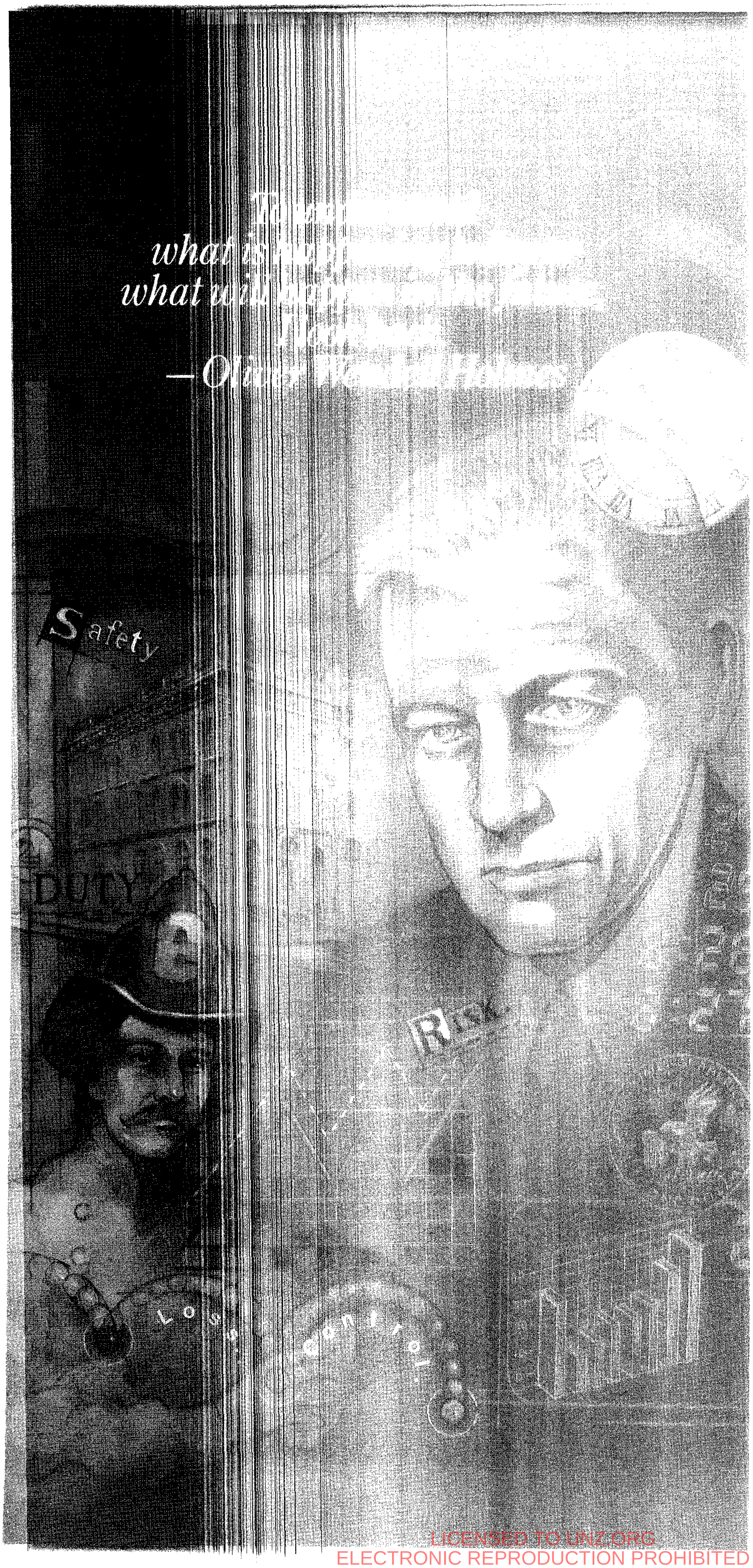
"The court convened in an atmosphere of high hilarity. It may be Hate Month around here but it was buddy-buddy over at Ilford Courthouse. The room was full of bikers and bikers' lawyers. A colorful crowd. There was a lot of bonding." She drank and shivered. "They didn't think too well of me. They don't think too well of broads as lawyers. Neither does the judge. The judge has the common touch. He's one of the boys."

"Which judge?" Elliot asked.

"Buckley. A man of about sixty. Know him? Lots of veins on his nose?"

Elliot shrugged.

"I thought I had done my homework," Grace told him. "But suddenly



EXPERIENCE

You learn to accept risk if you expect gain.

But the risks you face in today's complex business climate are many times more severe than the simple entrepreneurial risks encountered just a few years ago.

Our experience can help you manage these new risks. After all, Fireman's Fund has been dealing with changing risk environments for 123 years.

During the Civil War, we began underwriting Pacific coastal schooners. Before long, we were insuring steamships, then airplanes and now satellites.

But it hasn't been without cost. Fireman's Fund was less than 10 years old when we paid dollar for dollar on the fire that destroyed Chicago in 1871. Our stature among policyholders grew as we survived the San Francisco Earthquake of 1906 and the economic tremors of the Thirties.

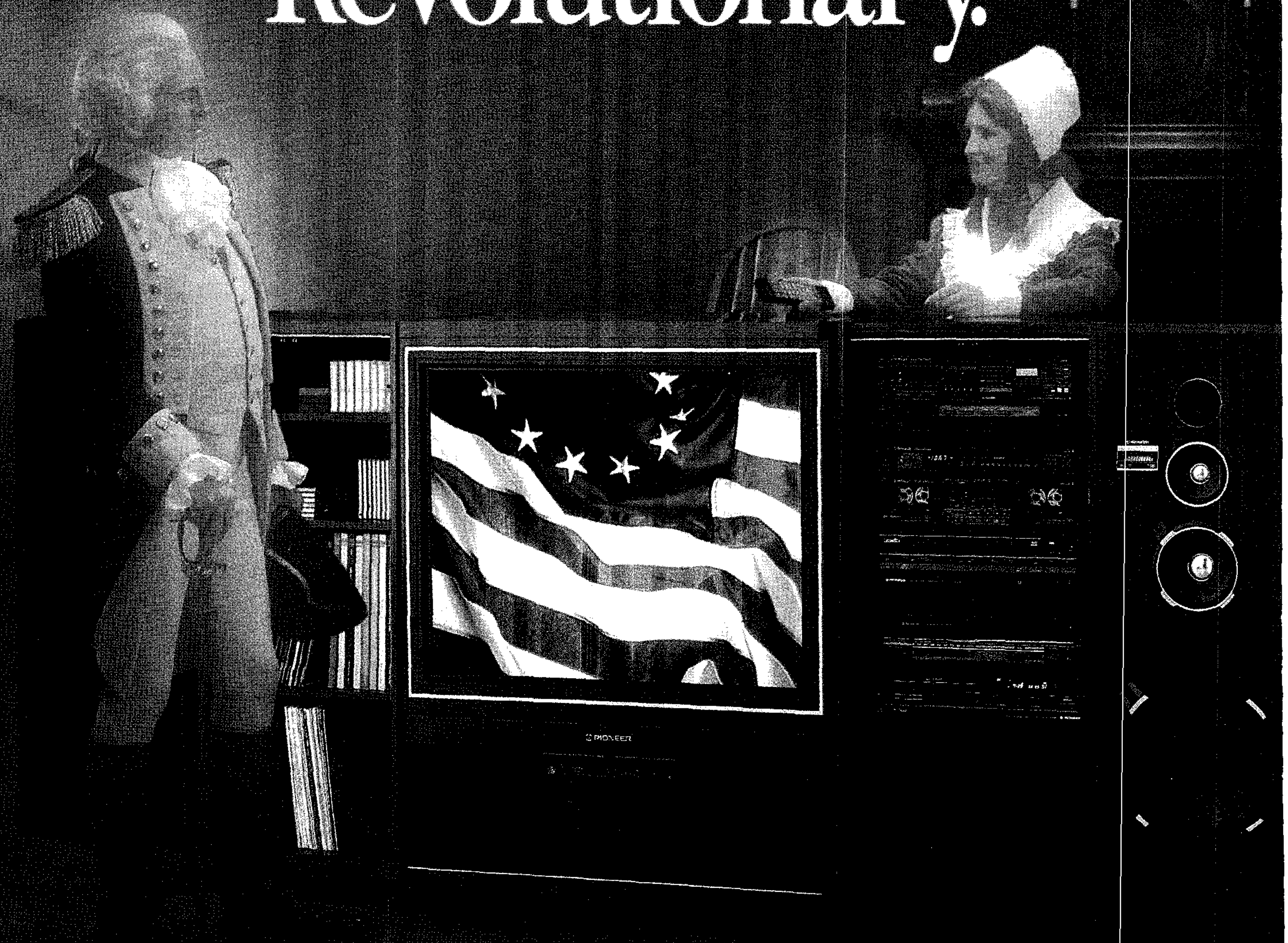
Today we're one of the world's largest commercial insurers, with nearly $10 billion in assets and the financial integrity to match.

We concentrate our energies on property and casualty insurance, underwriting only those businesses we know well. We deal only through a select roster of independent agents so that you get the finest service. And our people are shareholders with a sense of personal commitment and pride.

Fireman's Fund. For 123 years we've been planning for tomorrow. Not merely accepting risk, but doing something about it.

FIREMAN'S FUND
INSURANCE COMPANIES
123 years of tomorrows.

Not Evolutionary, Revolutionary.



Pioneer's Revolutionary Foresight System

Once you experience the glory of Pioneer's Foresight® System, you can't help but pledge your allegiance to the finest audio/video system this country has ever seen. And no wonder. Because only Foresight gives your eyes and ears the thrill of LaserVision,™ the only video format that delivers both digital sound and a video image 60% sharper than any VHS HQ in existence.

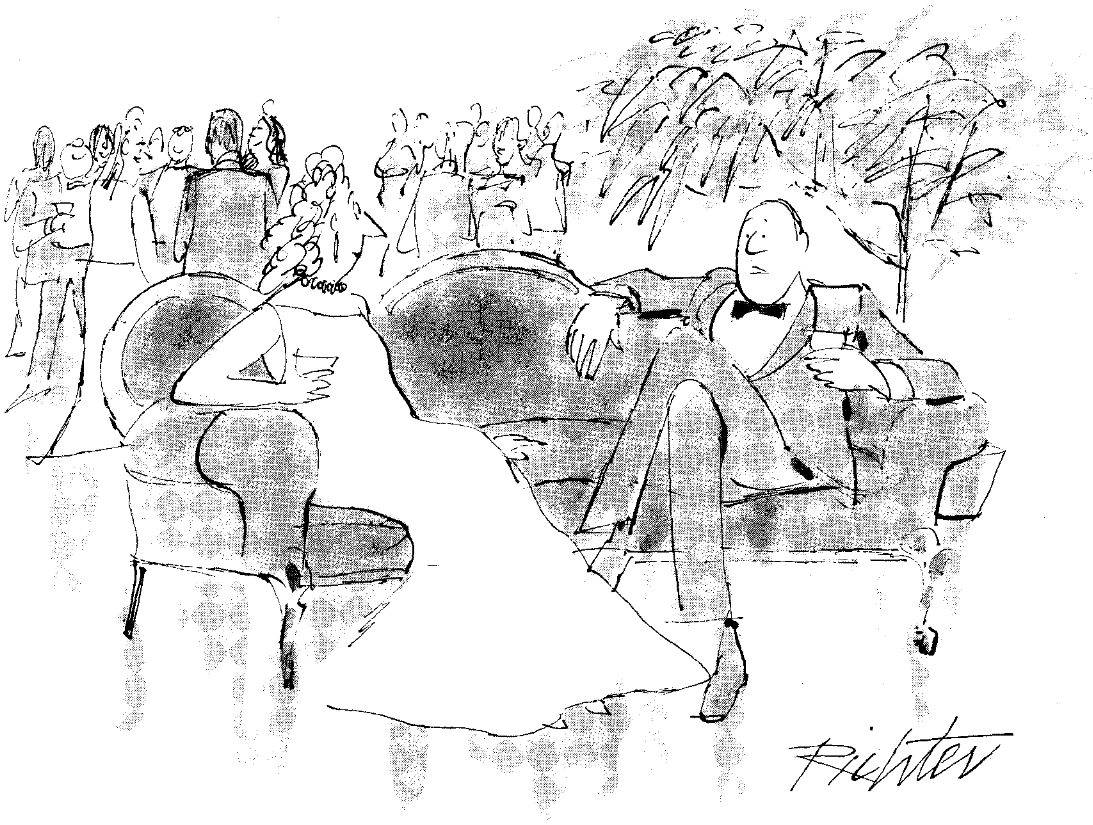
And that's just for starters. Because when you have Foresight, you have it all: easier operation due to a single "SR" system remote—three-dimensional surround sound—Pioneer's advanced audio technology—and Pioneer's 40" Projection Monitor, the best and the brightest ever made.

So if you're looking for the finest sight and sound show in America today, you have to look for your Pioneer dealer. Because no matter how exciting this ad may be, it doesn't even come close to the excitement of Foresight. For your nearest Foresight Dealer, call 1-800-421-1404.

PIONEER®

CATCH THE SPIRIT OF A TRUE PIONEER.

©1986 Pioneer Electronics (USA), Inc., Long Beach, CA. LaserVision is a trademark of the LaserVision Association. Actual closed circuit picture shown.



"Who can say? I suppose I'm as happy as my portfolio will allow me to be."

I had nothing but paper. No witnesses. It was Margolis at Valley Hospital who spotted the radiator burns. He called us in the first place. Suddenly he's got to keep his reservation for a campsite in St. John. So Buckley threw his deposition out." She began to chew on a fingernail. "The caseworkers have vanished—one's in L.A., the other's in Nepal. I went in there and got run over. I lost the child."

"It happens all the time," Elliot said. "Doesn't it?"

"This one shouldn't have been lost, Chas. These people aren't simply confused. They're weird. They stink."

"You go messing into anybody's life," Elliot said, "that's what you'll find."

"If the child stays in that house," she said, "he's going to die."

"You did your best," he told his wife. "Forget it."

She pushed the bottle away. She was holding a water glass that was almost a third full of whiskey.

"That's what the commissioner said."

Elliot was thinking of how she must have looked in court to the cherry-faced judge and the bikers and their lawyers. Like the schoolteachers who had tormented their childhoods, earnest and tight-assed, humorless and self-righteous. It was not surprising that things had gone against her.

He walked over to the window and faced his reflection again. "Your optimism always surprises me."

"My optimism? Where I grew up our principal cultural expression was the funeral. Whatever keeps me going, it isn't optimism."

"No?" he asked. "What is it?"

"I forget," she said.

"Maybe it's your religious perspective. Your sense of the divine plan."

She sighed in exasperation. "Look, I don't think I want to fight anymore. I'm sorry I threw the sugar at you. I'm not your keeper. Pick on someone your own size."

"Sometimes," Elliot said, "I try to imagine what it's like to believe that the sky is full of care and concern."

"You want to take everything from me, do you?" She stood leaning against the back of her chair. "That you can't take. It's the only part of my life you can't mess up."

He was thinking that if it had not been for her he might not have survived. There could be no forgiveness for that. "Your life? You've got all this piety strung out between Monadnock and Central America. And look at yourself. Look at your life."

"Yes," she said, "look at it."

"You should have been a nun. You don't know how to live."

"I know that," she said. "That's why I stopped doing counselling. Because I'd rather talk the law than life." She turned to him. "You got everything I had, Chas. What's left I absolutely require."

"I swear I would rather be a drunk," Elliot said, "than force myself to believe such trivial horseshit."

"Well, you're going to have to do it without a straight man," she said, "because this time I'm not going to be here for you. Believe it or not."

"I don't believe it," Elliot said. "Not my Grace."

"You're really good at this," she told him. "You make me feel ashamed of my own name."

"I love your name," he said.

The telephone rang. They let it ring three times, and then Elliot went over and answered it.

"Hey, who's that?" a good-humored voice on the phone demanded.

Elliot recited their phone number.

"Hey, I want to talk to your woman, man. Put her on."

"I'll give her a message," Elliot said.

"You put your woman on, man. Run and get her."

Elliott looked at the receiver. He shook his head. "Mr. Vopotik?"

"Never you fuckin' mind, man. I don't want to talk to you. I want to talk to the skinny bitch."

Elliot hung up.

"Is it him?" she asked.

"I guess so."

They waited for the phone to ring again and it shortly did.

"I'll talk to him," Grace said. But Elliot already had the phone.

"Who are you, asshole?" the voice

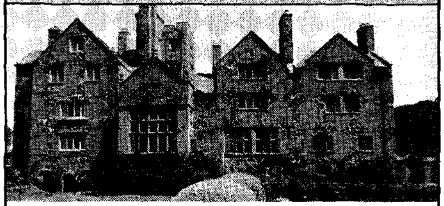
Shhhhh
hhhhh.

The $55
Tuscany weekend
is back.

Amazingly, we're still one of New York's best-kept secrets. A small, luxury hotel located on a charming, tree-lined Murray Hill street. Our weekend package includes continental breakfast, free parking, complimentary N.Y. Times or N.Y. Sunday Times and, of course, our celebrated personal service. All at a rate you'll want to celebrate. Quietly.

DORAL TUSCANY HOTEL
120 East 39th Street, East of Park Avenue
New York 10016 • 212-686-1600
Toll-free: 800-847-4078. Telex: 640243
Rate: per person, double occupancy daily.
Friday or Saturday arrival. Tax additional.
Offer limited & based on availability.
Price subject to change.

THERE ARE ONLY 31
PRESTIGE HOTELS IN BRITAIN



Bodysgallen Hall in Wales is One
Situated on North Wales' "castle coast" near Llandudno, this 17 C. restored house offers breathtaking views of Conway and Snowdonia. For free brochure, area touring map: (212) 535-9530. For 68 page booklet all Prestige Hotels send $2: Scott Calder Int'l, 152 Madison, NYC 10016.

DDD
DIVINO
2nd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st Sts.
NEW YORK CITY, NY 10028
RISTORANTE Res. 861·1096
GASTRONOMIA Take·out 861·1533
CAFE 517·9269
Hosts: Antonio Bongioanni
Mario Balducci

inquired. "What's your fuckin' name, man?"

"Elliot," Elliot said.

"Hey, don't hang up on me, Elliot. I won't put up with that. I told you go get that skinny bitch, man. You go do it."

There were sounds of festivity in the background on the other end of the line—a stereo and drunken voices.

"Hey," the voice declared. "Hey, don't keep me waiting, man."

"What do you want to say to her?" Elliot asked.

"That's none of your fucking business, fool. Do what I told you."

"My wife is resting," Elliot said. "I'm taking her calls."

He was answered by a shout of rage. He put the phone aside for a moment and finished his glass of whiskey. When he picked it up again the man on the line was screaming at him. "That bitch tried to break up my family, man! She almost got away with it. You know what kind of pain my wife went through?"

"What kind?" Elliot asked.

For a few seconds he heard only the noise of the party. "Hey, you're not drunk, are you, fella?"

"Certainly not," Elliot insisted.

"You tell that skinny bitch she's gonna pay for what she did to my family, man. You tell her she can run but she can't hide. I don't care where you go—California, anywhere—I'll get to you."

"Now that I have you on the phone," Elliot said, "I'd like to ask you a couple of questions. Promise you won't get mad?"

"Stop it!" Grace said to him. She tried to wrench the phone from his grasp, but he clutched it to his chest.

"Do you keep a journal?" Elliot asked the man on the phone. "What's your hat size?"

"Maybe you think I can't get to you," the man said. "But I can get to you, man. I don't care who you are, I'll get to you. The brothers will get to you."

"Well, there's no need to go to California. You know where we live."

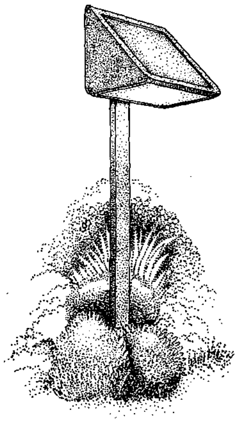
"For God's sake," Grace said.

"Fuckin' right," the man on the telephone said. "Fuckin' right I know."

"Come on over," Elliot said.

"How's that?" the man on the phone asked.

"I said come on over. We'll talk about space travel. Comets and stuff. We'll talk astral projection. The moons of Jupiter."



SOLAR
GARDEN
LIGHTS

The sunshine of a summer day can be transformed to a warm glow in the evening garden with the Solar Garden Light. It has a state-of-the-art solar panel which charges a nickel cadmium battery in the daytime. At dusk a photo-switch automatically turns on the .5 candle-power tungsten lamp. In sunny summer months you will get a lovely dispersed light for five hours, less during winter or cloudy spells. The lamp comes with a 20" mounting prong which can be easily inserted into the soil. No cords, wiring or expensive installation, and the electricity is free. The compact metal case, discreet styling and matte black finish make it unobtrusive. Call us at (415) 383-4050 for more information, or to place your order.

Solar Garden Light #1756 $49.50
Set of Two #SE18 $95.00
#7911 Prices honored until December 30, 1987.

SMITH & HAWKEN
25 Corte Madera, Mill Valley, CA 94941

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF

CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS

BACCHIC DANCE • Found in 1776 on the site of ancient Gabii. From the National Museum, Naples. 26" × 27" $295.00 P.P. in terra cotta or green bronze finish.

GIUST GALLERY
1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118
PLEASE SEND $2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

Quiet
Quality

THE TIDES INN
An outstanding resort for 40 years
Box 339, Irvington, VA 22480
1-800-TIDES INN • VA: 800-552-3461

"You're making a mistake, fucker."

"Come on over," Elliot insisted. "Bring your fat wife and your beat-up kid. Don't be embarrassed if your head's a little small."

The telephone was full of music and shouting. Elliot held it away from his ear.

"Good work," Grace said to him when he had replaced the receiver.

"I hope he comes," Elliot said. "I'll pop him."

He went carefully down the cellar stairs, switched on the overhead light, and began searching among the spiderwebbed shadows and fouled fishing line for his shotgun. It took him fifteen minutes to find it and his cleaning case. While he was still downstairs, he heard the telephone ring again and his wife answer it. He came upstairs and spread his shooting gear across the kitchen table. "Was that him?"

She nodded wearily. "He called back to play us the chain saw."

"I've heard that melody before," Elliot said.

He assembled his cleaning rod and swabbed out the shotgun barrel. Grace watched him, a hand to her forehead. "God," she said. "What have I done? I'm so drunk."

"Most of the time," Elliot said, sighting down the barrel, "I'm helpless in the face of human misery. Tonight I'm ready to reach out."

"I'm finished," Grace said. "I'm through, Chas. I mean it."

Elliot rammed three red shells into the shotgun and pumped one forward into the breech with a satisfying report. "Me, I'm ready for some radical problem-solving. I'm going to spray that no-neck Slovak all over the yard."

"He isn't a Slovak," Grace said. She stood in the middle of the kitchen with her eyes closed. Her face was chalk white.

"What do you mean?" Elliot demanded. "Certainly he's a Slovak."

"No he's not," Grace said.

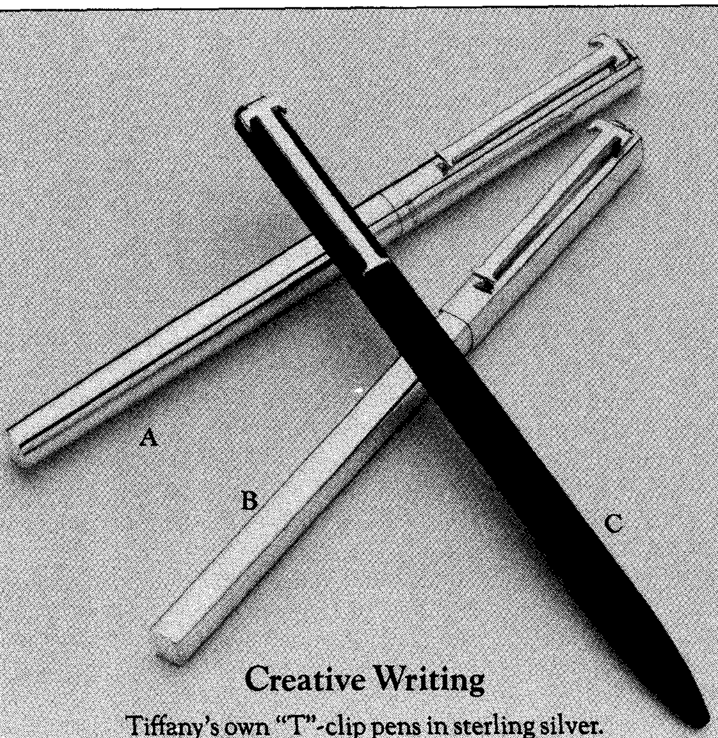
"Fuck him anyway. I don't care what he is. I'll grease his ass."

He took a handful of deer shells from the box and stuffed them in his jacket pockets.

"I'm not going to stay with you, Chas. Do you understand me?"

Elliot walked to the window and peered out at his driveway. "He won't be alone. They travel in packs."

"For God's sake!" Grace cried, and in the next instant bolted for the downstairs bathroom. Elliot went out,



Creative Writing

Tiffany's own "T"-clip pens in sterling silver.
A. Rollerball tip, $48. B. Square with ballpoint, $60.
C. Black matte with retractable ballpoint, $30.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET
LONDON • BEVERLY HILLS • CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • BOSTON • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO
TO ORDER CALL 800-526-0649 • ©T & CO. 1987

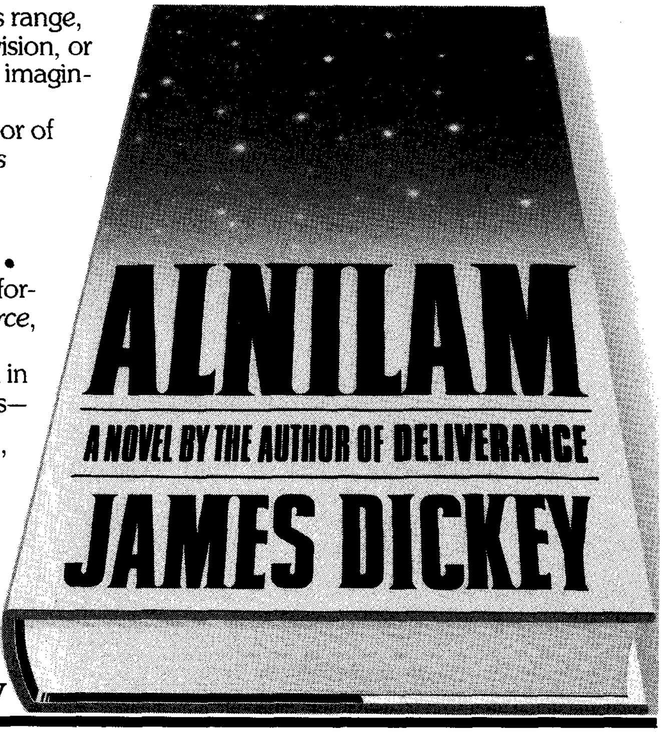
"A masterpiece...

No one can match Mr. Dickey's enormous range, the majesty of his vision, or the grandeur of his imagination."
—Pat Conroy, author of *The Prince of Tides*

"Stunning...

It is a great and unforgettable *tour de force*, a word portrait beautifully painted in a very large canvas—enigmatic and absolutely unique."
—*Cosmopolitan*

Doubleday



turned off the porch light and switched on a spotlight over the barn door. Back inside, he could hear Grace in the toilet being sick. He turned off the light in the kitchen.

He was still standing by the window when she came up behind him. It seemed strange and fateful to be standing in the dark near her, holding the shotgun. He felt ready for anything.

"I can't leave you alone down here drunk with a loaded shotgun," she said. "How can I?"

"Go upstairs," he said.

"If I went upstairs it would mean I didn't care what happened. Do you understand? If I go it means I don't care anymore. Understand?"

"Stop asking me if I understand," Elliot said. "I understand fine."

"I can't think," she said in a sick voice. "Maybe I don't care. I don't know. I'm going upstairs."

"Good," Elliot said.

WHEN she was upstairs, Elliot took his shotgun and the whiskey into the dark living room and sat down in an armchair beside one of the lace-curtained windows. The powerful barn light illuminated the length of his driveway and the whole of the back yard. From the window at which he sat, he commanded a view of several miles in the direction of East Ilford. The two-lane blacktop road that ran there was the only one along which an enemy could pass.

He drank and watched the snow, toying with the safety of his 12-gauge Remington. He felt neither anxious nor angry now but only impatient to be done with whatever the night would bring. Drunkenness and the silent rhythm of the falling snow combined to make him feel outside of time and syntax.

Sitting in the dark room, he found himself confronting Blankenship's dream. He saw the bunkers and wire of some long-lost perimeter. The rank smell of night came back to him, the dread evening and quick dusk, the mysteries of outer darkness: fear, combat, and death. Enervated by liquor, he began to cry. Elliot was sympathetic with other people's tears but ashamed of his own. He thought of his own tears as childish and excremental. He stifled whatever it was that had started them.

Now his whiskey tasted thin as water. Beyond the lightly frosted glass, illuminated snowflakes spun and settled sleepily on weighted pine boughs. He had found a life beyond the war after all, but in it he was still sitting in darkness, armed, enraged, waiting.

His eyes grew heavy as the snow came down. He felt as though he could be drawn up into the storm and he began to imagine that. He imagined his life with all its artifacts and appetites easing up the spout into white oblivion, everything obviated and foreclosed. He thought maybe he could go for that.

When he awakened, his left hand had gone numb against the trigger guard of his shotgun. The living room was full of pale, delicate light. He looked outside and saw that the storm was done with and the sky radiant and cloudless. The sun was still below the horizon.

Slowly Elliot got to his feet. The throbbing poison in his limbs served to remind him of the state of things. He finished the glass of whiskey on the windowsill beside his easy chair. Then he went to the hall closet to get a ski jacket, shouldered his shotgun, and went outside.

There were two cleared acres behind his house; beyond them a trail descended into a hollow of pine forest and frozen swamp. Across the hollow, white pastures stretched to the ridgeline, lambent under the lightening sky. A line of skeletal elms weighted with snow marked the course of frozen Shawmut Brook.

He found a pair of ski goggles in a jacket pocket and put them on and set out toward the tree line, gripping the shotgun, step by careful step in the knee-deep snow. Two raucous crows wheeled high overhead, their cries exploding the morning's silence. When the sun came over the ridge, he stood where he was and took in a deep breath. The risen sun warmed his face and he closed his eyes. It was windless and very cold.

Only after he had stood there for a while did he realize how tired he had become. The weight of the gun taxed him. It seemed infinitely wearying to contemplate another single step in the snow. He opened his eyes and closed them again. With sunup the world had gone blazing blue and white, and even with his tinted goggles its whiteness dazzled him and made his head ache. Behind his eyes, the hypnagogic patterns formed a monsoon-heavy tropical sky. He yawned. More than anything, he wanted to lie down in the soft, pure snow. If he could do that, he was certain he could go to sleep at once.

GRINDING SERVICE
LAWN MOWERS
Sharpened & Repaired
J. Capa

He stood in the middle of the field and listened to the crows. Fear, anger, and sleep were the three primary conditions of life. He had learned that over there. Once he had thought fear the worst, but he had learned that the worst was anger. Nothing could fix it; neither alcohol nor medicine. It was a worm. It left him no peace. Sleep was the best.

He opened his eyes and pushed on until he came to the brow that overlooked the swamp. Just below, gliding along among the frozen cattails and bare scrub maple, was a man on skis. Elliot stopped to watch the man approach.

The skier's face was concealed by a red-and-blue ski mask. He wore snow goggles, a blue jumpsuit, and a red woollen Norwegian hat. As he came, he leaned into the turns of the trail, moving silently and gracefully along. At the foot of the slope on which Elliot stood, the man looked up, saw him, and slid to a halt. The man stood staring at him for a moment and then began to herringbone up the slope. In no time at all the skier stood no more than ten feet away, removing his goggles, and inside the woollen mask Elliot recognized the clear blue eyes of his neighbor, Professor Loyall Anderson. The shotgun Elliot was carrying seemed to grow heavier. He yawned and shook his head, trying unsuccessfully to clear it. The sight of Anderson's eyes gave him a little thrill of revulsion.

"What are you after?" the young professor asked him, nodding toward the shotgun Elliot was cradling.

"Whatever there is," Elliot said.

Anderson took a quick look at the distant pasture behind him and then turned back to Elliot. The mouth hole of the professor's mask filled with teeth. Elliot thought that Anderson's teeth were quite as he had imagined them earlier. "Well, Polonski's cows are locked up," the professor said. "So they at least are safe."

Elliot realized that the professor had made a joke and was smiling. "Yes," he agreed.

Professor Anderson and his wife had been the moving force behind an initiative to outlaw the discharge of firearms within the boundaries of East Ilford Township. The initiative had been defeated, because East Ilford was not that kind of town.

"I think I'll go over by the river," Elliot said. He said it only to have something to say, to fill the silence before Anderson spoke again. He was afraid of what Anderson might say to him and of what might happen.

"You know," Anderson said, "that's all bird sanctuary over there now."

"Sure," Elliot agreed.

Outfitted as he was, the professor attracted Elliot's anger in an elemental manner. The mask made him appear a kind of doll, a kachina figure or a marionette. His eyes and mouth, all on their own, were disagreeable.

Elliot began to wonder if Anderson could smell the whiskey on his breath. He pushed the little red bull's-eye safety button on his gun to Off.

"Seriously," Anderson said, "I'm always having to run hunters out of there. Some people don't understand the word 'posted.' "

"I would never do that," Elliot said. "I would be afraid."

Anderson nodded his head. He seemed to be laughing. "Would you?" he asked Elliot merrily.

In imagination, Elliot rested the tip of his shotgun barrel against Anderson's smiling teeth. If he fired a load of deer shot into them, he thought, they might make a noise like broken china. "Yes," Elliot said. "I wouldn't know who they were or where they'd been. They might resent my being alive. Telling them where they could shoot and where not."

Anderson's teeth remained in place. "That's pretty strange," he said. "I mean, to talk about resenting someone for being alive."

"It's all relative," Elliot said. "They might think, 'Why should he be alive when some brother of mine isn't?' Or they might think, 'Why should he be alive when I'm not?' "

"Oh," Anderson said.

"You see?" Elliot said. Facing Anderson, he took a long step backward. "All relative."

"Yes," Anderson said.

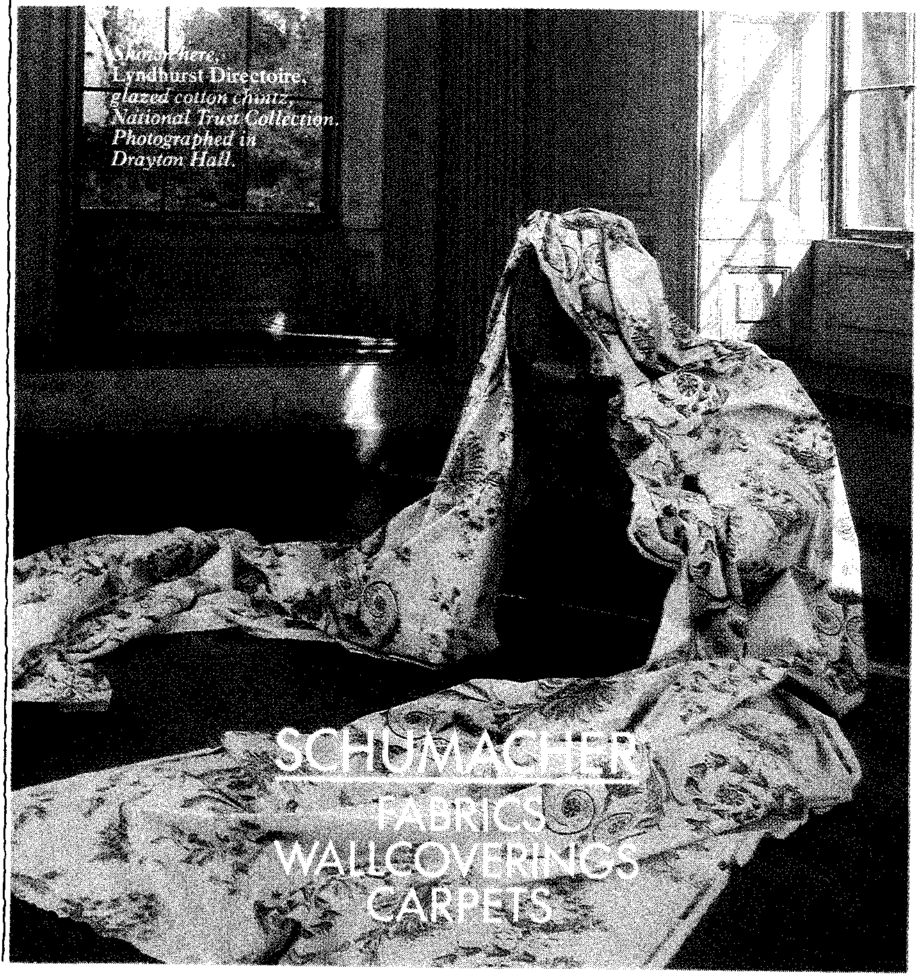
"That's so often true, isn't it?" Elliot asked. "Values are often relative."

"Yes," Anderson said. Elliot was

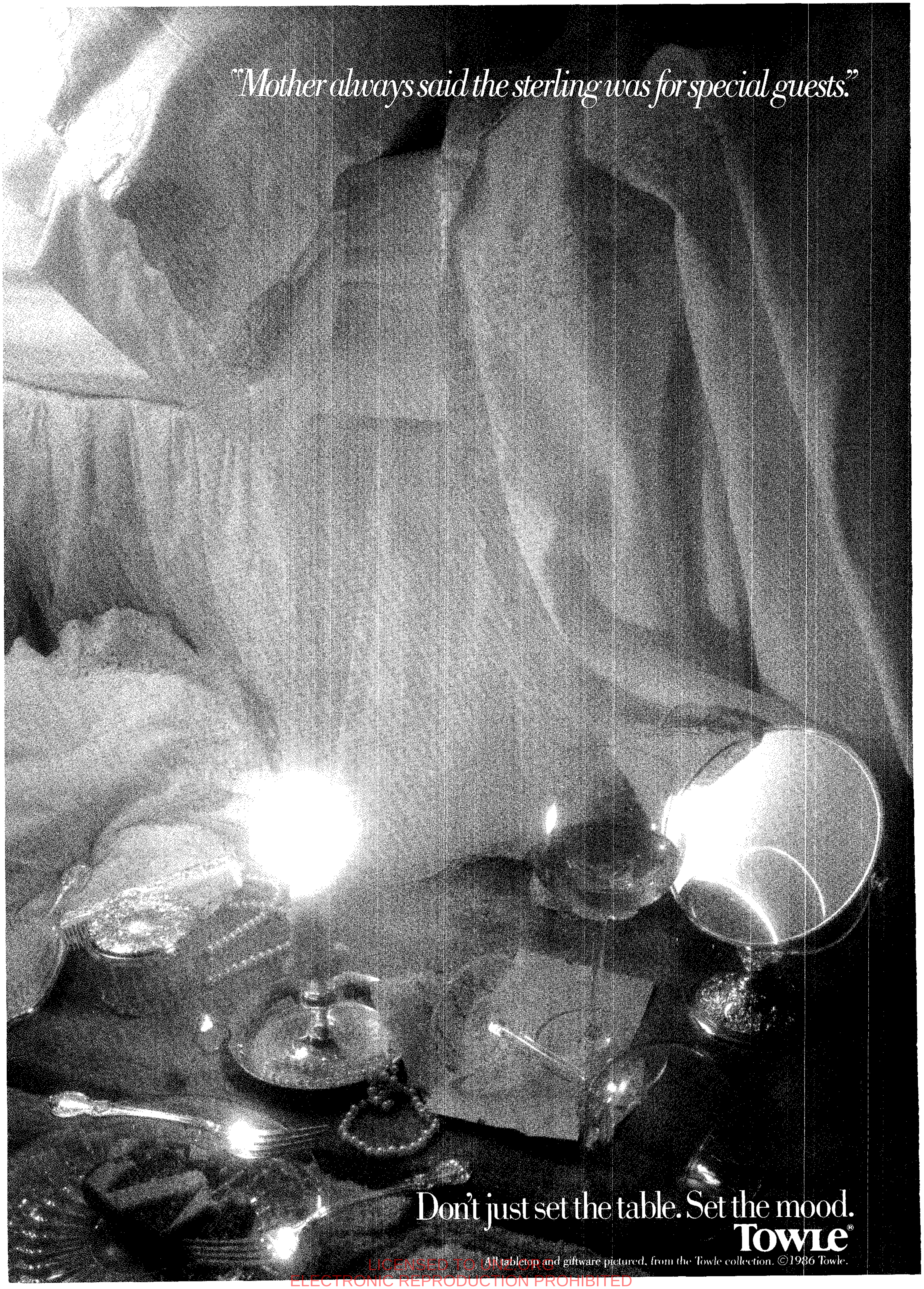
This is the life.

This is the resort that's one of a kind. With a five-star welcome and three 18-hole championship golf courses, 19 tennis courts, and superb dining. Plus horseback riding, trout fishing, skeet and trap, swimming pools, even its own Spa, all on 16,000 glorious Alleghany acres. Ask your travel agent or call us toll-free: 800-336-5771, in Virginia 800-542-5734.

THE HOMESTEAD®
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA


Shown here, Lyndhurst Directoire, glazed cotton chintz, National Trust Collection. Photographed in Drayton Hall.

SCHUMACHER
FABRICS
WALLCOVERINGS
CARPETS


"Mother always said the sterling was for special guests."
Don't just set the table. Set the mood.
TOWLE®

All tabletop and giftware pictured, from the Towle collection. ©1986 Towle.

relieved to see that he had stopped smiling.

"I've hardly slept, you know," Elliot told Professor Anderson. "Hardly at all. All night. I've been drinking."

"Oh," Anderson said. He licked his lips in the mouth of the mask. "You should get some rest."

"You're right," Elliot said.

"Well," Anderson said, "got to go now."

Elliot thought he sounded a little thick in the tongue. A little slow in the jaw.

"It's a nice day," Elliot said, wanting now to be agreeable.

"It's great," Anderson said, shuffling on his skis.

"Have a nice day," Elliot said.

"Yes," Anderson said, and pushed off.

Elliot rested the shotgun across his shoulders and watched Anderson withdraw through the frozen swamp. It was in fact a nice day, but Elliot took no comfort in the weather. He missed night and the falling snow.

As he walked back toward his house, he realized that now there would be whole days to get through, running before the antic energy of whiskey. The whiskey would drive him until he dropped. He shook his head in regret. "It's a revolution," he said aloud. He imagined himself talking to his wife.

Getting drunk was an insurrection, a revolution—a bad one. There would be outsize bogus emotions. There would be petty moral blackmail and cheap remorse. He had said dreadful things to his wife. He had bullied Anderson with his violence and unhappiness, and Anderson would not forgive him. There would be damn little justice and no mercy.

Nearly to the house, he was startled by the desperate feathered drumming of a pheasant's rush. He froze, and out of instinct brought the gun up in the direction of the sound. When he saw the bird break from its cover and take wing, he tracked it, took a breath, and fired once. The bird was a little flash of opulent color against the bright-blue sky. Elliot felt himself flying for a moment. The shot missed.

Lowering the gun, he remembered the deer shells he had loaded. A hit with the concentrated shot would have pulverized the bird, and he was glad he had missed. He wished no harm to any creature. Then he thought of himself wishing no harm to any creature and began to feel fond and sorry for himself. As soon as he grew aware of the emotion he was indulging, he suppressed it. Pissing and moaning, mourning and weeping, that was the nature of the drug.

The shot echoed from the distant hills. Smoke hung in the air. He turned and looked behind him and saw, far away across the pasture, the tiny blue-and-red figure of Professor Anderson motionless against the snow. Then Elliot turned again toward his house and took a few labored steps and looked up to see his wife at the bedroom window. She stood perfectly still, and the morning sun lit her nakedness. He stopped where he was. She had heard the shot and run to the window. What had she thought to see? Burnt rags and blood on the snow. How relieved was she now? How disappointed?

Elliot thought he could feel his wife trembling at the window. She was hugging herself. Her hands clasped her shoulders. Elliot took his snow goggles off and shaded his eyes with his hand. He stood in the field staring.

The length of the gun was between them, he thought. Somehow she had got out in front of it, to the wrong side of the wire. If he looked long enough he would find everything out there. He would find himself down the sight.

How beautiful she is, he thought. The effect was striking. The window was so clear because he had washed it himself, with vinegar. At the best of times he was a difficult, fussy man.

Elliot began to hope for forgiveness. He leaned the shotgun on his forearm and raised his left hand and waved to her. Show a hand, he thought. Please just show a hand.

He was cold, but it had got light. He wanted no more than the gesture. It seemed to him that he could build another day on it. Another day was all you needed. He raised his hand higher and waited. —ROBERT STONE

•

Dr. Michael Jordan attended the universities of New Mexico, Colorado, and Michigan. He has performed leading baritone roles such as the title role in Eugene, Oregon.—*Program note for the Midland Opera Theatre, in Midland, Texas.*

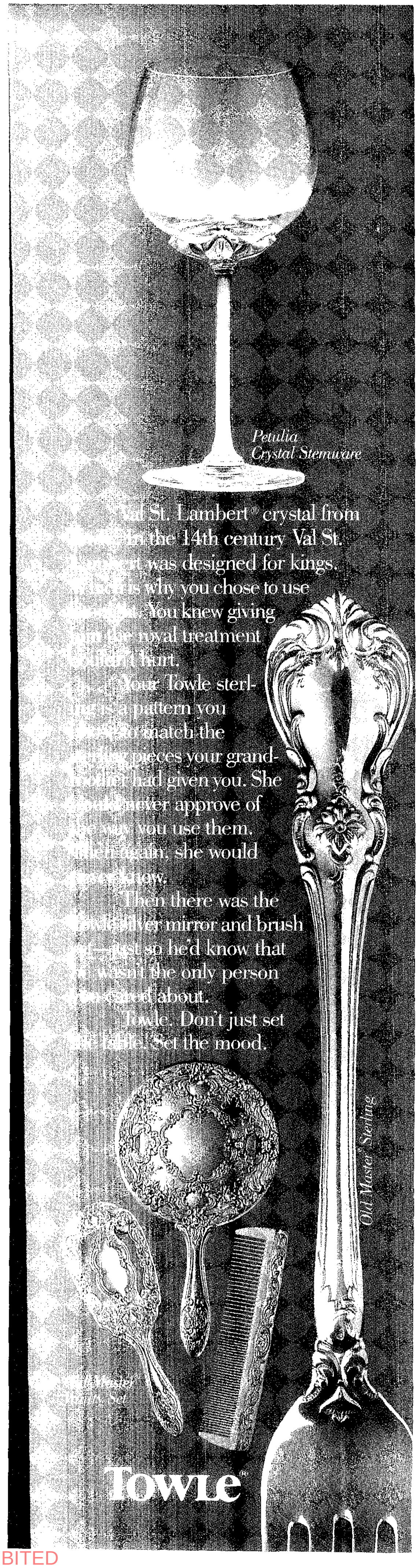
How about the title role in Riga, Latvia?

•

376.14 Crime control and detection commodities.

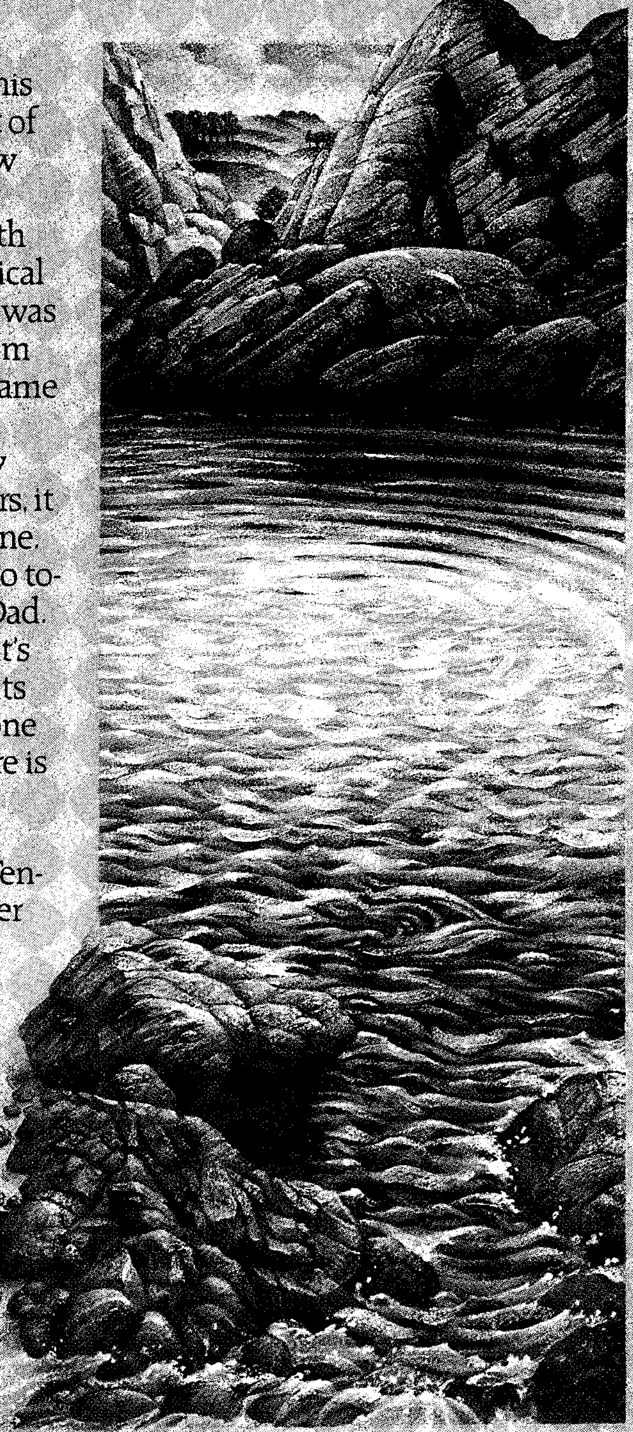
(a) *Export license requirements.* * * * Applications for validated export licenses for "specially designed implements of torture" will be denied.—*Federal Register.*

Fuss, fuss, fuss.



Val St. Lambert® crystal from [illegible] In the 14th century Val St. Lambert was designed for kings. [illegible] is why you chose to use [illegible]. You knew giving him the royal treatment couldn't hurt.
[illegible] Your Towle sterling is a pattern you [illegible] to match the sterling pieces your grandmother had given you. She would never approve of the way you use them. Then again, she would never know.
Then there was the Towle silver mirror and brush set—just so he'd know that he wasn't the only person you cared about.
Towle. Don't just set the table. Set the mood.

It takes 400,000,000 years to make a Bourbon as good as Old Grand-Dad.



Once there was this huge inland sea. Part of it covered what's now Kentucky.

Then Mother Earth shrugged her geological shoulders, and what was seabed, rich in calcium and phosphates, became dry land.

Over the next few hundred million years, it all turned to limestone. Which brings us up to today and Old Grand-Dad.

You see, water that's trickled and seeped its way through limestone is the best water there is for making Bourbon.

And nowhere in America—not even Tennessee—is there better limestone for water to trickle and seep through than under the soil of Old Grand-Dad's home: Kentucky's legendary Bluegrass district.

It's what makes our Bourbon so great (and incidentally, our bluegrass so blue).

That's not to say you can't make a tolerable Bourbon if you're extra particular about the quality of the grains you use, like we are. You also have to make sure your new white-oak barrels are charred just so, like we do. And it certainly helps if your Bourbon-making skills have passed down through generations, like ours have.

But without our homegrown limestone water, you'll never ever match the choice, mellow taste that makes Old Grand-Dad the undisputed head of the Bourbon family.

86
OLD GRAND-DAD

Old Grand-Dad

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601 ©1987 National Distillers.

THE SKY LINE

Optimistic Ziggurat

THE current controversy over a proposed addition to the Guggenheim Museum is from two points of view simple and from every other point of view complex. Of the two simple points of view, one is that of the museum, which needs more space and feels that its architects have planned that space with the greatest possible tact, grace, and efficiency; the other is that of many members of the public, who argue that the structure, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, is an architectural masterpiece and, as such, should remain, like the Taj Mahal or the Hagia Sophia, inviolable. The two simple points of view are necessarily in collision; the more complex points of view, held by a variety of interested individuals, are also, if not in actual collision, on a course that has already led to considerable sidelong battering and bruising. And for good reason, since the facts upon which the controversy is based involve principles, and these principles are under debate at the present moment not only in New York City but throughout the country and the world as well.

The Guggenheim's problems in respect to space—primarily, to double the size of the area in which its permanent collection can be exhibited—are not unlike the problems that confront its neighbor the Whitney Museum and have already been confronted by another neighbor, the Metropolitan Museum, which is now winding up a program of expansion that threatened at one time to put much of Central Park under glass; by the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, which is soon to open vast new galleries tucked discreetly underground; by the Louvre, in Paris, which is lighting a new underground area by means of a sixty-foot-high glass pyramid that fills much of the Cour Napoléon and is criticized by many Parisians as being far too conspicuously aboveground. In London, the National Gallery of Art is about to construct in Trafalgar Square a mock-classical addition sure to prompt many an apoplectic letter to the London *Times*. Along with hundreds of smaller museums of less fame, these institutions have all been in need of more room in which to exhibit their ever-increasing collections and more room for administrative offices, libraries, and conservation departments.

No doubt most of those needs would have developed in the course of time even if the nature of museums had not radically altered in the period since the Second World War. As it happens, however, these alterations were not foreseen: few urban planners of the nineteen-forties reckoned on the transformation of museums from sequestered repositories of art, devoted to the identification and preservation of their treasures and visited largely by scholars and connoisseurs, into Buffalo Bill circuses, whose blockbuster shows of fashionable artists and sculptors are intended to draw tens of thousands of paying customers annually. Notoriously, museums have become an uneasy cross between theatre and boutique, seeking not only to achieve rave reviews and long lines of patient ticket holders but also to sell gimcrack souvenirs in the form of posters, placemats, T-shirts, and plastic replicas of real objects of art. (Leaving an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, one is channelled through a kind of gaudy, supermarketlike decompression chamber—turning back is forbidden—in which one is invited to buy an ill-colored reproduction of an authentic painting observed only a few moments earlier.)

For the upwardly mobile, museums have taken the place of opera as a place to be seen and of zoos as a place to take the children. On Sundays, they have edged out churches as places of worship, even to the extent of passing the plate; in theory, one's offering is voluntary, but in practice it is inescapable. Except for a few such grandly unacquisitive, imperturbable museums as the Frick (and even the Frick expanded its premises some years ago, acquiring an adjacent site on Seventieth Street in order to make room for a new wing and garden), museums have become as intensely competitive as television networks. J. Carter Brown, the director of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, is much admired by his colleagues not only for his museological skills but for his masterly manipulation of the media; when news of a supposedly secret cache of paintings by Andrew Wyeth of a woman named Helga made headlines—in what now appears to have been a public-relations stunt, from which an obscure art promoter stands to gain several million dollars—nobody was surprised to learn that the National Gallery would be the first to put the bulk of the newfound Helgas on display. In the once hushed and hallowed halls of the muses, there's no business like show business. Is this good or bad? Avoidable or unavoidable? The debate continues.

THE Guggenheim's hoped-for expansion raises questions that have become more pertinent—and perhaps more unanswerable in philosophical terms—as the relationship between the rights of a property owner and the restrictions by means of which his fellow-citizens are legally able to diminish those rights becomes increasingly subtle. Some seventy years ago, this city's first local zoning laws were enacted. Over the course of the next decade, many other cities throughout the country followed suit. A challenge to these laws reached the Supreme Court in 1926 and was rebuffed. As recently as 1977, our landmarks-preservation law was similarly challenged, and later upheld by the Supreme Court, in a case that involved the projected construction over Grand Central Terminal of a colossal skyscraper. The sovereignty of ownership is plainly not what it used to be, either in law or in our attitude toward ownership. However reluctantly, a possessor of property shares it with uncounted numbers of strangers.

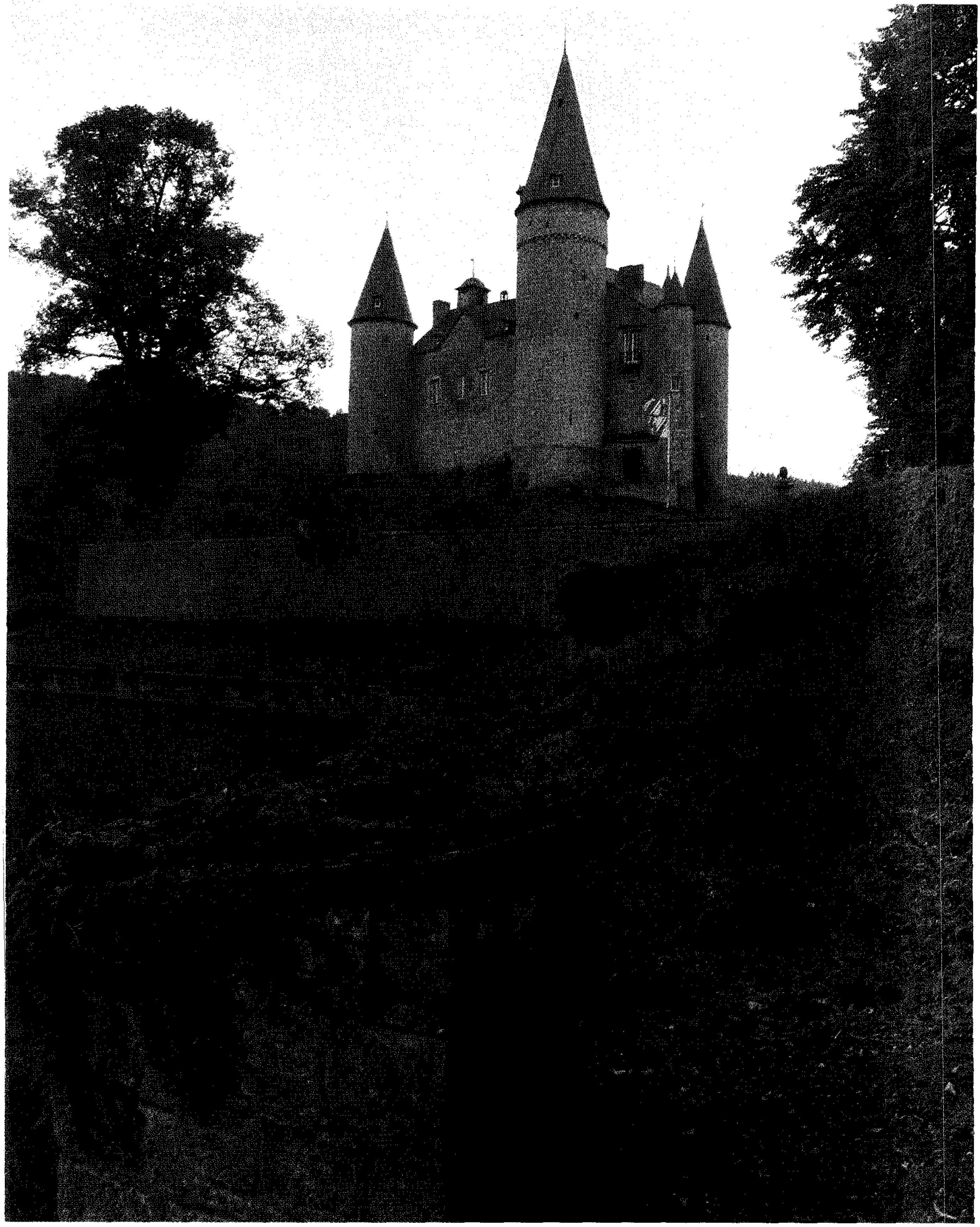
The Guggenheim, in order to build an addition to the Wright building on a scale and in the configuration that it prefers, must seek certain special permits and variances from the city's Board of Standards and Appeals, but more is at stake than the granting of these permits and variances. Nowadays, the public insists upon being heard in respect to *its* preferences, especially concerning projects sponsored by not-for-profit organizations—museums, schools, churches, and the like. As the Guggenheim well knows, this insistence far exceeds any mere legal requirement and is apt to generate emotions remote from the law, and even at odds with it. A private developer, before he can start digging, may have a good many hurdles to clear—among them his local Community Board, the Planning Commission, and, in some instances, the Landmarks Preservation Commission—but a not-for-profit organization is often faced with still greater difficulties; for by a predictable paradox the public often assumes an adversarial posture toward not-for-profit organizations precisely because they are dedicated to the public good and the public assumes that it knows what is good for it. Reasonable or unreasonable as this assumption may be, it has to be wrestled with.

For well over four years, the Guggenheim has been seeking to build what it considers an indispensable addition. The site of the addition is a narrow plot of ground to the east of the Wright building, upon which stands at present a small addition—the Peters annex, designed in the mid-sixties by Taliesin Associated Architects, Wright's official heirs. (The actual designer was William Wesley Peters, Wright's son-in-law and for decades his chief assistant.) To design the new addition, the Guggenheim chose the architectural firm of Gwathmey Siegel & Associates, which is one of the most respected in the city; with a lively sense of the delicacy of its task, the firm has labored to produce a design that will do the least possible harm to the visible shape of the now much loved Wright icon. Its first attempt, making use of the steelwork of the extant four-story Peters annex, was to rise a total of eleven stories and overhang a portion of the museum's roof, and was unfavorably compared to the tank of a toilet. This design aroused so many formal and informal protests that the Board of Standards and Appeals allowed the Guggenheim's lawyers to modify the museum's application for approval; an application for the presentation of a second and totally different design is being made soon. Meanwhile, the newer design has been shown by Charles Gwathmey to a number of local organizations—the Municipal Art Society, the Landmarks Conservancy, the Friends of the Upper East Side Historic District, and the like. It reduces the width of the addition from approximately forty-nine feet to thirty-five feet, and the height from a hundred and sixty-two feet to a hundred and thirty-three feet, with the result that it no longer obviously overhangs the roof—though, in a fashion undetectable from the street, it does invade a portion of the perimeter. Later on, I will be describing the design in greater detail; let me just note here that Gwathmey Siegel appears to have gained some allies (among them Edgar J. Kaufmann, Jr., a lifelong champion of Wright's work, who strongly opposed the firm's original proposal). It is more certainly the case that the voices of some enemies of the project have been stilled. Nevertheless, the controversy is likely to increase in vehemence as the moment of decision approaches.

CONTROVERSY is nothing new to the Guggenheim; indeed, it might be said with some accuracy that the museum was not merely born in controversy but conceived in it as well. An account of the contrarieties out of which the museum emerged is interesting enough in itself and has become all the more interesting because of the place in the city's affections which the museum has achieved since it opened, in the fall of 1959, to the nearly universal disapprobation of its neighbors. The history of its birth, now little remembered, amounts to a cautionary tale, but few of the cautions it contains are likely to have any immediate application. For example, it was imprudent to hire a genius to design anything as necessarily utilitarian as a museum—especially when that genius, in a career that then spanned something like half a century, had never built an art museum and was known to dislike contemporary art. But prudence in respect to Frank Lloyd Wright was always an irrelevance; one fell under his spell and proceeded with mounting indignation and delight from that moment forward. Nobody ever commissioned a building from Wright without expecting a display of fireworks and an occasional scorching. Herbert F. Johnson, of the Johnson Wax Company, said of his first encounter with Wright, "He insulted me about everything, and I insulted him, but he did a better job." Out of that exchange of insults came the Johnson Wax Building, in Racine—a masterpiece equal to the Guggenheim.

The first thing to be said about the design of the Guggenheim is that—like a less well-known masterpiece, the Beth Sholom Synagogue, in Elkins

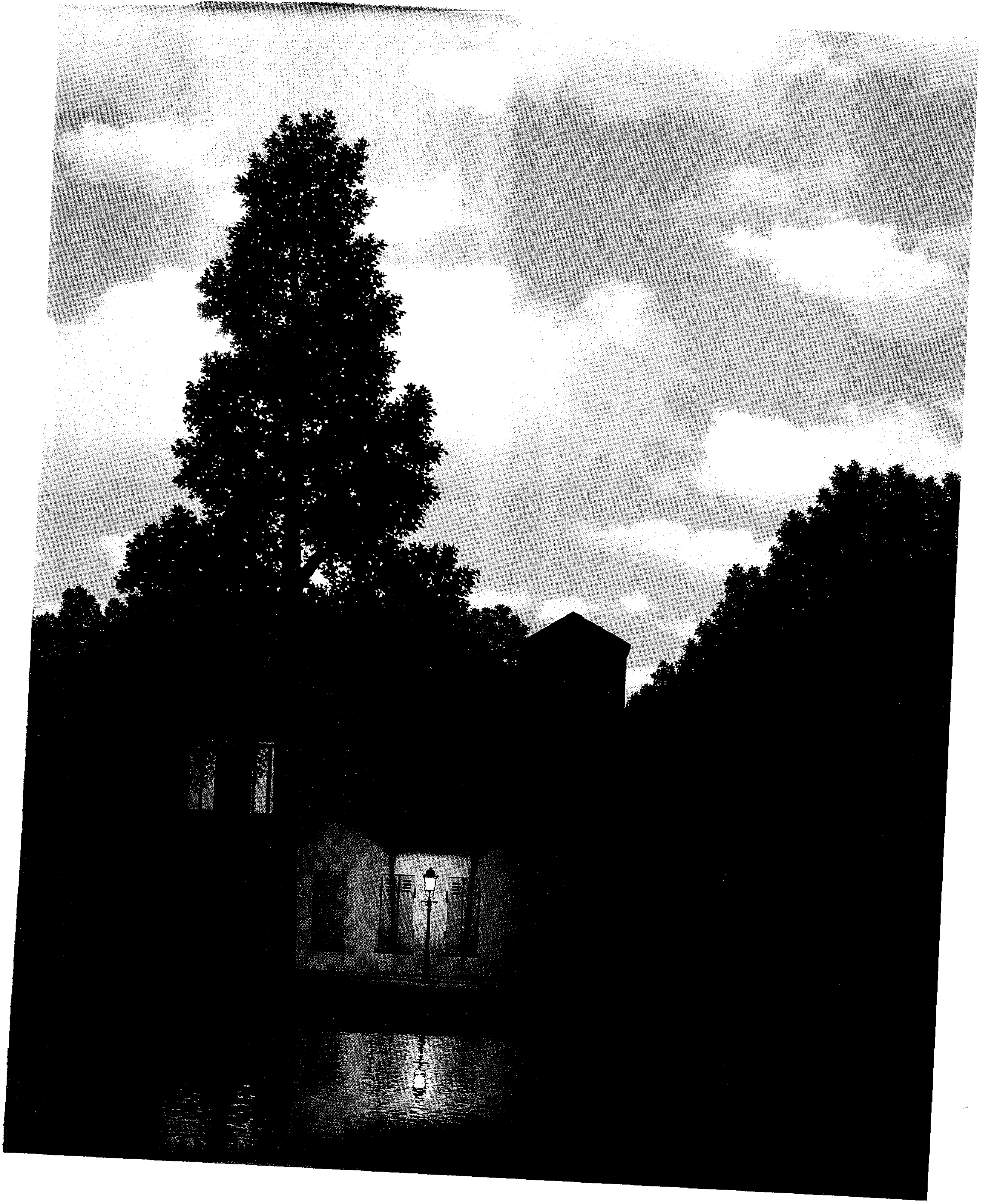
[illegible]
[illegible] Key to Europe



It's true what they say about the Belgians. They know how to appreciate a good meal, whether the cuisine is Italian or French, *nouvelle* or not, Chinese, Greek, Moroccan or some of their own very special inventions — *waterzooi*, for example, although no two cooks can agree on the ingredients, except for the chicken. Make no mistake, the cuisine that earns the extra stars in the guidebooks is invariably Belgian.

No one has got around to counting them all up, but it's a safe bet that there are more good restaurants big and small, cheap and not-so-cheap per square block in Belgium than practically anywhere. The people who predicted that American-style fast food would never catch on in a gourmet nation like Belgium were wrong. It did. The difference is that the service is a little slower and the quality of the hamburgers and French fries is a lot better.

Speaking of French fries, it's a misnomer in Bel-



Belgium,
the country that invented Magritte.

quick survey of the Kingdom would turn up more than four hundred different beers, national, regional and that place down at the corner.

Of course, the ingredients of any good meal includes the company you keep and the service you receive. In Belgium, you can bring your own partner or make friends after you get there. And the waiter will either expound the fine points of the specialty of the house, or tell you the story of his life, depending on how much you encourage him.

In Belgium, eating is an experience to be savored.

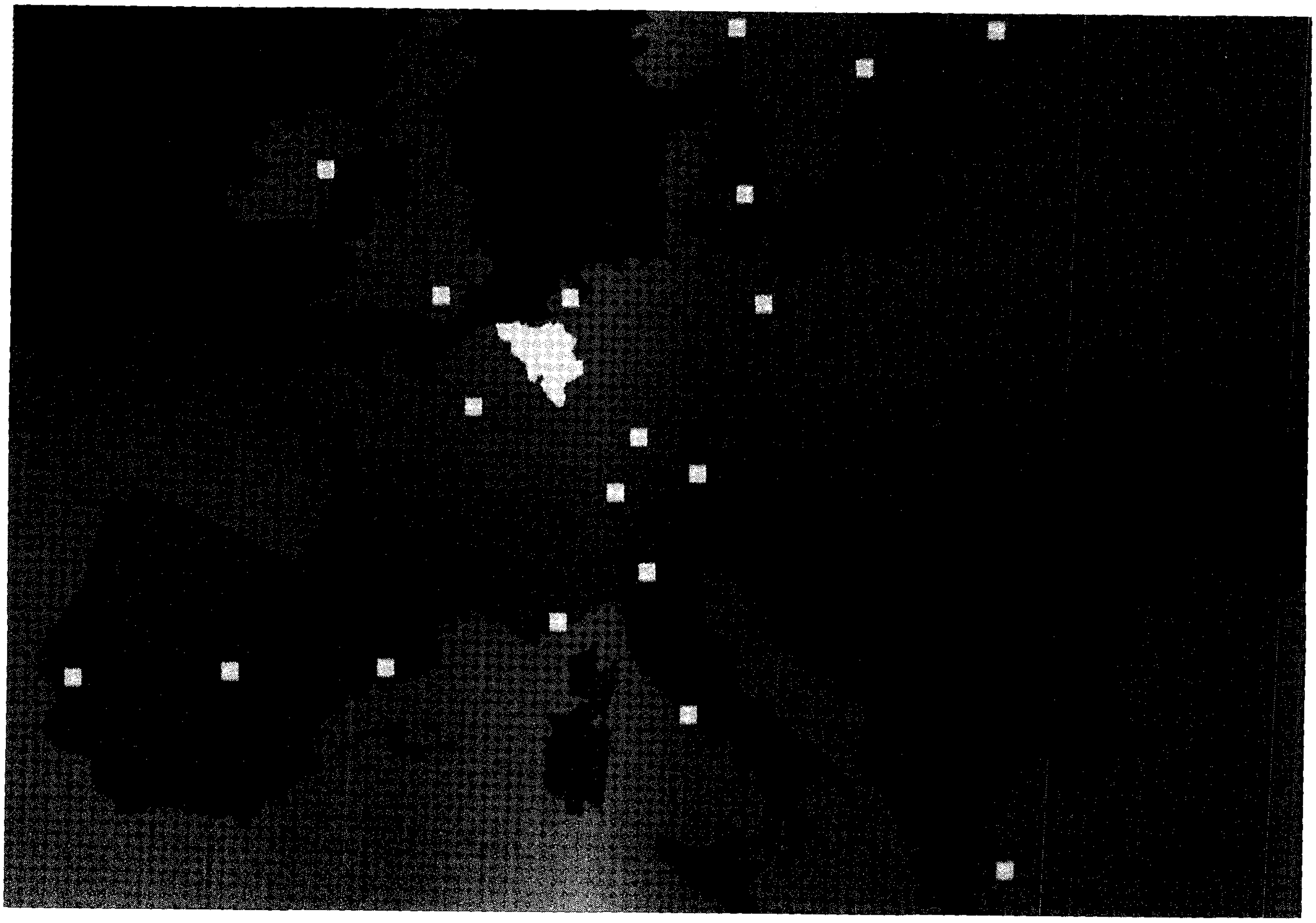
. VAN HILLE

gium where even the modest van with a cooker and a chef at the wheel can roll into a neighborhood, over its side panels and offer up as good as you'll get anywhere south of the border.

Whether it's a snack at the corner, a leisurely picnic at a card table set up beside the duck pond in the Bois de la Cambre — Brussels' Central Park — or a full course three-star dinner, Belgians like to make an occasion of it.

A diner in search of a memorable meal will think nothing of driving sixty kilometres out of town to try a recommended restaurant that may be a converted chateau or farmhouse at the end of a country road. In Belgium, you expect to be surprised.

Some people just can't help associating Belgium with beer. And they've got a point. But what they may not know is that the Belgians think of themselves as connoisseurs of the best brews. Not everyone agrees on the statistics, but it wouldn't be far wrong to say that a



Belgium is the key to Europe. And the good way to get there is by flying Sabena.

The Capital of the Kingdom of Belgium is the Capital of Europe. So book your flight to Brussels. Make it your first destination.

When it comes to european travel, Sabena is the experience to savor. And nothing could be simpler. Only Sabena lets you board at six different locations - New York, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta and even Anchorage (Montreal and Toronto if you prefer to start from Canada).

And you can take your pick of the fares and services - First Class (why not?), Business Class or Economy (and spend the money when you get there). So, why settle for less?

For further information write to the Belgian Tourist Office (745, Fifth Avenue, 10151 New York - New York) or ask Sabena for your free brochure and call toll-free 1.800 - 468.66.66.

Belgian Tourist Office

SABENA
BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES

Belgian Tourist Office

Park, a suburb of Philadelphia—it is a product of Wright's last years. Architecture is a profession celebrated for accommodating itself to age—indeed, for granting age an opportunity to flower in a way that goes far beyond accommodation. Like many men of genius, Wright as he grew older was able to draw from the deep well of his unconscious an ever richer and ever more mysterious assortment of fantastic structures. They are structures that elude satisfactory assignment to a particular time and place. Like the Church of the Holy Family in Barcelona, by Wright's contemporary Gaudí, or the Chapel of Notre-Dame-du-Haut at Ronchamp, by his despised younger rival Le Corbusier, the masterpieces of Wright's old age seem to have always existed, to have been shaped out of the earth itself by members of a race who left us no other sign of their passage.

What could be odder and less expected than the primordial apparition of the Guggenheim Museum, coiled ready to spring skyward from its blockfront on upper Fifth Avenue? It is a freak that astonishes today's passersby as readily as it did the passersby of almost thirty years ago; it bears no relationship to its self-aggrandizing bourgeois neighbors, from whom it fastidiously shrinks back in the very act of asserting its superiority over them. Surely, one thinks, it would be better suited to a steep hillside in Himalayan Tibet, in the shadow of that immense lamasery of which Wright (so wary of saluting any architectural work except his own) kept a photograph above his drawing board; surely Fifth Avenue, with its street wall of neo-Renaissance and neo-Gothic pastiches, is the least sympathetic place upon which to set this gigantic windup toy. And one would be right to think so: the only reason the Guggenheim stands where it does is that no other site could be found for it in the early nineteen-forties, when the three chief figures in the adventure of designing and building it were impatient to see it begun.

These figures were Solomon R. Guggenheim, Baroness Hildegard Rebay von Ehrenwiesen (more commonly known as Hilla Rebay), and Wright. Guggenheim, who was born in 1861 and died in 1949, a decade before his museum was completed, was a member of the celebrated copper-mining family; like any American millionaire of the period, once he had proved himself in the world of business he started to prove himself in the world of culture by collecting Old Masters. His wife, Irene Rothschild Guggenheim, preferred collecting contemporary art. (So did other wives; it was the taste of millionaires' wives that led to the founding of the Museum of Modern Art.) In 1927, Mrs. Guggenheim bought some collages by a young German artist named Hilla Rebay (1890-1967), who was having her first New York show, at Marie Sterner's gallery, on Fifty-seventh Street. Later that year, Rebay met the Guggenheims, at the home of James Speyer, a banker, philanthropist, and patron of the arts. Rebay and Irene Guggenheim became friends. The following year, Rebay painted a portrait of Solomon Guggenheim—a realistic likeness of an elderly, pleasant-faced man in knickerbockers and knit hose. As Joan M. Lukach says in her biography of Rebay, "convincing Guggenheim to sit for a vivacious, witty, sophisticated European noblewoman cannot have been difficult."

The Baroness took advantage of the sittings to interest Guggenheim in a genre of painting that she had first encountered among her artist colleagues in Europe and was determined to introduce to the New World; she called the genre "non-objective," and distinguished it from "abstract" painting by defining it as an art conceived by intuition rather than abstracted from anything in nature. In a small studio that she rented in Carnegie Hall were hung works by such painters as Kandinsky, Klee, and Rudolf Bauer. (The last was for many years her lover; Lukach demonstrates that a more disagreeable and demoralizing companion can scarcely ever have lived.) Soon enough, Guggenheim became a disciple of non-objective art—indeed, the most eager and generous of disciples, addressed with affection by his newfound artist friends as Guggi. Under Hilla Rebay's vigorous tutelage, he put together an assemblage of paintings not only by the artists mentioned above but also, eventually, by Chagall, Moholy-Nagy, Gleizes, Mondrian, Delaunay, and Greene.

Within a couple of years, Guggenheim and Rebay were faced with the problem of finding appropriate shelter for his ever-expanding collection. According to Lukach, Guggenheim thought at first of bequeathing it to the Metropolitan. This solution would have angered Rebay, because the collection would then have passed out of her control; luckily, it didn't appeal to Guggenheim for long, as he glanced about and noticed how many of his fellow-millionaires—Freer, Frick, Huntington, Mellon—were taking care to provide monuments to themselves in the form of museums. Why shouldn't he do the same, especially in view of the little-appreciated nature of his collection? When it came to the buying and selling of art in the early thirties, his artists were more or less orphans; he had reason to wish to protect their handiwork after his death and also to protect the joyous, eccentric, and sometimes irascible Baroness.

By coincidence, in 1930 some of Rebay's artist colleagues had contemplated founding a utopian artists' colony in a village outside Paris. The colonists would build a museum to contain their works, and the designer of the museum would be Le Corbusier, whom Rebay had met that year. Le Corbusier wished to design his museum in the shape of a spiral within a square; its galleries would be connected by ramps and would have movable walls, and the grand entrances and grand staircases that museums of an earlier day had found indispensable would be omitted. The little colony never came into existence (owing in large part to the Great Depression), but Rebay continued to speculate on the design of an ideal museum building—a "dome," or temple, of non-objective art (Lukach assumes that Rebay wrote "dome" in English as a translation of "*dom*," the German for "cathedral"), where space would be found for a library, a movie theatre, and a shop for the sale of educational materials and reproductions of paintings, and where the music of Bach and other classical composers would provide a continuous accompaniment.

During the thirties, Rebay discussed her ideal museum building not only with Kandinsky and other artists but with a veritable anthology of architects, including Le Corbusier, Gropius, and Breuer. She also consulted an enchanting gnome of a man, Frederick Kiesler, a Viennese who had been living for some time in New York City; among his innumerable unbuilt projects was a fourteen-story windowless museum by which Rebay was much impressed. (Kiesler's visionary architecture was based on organic shapes—an egg, say, or a snail—which he called "endless," because of their curving configurations, and which he considered suitable for all kinds of buildings, public and private.) Rockefeller Center was under construction at the time, and the Rockefeller family was eager to establish within its precincts a cluster of cultural activities, including a new opera house—the need to replace the old Metropolitan Opera House, on Broadway, had provided the initial impetus for the Center—and much enlarged quarters for the recently founded Museum of Modern Art. Young Nelson Rockefeller suggested that a Museum of Non-Objective Art be built adjacent to the proposed building for the Museum of Modern Art, and he had a friend and associate, the architect Wallace K. Harrison, prepare a master plan including it. Guggenheim and Rebay discussed the project with Rockefeller and Harrison, and also Kiesler, and considered several architects, among them Edmund Körner, Mies van der Rohe, and Gropius, but the project fell through when the Rockefellers were unable to acquire the necessary amount of land. (Many years later, the major part of the Rockefellers' hoped-for cluster of cultural activities was realized at Lincoln Center, with Harrison again in charge of the master plan.)

In 1937, Guggenheim set up the collection under the rubric of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation. Throughout the gloom of the Depression, Guggenheim, with the prudence of the rich, took care to keep Rebay's audacious acquisitiveness within bounds; even so, the collection was enhanced by many bargains—Légers, Feiningers, Nicholsons—that the Depression made possible. Rebay was tenderhearted as well as shrewd; if she bought pictures cheap, she also gave away to impoverished artists as much of Guggenheim's and her own money as she dared. She was at once a curator, a benefactress, and a messiah: when the collection went on public exhibition in Philadelphia, she wrote in an introduction to the catalogue, "Non-objectivity will be the religion of the future. . . . Non-objective paintings are prophets of spiritual life." Guggenheim would not have gone as far, but he felt strongly that the general public would profit from being able to see his six or eight hundred paintings. He considered sponsoring a pavilion at the New York World's Fair of 1939 which would be devoted to a history of art, with examples of non-objective art drawn from his collection as the climax. Rebay designed the pavilion—an ingenious one-story circular structure with a dozen wings extending from a central garden—but, because the collection still lacked a permanent home, the project was abandoned as an extravagance. Faced at last with the likelihood of a world war and a consequent ban on construction, and with his own increasing infirmities, Guggenheim rented quarters in a small building on East Fifty-fourth Street. Rebay and a young architect named William Muschenheim remodelled the quarters, and as great a portion of the collection was hung as Rebay could find room for upon its elegant gray walls. On May 31, 1939, the Museum of Non-Objective Painting—which Guggenheim and Rebay called the "Art of Tomorrow"—threw open its doors.

IN the spring of 1943, Rebay renewed her campaign to achieve a permanent home for the collection. She wrote to Moholy-Nagy asking him to recommend an architect, and he drew up a list that included Le Corbusier, Gropius, Neutra, Breuer, Keck, Aalto, Lescaze, and himself. Given that the United States was waging a great war against Germany and that Rebay herself was still a German citizen, Moholy-Nagy's list seems a singularly tactless one. Rebay must have sensed, however belatedly, that a native-born American architect was called for, and her choice fell upon Wright. Why had she not thought of him in the first place, especially in the light of the high esteem in which he had always been held in Germany? The answer is simple. It appears that she had assumed that Wright was dead. Astonished to discover, through members of the Guggenheim family, that he was still alive and in vigorous health at seventy-six, she bought his books, found in them ideas about architecture (and life) very like her own, and, in June, sent off a characteristically buoyant invitation, which read, in part:

> DEAR MR. WRIGHT:
>
> Could you ever come to New York and discuss with me a building for our collection of Non-objective paintings. I feel that each of these great masterpieces should be organized into space and only you would test the possibilities to do so. . . . I need a fighter, a lover of space, an originator, a tester and a wise man. . . . I want a temple of spirit—a monument, and your help to make it possible, specially with our trustees and president. May this wish be blessed.
>
> HILLA REBAY

Wright countered with an invitation to Taliesin. Under the misapprehension that Rebay was a man—a misapprehension hard to understand, since her letter was written in an extremely feminine hand, on blue notepaper—he asked, "Why don't you run down here for a week end? Bring your wife. We have room and disposition to make you comfortable. Of course I feel I should have no difficulty in giving the Foundation what it desires and needs." More was contained in these words than a simple offer of hospitality, though the offer was genuine enough. Wright had long made use of Taliesin as a form of sales pitch: few visitors could resist its charm or fail to accept it as proof of the genius of its designer. Moreover, the scale of its operation as a country estate of seemingly unlimited resources aroused a becoming awe, even in the rich. This awe heightened Wright's sense of his puissance; like any magus, he performed miracles because he was thought capable of performing miracles. When Rebay's letter arrived, Wright was particularly in need of psychological reinforcement, and he also needed financial reinforcement. Bruce Brooks Pfeiffer, in his book "The Guggenheim Correspondence," notes, "The summer of 1943 was a very lean time for the drafting room at Taliesin. The nation was two years into the war. Most of Frank Lloyd Wright's apprentices had either enlisted or been drafted into the armed forces, and those remaining devoted their time to working the farm. Architectural commissions had dropped off

It's programmed to think
like our Formula 1 car.

At Honda we've been involved in Formula 1 racing for years. We've won some, we've lost some. We've learned a lot.

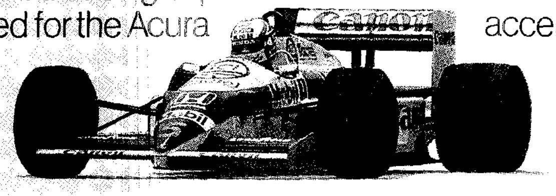
Take our Programmed Fuel Injection.

Developed from our racing experience, it's been refined for the Acura Integra. An 8 bit microprocessor monitors the needs of the engine. Ensuring the right air/fuel mixture no matter what the driving conditions.

You end up with an engine that delivers instant response. An engine that delivers fun.

You end up with more power on tap: For difficult passing situations. Cornering. Just to get from A to B without getting bored.

And our programmed fuel injection isn't the only thing on the Integra that's a result of our racing experience.



The double overhead cam powerplant comes with 4 valves per cylinder. And from the moment you first climb into the cockpit you realize this is anything but a sedate sedan.

The sports tuned handling is precise. The acceleration from the 16-valve aluminum alloy engine is impressive. But, we're well aware that everyone who buys an Integra isn't a Formula 1 driver.

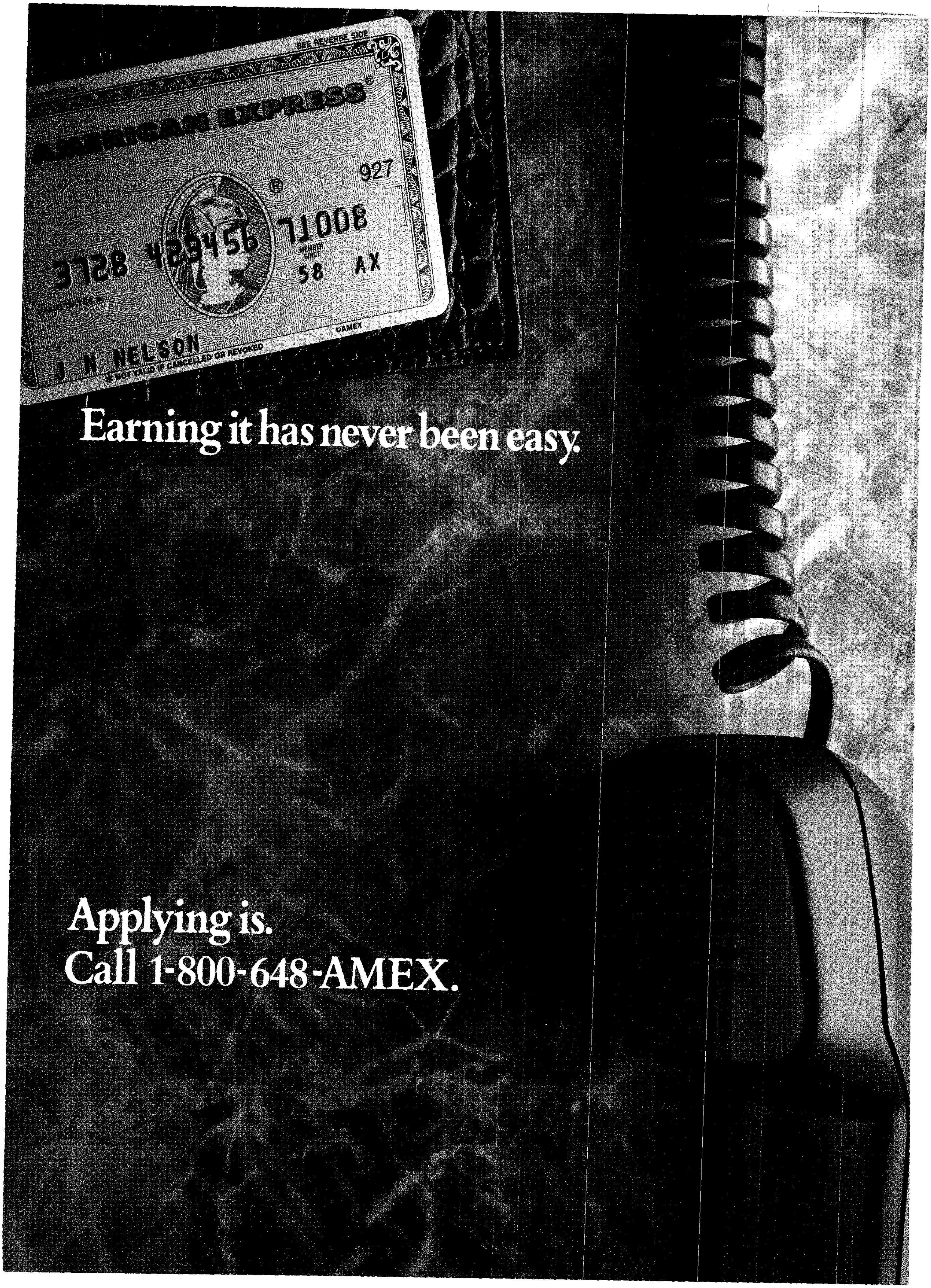
That's why there's more than enough room for your head and legs. More than enough space for your luggage. And the bucket seats are contoured to really fit you.

The Acura Integra. In 3 or 5 doors. Exclusively at Acura dealers. It's not only well thought out. It thinks for itself.

To test drive the Acura Integra call 1-800-TO-ACURA for the location of the dealer nearest you.

ACURA
PRECISION CRAFTED AUTOMOBILES
A division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

©1987 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and Integra are trademarks of Honda Motor Co. Ltd.


SEE REVERSE SIDE
AMERICAN EXPRESS
927
3728 428456 71008
58 AX
J N NELSON
NOT VALID IF CANCELLED OR REVOKED
©AMEX
Earning it has never been easy.
Applying is.
Call 1-800-648-AMEX.

sharply; there was little work on the boards."

Rebay wrote back to explain, almost by way of apology, that she was not a man, but that she had been in charge of forming the collection, and that the kind of building she had in mind would take endless thinking, planning, and testing. She added that Guggenheim ("a great man, full of vision, courage and understanding") was eighty-two years old, would soon be leaving New York for the summer, and was rarely in New York in winter; therefore, "we have no time to lose." That there should be no further confusion over her sex, she took care to sign the letter "Baroness Rebay." The note of urgency that she struck on that occasion is ironic, for Wright and she were at the start of an undertaking that would require sixteen years to complete. The irony is increased by the fact that the start was unusually brisk: Wright came to New York, met Rebay and Guggenheim, captivated them with practiced ease, and, in late June, signed a contract to design a museum for the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation. The contract stipulated that the museum was to cost no more than seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, exclusive of the cost of whatever site might be chosen.

By the middle of July, Wright and Robert Moses, the New York Parks Commissioner, were surveying possible sites for the museum. (Wright was always proud to claim Moses as "Cousin Bob," Moses' wife being a distant cousin of Wright's.) One site was in the Riverdale section of the Bronx. Other sites were on Park Avenue, at Sixty-ninth and Seventieth Streets; and on Madison Avenue, just to the north of the Pierpont Morgan Library—one of Charles Follen McKim's finest works, which Wright characteristically described as "a graveyard." When Rebay objected to the Riverdale site as too remote, Wright, with his usual bravado, replied, "I do not doubt the drawing power of an architectural masterpiece," implying that Rebay would also do well not to doubt it.

Wright's letters to Rebay are sometimes tiresomely preachy—"Architecture (there is none in New York City) is the mother-art of arts. Where she really *is* she is not likely to murder her infants or frustrate her sons and daughters"—but sometimes they are affectionately avuncular. "We [Wright and his wife, Olgivanna] enjoyed our visits with you more than anything that has happened to us that we can remember." Plainly, he admired her plump, rosy-cheeked, bouncy presence, hot temper, and high intelligence. Rebay's "continuous expenditure of energy" made her seem, in Wright's words, a "super woman," a "human projectile." She had deeply loved her parents, who were by then long dead, and the Wrights became substitutes both for them and for the children she had never had. She fussed over the Wrights, spoiled them, and tried to make them over—especially in regard to the preservation of their health. Rebay was a demonic amateur physician, with many crackpot notions about decaying dead teeth and bloodletting. Under her influence, Wright consented to have his teeth removed and replaced by dentures. More radically, both the Wrights consented not once but several times to have big black leeches applied to their throats, in order to drain poisonous "old" blood from their bodies and prompt the manufacture of pure "new" blood. Despite his age, Wright was able to survive this treatment (which once upon a time had helped to kill George Washington); when the Wrights noticed one day that Rebay appeared to be casting clinical glances at the healthy teeth of their young daughter, Iovanna, they ceased to pay serious attention to her medical advice.

MONTHS passed in the search for an appropriate site. The businesslike Guggenheim evidently saw no reason that Wright should not be able to design a museum first and fit it onto a site afterward, and Wright argued that this was not how great architecture—his architecture—was achieved. Nevertheless, he began preparing tentative sketches for a low, horizontal building, not unlike the Johnson Wax Building. However, it became obvious that land in Manhattan was too expensive to permit a sizable horizontal building, and on the last day of 1943 Wright wrote to Guggenheim, "I can see a tall building of a new type perfectly appropriate to our purpose having monumental dignity and great beauty, requiring about half the ground area we have been looking for." So excited was Wright by this inspiration that he volunteered to come to New York and resume "prospecting" sites at no cost to Guggenheim except for his travelling expenses. Since he was not in the habit of looking for sites on behalf of a client, it is a measure of his eagerness to build the museum that he should have made such an offer, but Guggenheim, on his way to South Carolina for the rest of the winter, appears to have rejected it. After the rejection, Wright wrote Rebay that he would have come to New York anyway, but he was simply too hard up. In 1944, an acceptable site was found on Fifth Avenue between Eighty-eighth and Eighty-ninth Streets—a parcel running along the Avenue for a distance of a hundred and sixty feet and occupying the entire blockfront except for the two corner parcels.

As he often did in order to heighten a client's interest in a project (and so help to insure its eventual acceptance), Wright pretended to Rebay that she might find the novelty of his design for the museum shocking or offensive: "The whole thing will either throw you off your guard entirely or be just about what you have been dreaming about." In late January of 1944, Wright sent Rebay his first sketches for a vertical museum, which turned out to be in the shape of a spiral. He labelled a drawing of it "Ziggurat," and pointed out to her that as far as engineering was concerned they could choose a ziggurat that was "either top side down or down side up." The ziggurats of ancient times had necessarily diminished in size as they rose, he said, because of the inert, compressive building materials—stone, brick, earth—available to their builders; with reinforced concrete and steel, an upside-down ziggurat would be as easy to build and would possess even greater strength than one right side up.

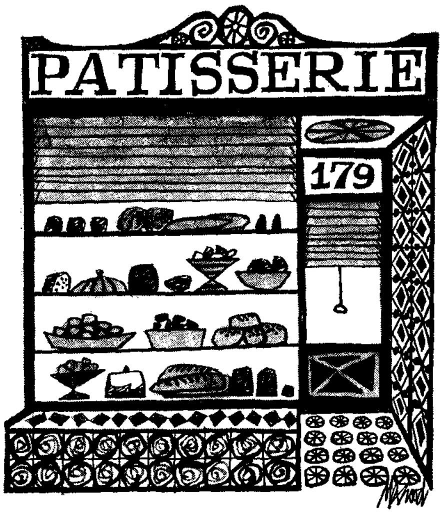
Wright had been designing projects in the shape of spirals at least as early as the unbuilt Gordon Strong planetarium and "automobile objective," of 1925. The design for the Guggenheim spiral was followed in the late forties by a couple of immense spiral designs for Pittsburgh—a civic center and a public garage, both commissioned by Edgar J. Kaufmann, and both unbuilt—and by comparatively tiny spiral designs for the V. C. Morris shop, in San Francisco, and the Hoffman Jaguar salesroom, in New York City, both of which were built and are still standing. The ramped spiral appears again and again in the projects of Wright's old age, including a house built in Phoenix, in 1952, which he designed for his son David, and a cluster of three houses, intended for a site near Phoenix, which he designed for Helen Donahoe in the spring of 1959, a few weeks before his death. (The drawing of what Wright called "The Donahoe Triptych"—he bestowed names on houses, as if to bestow on them the gift of life—was the last that Wright ever signed; as for the three houses, perhaps because the giver of life was himself no longer alive, they were never built.) More than the triangle, the hexagon, or the circle, the spiral struck Wright as a thrilling architectural form, because it exists in three dimensions, and because an expanding spiral—what he dubbed in the case of the Guggenheim "an optimistic ziggurat"—seems to defy gravity.

As Wright was sure to have known, the spiral appealed to Rebay on grounds that went well beyond architecture. She had spoken to him of Le Corbusier's unbuilt spiral museum outside Paris (which some scholars believe Le Corbusier borrowed from Wright's Strong project) and of Kiesler's "endless" structures, but for Rebay the spiral in architecture was simply the outward and visible sign of the spirals that existed for her and for her fellow-champions of non-objectivity in the spiritual world. She and her colleagues were all members of a sort of undeclared secret society, based in part on Helena Blavatsky's theosophy and in part on other, more arcane Eastern cults. Representational painting reflected the gross materialist world that surrounded them; non-objective painting represented the purity of what Yeats called the self-delighting soul. Yeats himself had been at least temporarily fascinated by theosophy and Rosicrucianism, and into old age he wrote passionately of "the gyres! the gyres!"—that is, "the spirals! the spirals!" Rebay accepted Wright's plan for a spiral building almost without taking thought, because it fitted so closely her concept of a temple in which art would be celebrated as a higher form of religion. Though Wright took care at the start to assure her that his design was highly practical, she gave practicality but half her attention. He had written:

> A museum should be one extended expansive well proportioned floor space from bottom to top—a wheel chair going around and up and down, *throughout.* No stops anywhere and such screened divisions of the space gloriously lit within from above as would deal appropriately with every group of paintings or individual paintings as you might want them classified.
>
> The atmosphere of the whole should be luminous from bright to dark—anywhere desired: a great calm and breadth pervading the whole place. . . .
>
> There should be no "stuffs"—either curtains or carpets. For floors either cork or rubber tiling, etc., etc.
>
> Much crystal, much greenery about. No distracting detail anywhere.
>
> In short, a creation which does not yet exist.

Soon, however, Rebay, having omitted to have first thoughts, began to have second ones. Her former lover, the pernicious Bauer (who had been sedulously spreading the rumor that Rebay was a Nazi), damned the design as being of no use whatever, and Moholy-Nagy's opinion was equally adverse. In a letter to Rebay, Wright observed, "Moholy-Nagy has the nerve to suggest to us what a museum should be like? I never did respect him for his brains." The comparative feebleness of this riposte may be explained in part by the fact that the design of the Guggenheim was indeed revolutionary in many respects, and therefore untested; Wright may have felt some defensiveness, which may have emerged, as it so often did with him, as bluster. (After almost thirty years, the appropriateness of the design for museum purposes remains a legitimate topic of debate, though the design as an expression of architectural genius does not.)

Guggenheim, too, appears to have been provoked by well-meaning friends into expressing some skepticism about the design, but Wright took care not to lose his temper with the source of his commission. His reputation as an architect was at stake; so was his financial position, which was still desperate. He excoriated Rebay directly and arranged for Guggenheim to learn of the state of his feelings at second hand:



> I wonder to whom you have been listening again. I can imagine, of course. Surely you have not failed so completely to grasp the essential idea with which you were so completely delighted when presented to you as you now pretend.
>
> I foresee I am to have no client but am to have instead only a group of small critics whispering to you concerning something about which they can really know nothing and about which you now say *you* know nothing either. *That is rather terrible for me?*
>
> . . . No great good thing in building ever happened where the client was at the mercy of the passing suggestions of this one and that one, no matter who they were. . . .
>
> But I shall do nothing further on the plans until I hear from you as to what in the changed circumstances of your mind you now desire.

And to this letter he added the canny postscript "Since you mention that Mr. Guggenheim is in the same 'nervous' state of apprehension as yourself I have sent a copy of this letter to him."

The letter gained the end he had sought: within a couple of weeks, he received from Guggenheim a note saying, "Your preliminary sketches are entirely satisfactory, and we are now authorizing you to proceed to make detailed plans. . . Enclosed find check for $21,000.00, in payment for the first stage of your contract." Wright immediately made a dash East to visit the Guggenheims, who were summering in the White Mountains of New Hampshire; a few days later, he wrote Rebay in high spirits from Taliesin, "The model [of the museum] is in work and so are the plans. Please give my best to Mr. Guggenheim. He is a grand man—and do you take good account of yourself and get a good rest. I noticed a great improvement in you."

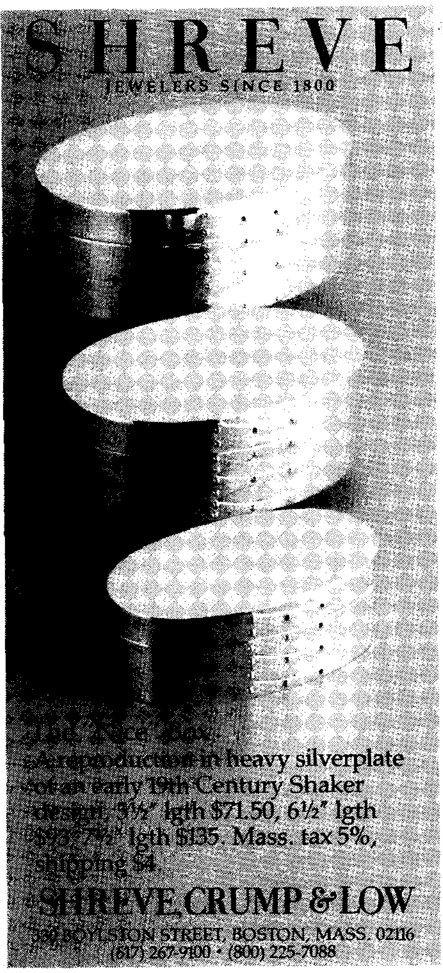
For almost eighteen months, Wright and members of the Taliesin Fellowship worked on the drawings for the museum, making constant changes to accommodate what Wright called Rebay's "hunches": a high-ceilinged sanctum, separate from the main ramped gallery, for the display on a permanent basis of the museum's masterpieces; a theatre, for the showing of non-objective films; and a restaurant. Some of Wright's own hunches met with Rebay's veto. For example, he had a lifelong nineteenth-century predilection for roof gardens and wanted one on the Guggenheim; Rebay wrote sharply, "New York's air is too dirty to sit outside much and so roof-gardens sound nice but are useless as I know from experience." Nor did she approve of his suggestion that the exterior of the building be a mixture of red brick and red marble. "I do not like red," she wrote, "as it is of all colors the most materialistic . . . Red is a color which displeases S.R.G. as much as it does me." Wright had stumbled unawares upon one of Rebay's many irrational spiritualist convictions. Lukach quotes Wright's vehement defense of red:

> When I was a cub-architect I once declared in a public lecture that blue was not an architect's color. It did not substantiate whatever it was applied to, I said. Well, I've lived to laugh at that dictum. It was a mere personal idiosyncrasy. I use blue now for what it may be worth. And you too, Hilla, will live to laugh at your fancy dictum that red is carnal (your personal idiosyncrasy)—(or affliction). . . . But, *just what red*? is a matter for careful choice. See samples we send you. But if you are unable to overcome your own "idiotsyncrasy"—then how about Black Montana [a kind of granite]? See sample—warm black—because a strong contrast is necessary if the walls are to be bright with light and the main footing adequate and firm.

Wright eventually decided to clad the building in a rich, cream-colored marble; for reasons of economy, he consented to what he hoped was a temporary makeshift—painting the naked concrete a warm beige. We have to remind ourselves that Wright rejoiced in color, and that his wish to cover the parapets of Fallingwater, the celebrated Kaufmann country house in the mountains outside Pittsburgh, in gold leaf was no aberration. In Buffalo, back at the turn of the century, he saw to it that gold leaf was applied to the mortar between the bricks in the interior of the Darwin D. Martin house, to handsome effect, and for more than half a century his palette grew brighter and brighter, culminating in the many-colored fantasia of a cultural center in Baghdad, commissioned by the King of Iraq in 1957, the year before his kingdom was overthrown and the King was killed.

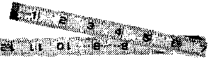
As the Guggenheim project developed, a difference of opinion arose between Rebay and Wright that was to continue until the museum was built, and may be said to continue (at least indirectly, as a topic of debate on a theoretical level) to the present day: a disagreement about, in general, the proper hanging of pictures in a museum and, in particular, the proper hanging of the Guggenheim collection in the building that Wright designed for it. Rebay had been hanging pictures for decades and had strong convictions about how best to show them off; moreover, she was familiar with the practices of innumerable museums throughout the world and familiar with the desires of most of the artists whose works she had bought for the Guggenheim or for her own collection. Wright talked big—one can scarcely cite an occasion on which he did not talk big—but the fact was that, besides never having built a museum, he had little or no familiarity with the nature of non-objective art and had a low opinion of the painters whom Rebay praised to him. His fixed ideas about the exhibition of works of art were based on traditional methods of displaying Japanese scrolls and prints. For several clients (and for himself as well) Wright had designed tables upon which prints could be shown resting against slightly tilted easels; he wished the walls of the Guggenheim to be slanted in easel-like fashion and to be lit from above by a narrow band of Pyrex-glass tubing, much as Wright had made use of it in the Johnson Wax Building. Further light would be supplied from the great domed skylight at the top of the quarter-mile-long ramp. Rebay thought of the collection as nearly complete, and therefore ready for enshrinement; Wright, disliking what he knew of the collection, wanted his museum to accommodate itself to works of art that might be purchased long after Rebay and Guggenheim and he were dead. Rebay was concerned to have the pictures in her "temple" permanently hung—"built into the wall," as she put it. Wright was eager to have them hung in as temporary a fashion as possible, by the use of sliding screens and movable partitions.

The more they quarrelled over this problem, the more uneasy Rebay became. Her friends kept telling her that because Wright was notorious for his dislike of paintings of any kind she would do well to leave the exterior of the museum to Wright and have an architect more sympathetic to the collection—Mies, say, or Kiesler—design the interior. Wright indignantly rejected this proposal, though he said he was willing to have Mies or Breuer or Mendelsohn or Gropius (all of

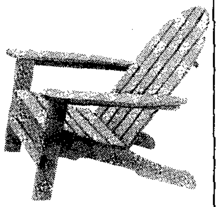

SHREVE
JEWELERS SINCE 1800

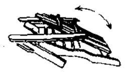
The Nice Box.
A reproduction in heavy silverplate of an early 19th Century Shaker design. 3½" lgth $71.50, 6½" lgth $93, 7½" lgth $135. Mass. tax 5%, shipping $4.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW
330 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS. 02116
(617) 267-9100 • (800) 225-7088


Why don't other chairs measure up?

Other Adirondack Chairs are made with under-sized pieces of softwood. Ours use thick 1¼" hardwood planks just like the originals...plus solid hardwood pegs (not screws or capped screws), a clear protective finish, patented fold-away design and many other Willsboro exclusives. Willsboro, makers of the original fold-away Adirondack Chair.





Order Today. Send me ____ Adirondack Chairs at $125 each (ppd).
☐ Send free full-color Willsboro Country Furniture Catalog.

Name Day Phone
Address
City State Zip
☐ Master Card ☐ Visa ☐ Check Card #
Exp. Date

Willsboro Wood Products **800-342-3373**
Box 336, Main Street, Dept. 43F47 in N.Y.
Willsboro, N.Y. 12996 1-518-963-8623

whom he called "fairly capable" architects) look at the plans of the museum and make whatever suggestions each one liked. Rebay heightened his indignation by writing, "While I have no doubt that your building will be a great monument to yourself, I cannot visualize how much (or how little) it will do for the paintings." Wright replied, "What is this inimical fury over '*the monument to myself*'? Silly, Silly! What could a building be to me if its work was *not* done superbly well?" Today, critics of the building continue to echo Rebay's doubts; the mildly scolding tone of Wright's answer implies that he had heard such doubts voiced before and they gave him little distress. He was content to leave undebated the principle that every work from the hand of a genius was, by definition, a monument to that genius. "I need no monuments," he wrote Rebay, meaning not that he had chosen to do without one but that he had already created many hundreds of them.

The war had come to an end, but during the next few years Guggenheim was evidently under the impression that building costs, inflated in wartime, would eventually drop back to earlier levels, and so he put off breaking ground. In 1948, one of the two remaining parcels of land facing Fifth Avenue was purchased, giving the museum the entire blockfront except for a house on the Eighty-ninth Street corner. The length of the façade was thus able to be increased from a hundred and sixty feet to a hundred and eighty feet, and by embracing the Eighty-eighth Street corner the museum would avoid the appearance of being squeezed breathlessly—this curious object from outer space—between two conventional neo-Renaissance limestone housefronts. Meanwhile, Wright and an assortment of engineers considered various methods of constructing the building: at one time, it was to have been composed entirely of Gunite, like his Community Christian Church in Kansas City; at another time, it was to have been of prestressed concrete. In the end, the cheapest medium turned out to be reinforced concrete, and even this method was extremely costly, by Guggenheim's standards. Back in 1943, he and Wright had expected to build the museum for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. By 1946, Wright had raised its estimated cost to one and a half million dollars, and in early 1949 he raised it to two and a half million. Rebay insisted that this sum was out of the question. Mr. Guggenheim, by then approaching ninety, had named a certain sum in his will—it was said to be two million dollars—to be devoted to the building of the museum and to the future maintenance of the collection; every penny taken from this capital sum for the construction of the museum building would leave less income for the collection, and so Wright and Rebay again found themselves at odds, Wright favoring maximum expenditure on the building, Rebay favoring the preservation of the maximum amount of income.

Late in 1949, Guggenheim died. He had turned out to be less impatient to erect a monument to himself in his lifetime than most rich old men. Indeed, by the time the monument was built he had slipped into history as just one of many Guggenheims; his brother Simon, his niece Peggy, and his nephew Harry were all more famous than he. His will bequeathed the expected two million dollars for the museum building, but left open the possible time of its construction, and also left open—to Wright's dismay—the question of who its architect should be. It soon became obvious that the trustees of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation were doubtful about the worthiness of the collection, about Rebay's worthiness to direct it, and about Wright's ability to put up a building for a reasonable sum. After years of wooing Guggenheim and Rebay, Wright had to set about wooing the board of trustees of the foundation, of which Harry Guggenheim was soon elected president. Luckily, Wright and Harry took to each other, and Harry's wife, Alicia, a lively and enterprising native of Chicago, at once became a close friend of the Wrights.

Little progress was made in 1950 and 1951 except to revise plans for the museum when, at Wright's urging, the trustees of the foundation acquired the other parcel of land on the blockfront—what Wright called "the old hang-nail." After literally hundreds of revisions, the working drawings for the museum reached their final form. Once built, the museum would be able to assume its rightful posture on Fifth Avenue as a freestanding object; if the world were to consider it bizarre, at least it would be bizarre on its own terms.

IN the spring of 1952, the board of trustees of the museum requested the resignation of Hilla Rebay as director. She was in her sixties and had become increasingly distressed by the delay in undertaking construction of the building, and her distress had led to increasing friction with the board. Reluctantly and with understandable bitterness, she resigned. James Johnson Sweeney, a wealthy Irish-American already well known in the museum world as a curator, writer, and collector of contemporary art, was appointed her successor. He was an energetic and hot-tempered man, whose notions about what the museum should exhibit and how it should be exhibited soon proved to be radically at odds with Rebay's. (In 1955, she wrote in a letter, "Unfortunately, I recommended the new Director and I was dumbfounded when I saw how he destroys everything for which I stand.") That Sweeney disliked Wright's designs for the Guggenheim also became apparent, and during the years that the building was under construction the relations between the two men steadily deteriorated. It was to be Sweeney's task to hang pictures in circumstances that he regarded as defying common sense, and the compromises that he proposed were in Wright's eyes flagrant betrayals.

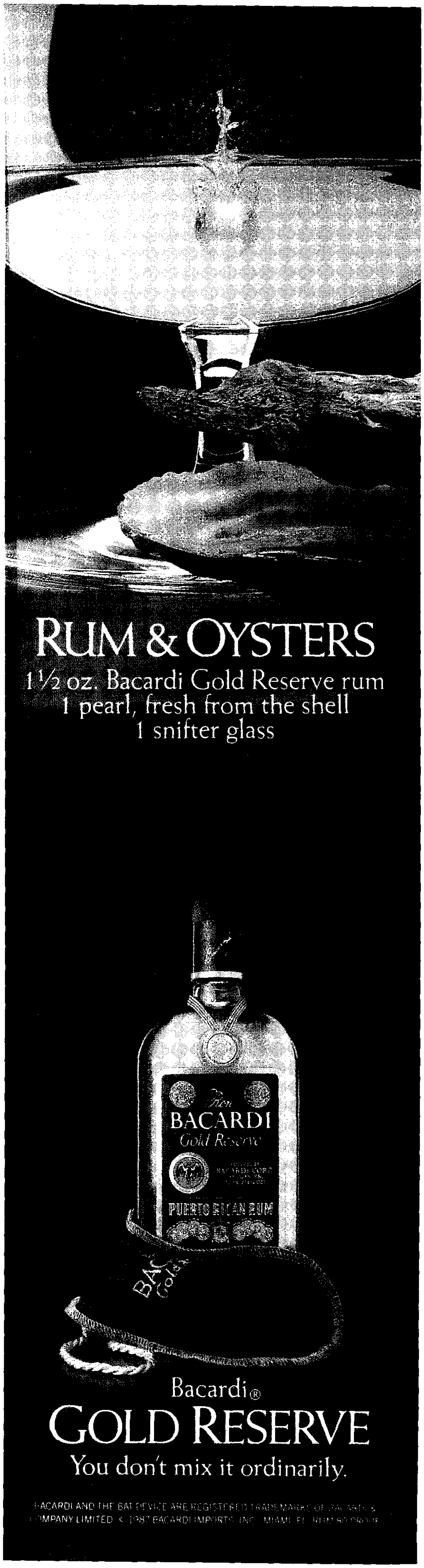
Whenever, as a friend of both Wright and Sweeney, I happened to be a direct or an indirect observer of the quarrels between them, in most cases I tended to side with Sweeney. Wright's wife scornfully described Sweeney in print as Doubting Thomas Sweeney, but he had much to be doubtful about. For example, the tubes of Pyrex glass that Wright intended to use to light the galleries from a point just above the tops of the paintings were eventually blacked out, on Sweeney's orders, and correctly so: the glass was an experiment that Wright had conducted to his satisfaction at the Johnson Wax Building, but on several counts it had already proved a failure there, and it would certainly have proved a failure at the Guggenheim as well.

Wright died in April, 1959, and the museum opened in October, with Olgivanna Lloyd Wright and Doubting Thomas Sweeney taking part in the opening ceremonies. The building has undergone a number of alterations in the past twenty-five years, and one of the arguments in favor of the Gwathmey Siegel addition is that none of the earlier changes have markedly diminished the inimitable bizarreness—or, if you prefer, the beauty—of its appearance on Fifth Avenue. Knowing how odd a contrast with its conventional neighbors the museum would afford, Wright used to like to call it "my little pavilion in the Park," thus verbally easing it across the Avenue and into the sort of wooded setting where it would certainly have been more at home. Old scamp! He knew perfectly well the violence his building would do to the so-called street wall, and he knew also (though on this point he kept silent) that he felt about the Guggenheim as he had felt about his much earlier masterpiece Unity Temple, in Oak Park: "I don't give a damn what the use of it is; I wanted to build a building like that."

GIVEN this attitude on the part of the designer, one can hardly be surprised that the building has proved every bit as difficult to make use of as Sweeney feared. It is generally acknowledged to be an architectural masterpiece, but as far as I know nobody has ever dared to describe it as a masterpiece in museological terms. That being the case, we are confronted by an ancient and vexatious distinction between architecture, defined as having a function, and art, defined as being functionless. Since any substantial work of architecture is also a work of art, one feels obliged to judge it by two sets of standards, employed simultaneously even when they are bound to be at odds. In responding to a certain arrangement of forms in three dimensions, why should we care whether Louis Sullivan's Getty Tomb and Michelangelo's Medici Chapel have or haven't functions, or whether they are mausoleums or comfort stations? For whatever reason, it turns out that we *do* care. The essential impurity of architecture as an art—the impurity of its being charged with a stated purpose—seems to force us, half against our will, to take into account the degree to which it succeeds or fails in carrying out that purpose. Bluntly, we ask of the Guggenheim, as of any of the scores of museums that have been built all over the United States and Europe in the past quarter of a century, "Well, but does it, as a museum, *work*?" If the answer is in the negative, that fact surely tends to lessen our opinion of it as a work of art.

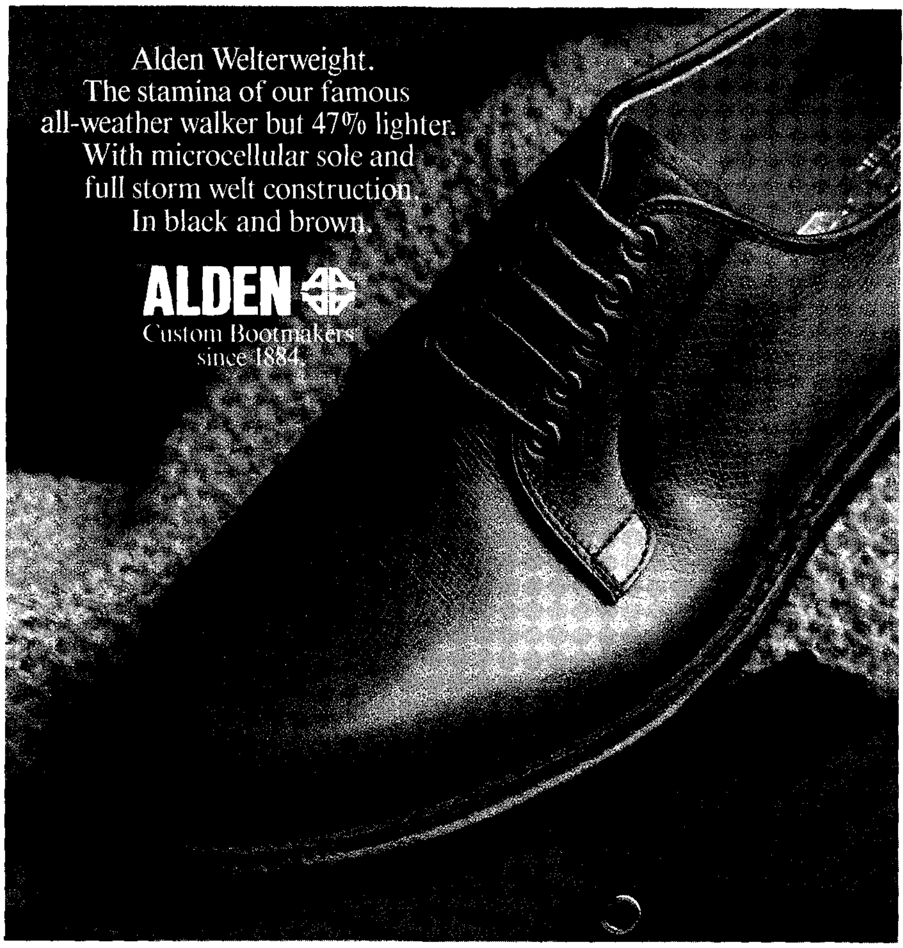
There are, of course, those who would argue that we should be content with the Guggenheim as an interesting feat of sculpture—should agree that it succeeds as a work of art and fails as a work of architecture. But there are also those who would protest that one cannot have it both ways: if it fails as a work of architecture, then it fails as a work of art. The dispute is an old one, unresolved and probably unresolvable. Moreover, it is true that the Guggenheim has never been used as its architect intended—few buildings are, especially if they are museums—and that what Wright would castigate as its misuse may account for some of the difficulties that members of the curatorial staff have been faced with over the years. Be all that as it may, my personal experience is this: to stand in the rotunda of the Guggenheim is highly pleasurable (the uncanny diffusion of light, the still more uncanny dissolution of space), but to look at pictures there is not. I feel what I assume is an animal unease at being kept continuously off balance on the ramp. Ordinarily, I have little fear of heights, but at the Guggenheim I am constantly aware that an abyss yawns somewhere just behind my back, and, further, that it is ringed by a parapet too low to secure the safety of a moderately tall person. (Wright, who took himself as the measure of all things, was at most five feet eight inches tall; the parapet was high enough for him.) Many visitors share my sense of apprehension, whether consciously or unconsciously, and sometimes they share it seated as well as standing. I have observed an art critic from the *Times* seating himself on a little folding wooden chair as he proceeded from picture to picture at a recent exhibition, but with the chair listing to starboard the critic's body was obliged to compensate by means of an awkward—and surely distracting—list to port.

If the viewer of pictures is not at his best at the Guggenheim, neither are


RUM & OYSTERS
1½ oz. Bacardi Gold Reserve rum
1 pearl, fresh from the shell
1 snifter glass

Bacardi®
GOLD RESERVE
You don't mix it ordinarily.

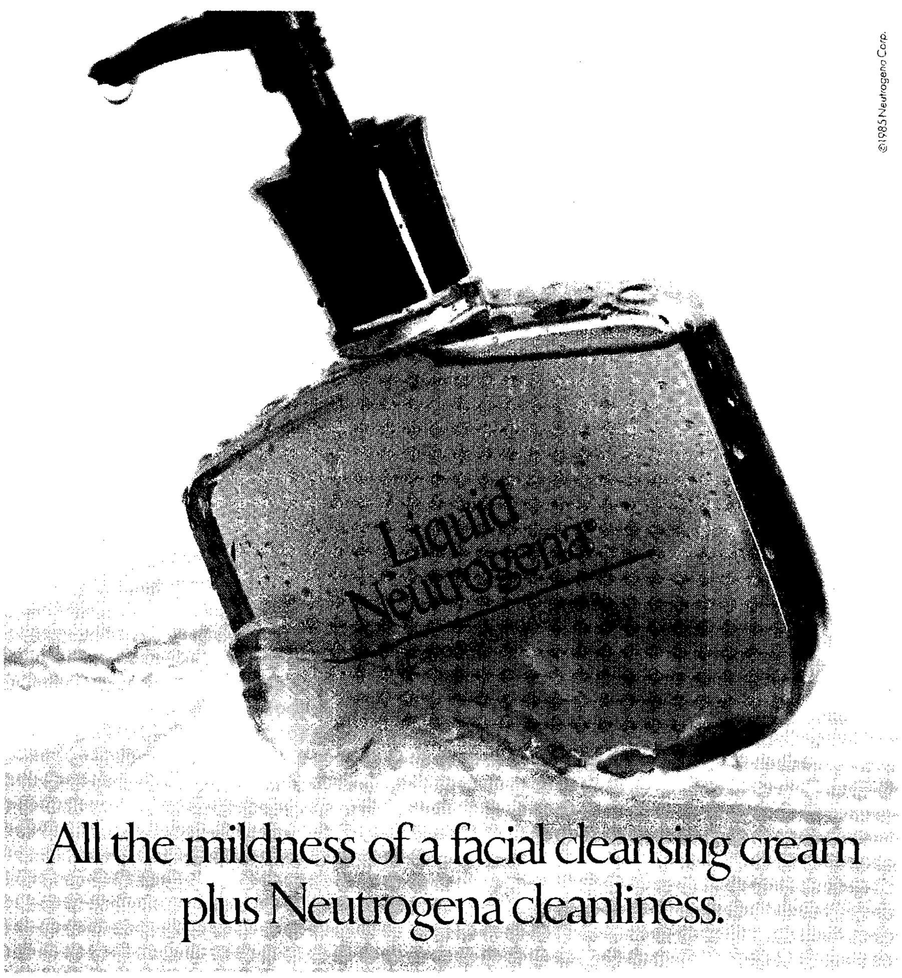
BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED © 1987 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM 80 PROOF



Alden Welterweight.
The stamina of our famous
all-weather walker but 47% lighter.
With microcellular sole and
full storm welt construction.
In black and brown.

ALDEN
Custom Bootmakers
since 1884.

For complete store listing and illustrated brochure, write: Alden Shoe Company, Dept. 4N, Middleborough, MA 02346.



All the mildness of a facial cleansing cream
plus Neutrogena cleanliness.

©1985 Neutrogena Corp.

the pictures. They, too, are in a setting at odds with the normal vertical-and-horizontal relationship in which their makers may be assumed to have painted them and to have expected them to be exhibited. The walls upon which pictures hang at the Guggenheim slope away from "true" in two directions at once, and the need to adjust to this optical oddity is bound to diminish one's conventionally trained powers of aesthetic concentration. These flaws are irremediable. Certain other flaws, having to do with an appropriate allocation of space for non-exhibition museum purposes in a building that was probably too small to begin with, are what Gwathmey Siegel has addressed in preparing its designs for an addition.

The firm's initial set of designs called for incorporating library, archival, and art-storage facilities within the building; in the second set of designs, these facilities will be off-site, as the library and archives already are. Inconvenient as this may be, it allows a substantial reduction in the over-all volume of the addition. Scheme Two is twenty-nine feet lower, almost fifteen feet narrower, and something over five thousand feet smaller in gross area than Scheme One. At the same time, Scheme Two increases the amount of permanent exhibition areas proposed in Scheme One by fourteen hundred and fifty square feet, for a total of fifteen thousand nine hundred square feet, compared with the present seven thousand square feet. The four-story Peters annex was engineered to accommodate a number of additional stories, so new exterior construction will begin at its fifth floor, with steelwork rising to a height of a hundred and thirty-three feet. The interior of the addition will be redesigned to make its first four floors, and also the entire original structure up through the fourth floor of the small rotunda, available for permanent exhibition space; sharing the upper level of the small rotunda will be a restaurant, which will open upon the existing terrace and provide agreeable views of Central Park. Access to the Guggenheim's exhibition areas in the addition will be provided at each floor level of the main rotunda.

The most reasonable test that an addition to an acknowledged architectural masterpiece ought to be required to pass is whether it alters for the worse our perception of the masterpiece. The ordinary citizen making his way to the Guggenheim or strolling by it on foot will see only that the western sidewall of the apartment house at 4 East Eighty-ninth Street, which for many years has been the accustomed backdrop of the museum, has been replaced by the western sidewall of the addition. As one might expect, the apartment-house wall is without architectural merit, its buff-colored brick surface being punctuated more or less at random by different-sized windows. The western wall of the addition has been designed to serve as an unaggressive, if rather severely orthogonal, complement to the voluptuous curves of the Wright building. It is clad in limestone, which is commonly encountered on Fifth Avenue, and which will be sympathetic to the painted surface of the museum. Four horizontal slits of windows twenty-six feet long and two feet high form a pattern high up on the otherwise windowless façade of the western wall. The harshest criticism one might level against this wall is its modest air of accommodation; as if to anticipate an objection feared but not yet uttered, Gwathmey Siegel has fallen back upon a blandness that is as unlike the firm as it is unlike Wright, and gives no hint of the attractively ingenious disposition of space behind it.

To my mind, it is downright frivolous to claim that a helter-skelter array of apartment-house walls never intended to be seen by anyone is a more desirable backdrop for the Guggenheim than the design that Gwathmey Siegel has prepared as Scheme Two. It is *not* frivolous to take seriously the harm that could be done to a building that under ideal circumstances would never undergo any change whatever. But ideal circumstances are by definition rare. In this case, it happens that far greater visual harm has been done to the Guggenheim in the past than will come to it from the contemplated alterations; however, that rueful negative argument in favor of Scheme Two is not what brings me down on the side of the present proposal. Instead, I favor it as being simply and clearly the best alternative.

In any attempt to preserve the architectural heritage of New York City, which in every generation for three hundred years has been engaged in tearing itself down and building itself anew, we do well to keep our attention fixed upon the possible. We cannot preserve very much—only some twenty years ago, we had no opportunity under the law to save anything. Now we are able to place safe-

Free Facts That Can Cut Your Exercise Time In Half

Find out how you can exercise your entire cardiorespiratory system with the GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout from Lifecycle.® This booklet is yours absolutely FREE when you mail in the coupon below.

A Challenging Workout in Only 12 Minutes

You can get an extensive cardiorespiratory workout for a longer, healthier life just by doing a special 12 minute routine a few days a week. This 16 page, fully-illustrated booklet tells about an easy, proven method that can help you:

- Improve your cardiorespiratory system without causing severe stress or strain to your heart
- Burn off calories in a minimum amount of time
- Decrease your permanent body fat
- Develop a trim, fit body from the privacy and convenience of your own home.

You'll Look and Feel Better

Studies show aerobic fitness helps alleviate everyday stress. It also helps you look and feel really good. Now, through this special booklet you'll learn all about a workout program that will significantly improve your cardiorespiratory system and cut your exercise time in half! And it's so easy, your whole family can do it.

Send for the Free Facts Today

To get your Free Booklet, return this coupon below to **Bally Fitness, Lifecycle, 9601 Jeronimo Road, Irvine, California 92718** or ***call toll-free 1-800-LIF-CYCL, Dept. 7F027***

Lifecycle® **Send For Your FREE Booklet Today!**

Please send me my FREE copy of the GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout by Lifecycle.®

Name ____

Address ____

City ____

State ____ Zip ____

Telephone (____) ____

7F027

12 Minutes.
GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—
A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout
Lifecycle
PHIL HOPKINS ©86

Trapp Family Lodge

Please call for brochure

1-800-826-7000

or write Stowe, Vermont 05672

(In Vermont 802-253-8511)

The Cornelia Street Cafe

The Village's Unique Bar/Restaurant/Café

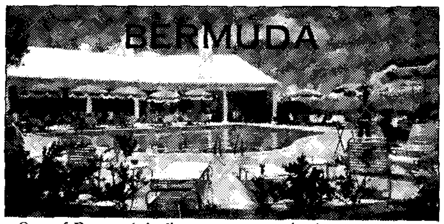
"IMMACULATE" New York Times

"DELICIOUS" Cuisine

"WONDERFUL" N.Y. Magazine

SMALL PRIVATE PARTIES

29 Cornelia St. 989-9319



One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on 18 acres of gardens in glorious settings. Privacy, seclusion and fun of life are combined with comfort, luxury and sophistication. 1800' ocean front contains two private beaches with natural pink sand. Tennis. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our Club House with its superb seascape: luncheon at the Pool Terrace.

A Celebrated Country Hotel.

PINK BEACH
CLUB AND COTTAGES
TUCKER'S TOWN
BERMUDA

See your travel agent or David B. Mitchell & Co.
NYC (212) 696-1323; (800) 372-1323

guards about a few precious objects—one building, say, among many hundreds. Of the buildings that are considered worthy of being saved, many must suffer a greater or lesser degree of alteration in order to survive: the Jefferson Market Courthouse becomes a branch of the Public Library, the Astor Library becomes the Public Theatre, an abandoned theatre or church becomes a discothèque. In the case of museums, no such radical change in nature is likely to be needed in order to preserve them; nevertheless, radical changes in appearance have become commonplace. The building that Calvert Vaux designed for the Metropolitan was swallowed up by the building that Richard Morris Hunt designed, which was transformed, in turn, by McKim, Mead & White; recently, all these once fashionable architects have been at the mercy of the now fashionable Kevin Roche and his grandiose master plan. The Museum of Modern Art as it was designed by Edward Durell Stone and Philip Goodwin was vigorously tampered with by Philip Johnson; Stone, Goodwin, and Johnson have vanished almost without a trace in the much expanded structure designed by Cesar Pelli. Next to these prodigious transmogrifications, the Gwathmey Siegel designs for the Guggenheim are minimal; little of aesthetic significance has been lost, and the usefulness of the museum will be greatly magnified.

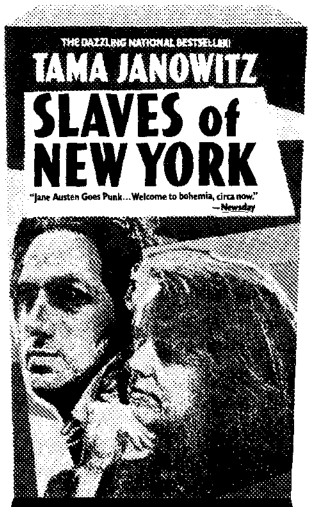
An alternative for the Guggenheim is to sell its property for a large sum and build a new museum elsewhere. That would mean the destruction of the building, which is too young to have yet acquired even the limited protection afforded by being designated a landmark. Such a fate is, or ought to be, unthinkable. Still, other masterpieces by Wright have been reduced to rubble over the years: one thinks of Midway Gardens, in Chicago; the Larkin Building, in Buffalo; and the Imperial Hotel, in Tokyo. As a friend of Wright's, I am not so foolhardy as to put posthumous words in his mouth, but it is a fact that he believed in altering any building from his hand which had good reason to be altered. My guess is that the Guggenheim is such a building. —Brendan Gill

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Hartford Courant*]

Cat Lovers Share country home, Simsbury, 25 min. to Htfd. $300/mo + sec. Incl heat/hw, electric, parking, kitchen/laundry privileges. Sorry no pets.


THE DAZZLING NATIONAL BESTSELLER!
TAMA JANOWITZ
SLAVES of NEW YORK
"Jane Austen Goes Punk...Welcome to bohemia, circa now." —Newsday

The one-of-a-kind bestseller from
"THE MOST TALKED ABOUT WRITER OF THE YEAR"*

"Tama Janowitz is sizzling." —Dallas Morning News

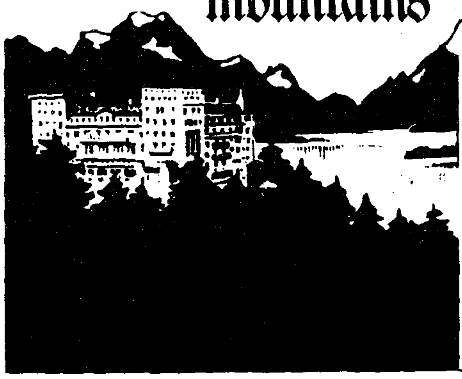
"Janowitz's lean satirical vignettes put her in the stylistic company of Fran Lebowitz and Jay McInerney." —San Francisco Chronicle

"A singular talent." —Jay McInerney, New York Times Book Review

*Women's Wear Daily

THE PHENOMENAL NATIONAL BESTSELLER
Now in Paperback!

WASHINGTON SQUARE PRESS
Published by Pocket Books
SIMON & SCHUSTER, INC. A GULF + WESTERN COMPANY



in the heart of the mountains

Hotel Waldhaus ★★★★★
CH-7514 Sils-Maria (Engadine/Switzerland)
Phone 01141-82-4 53 31 - Tx. 852 244
Personally managed by the owners
Felix & Maria Dietrich-Kienberger

An extraordinary hotel with turn-of-the-century charms and modern day comfort, beautifully located among the mountains and lakes of the Engadine Valley.
All winter sports – Free bus service to the cableways – Orchestra – Indoor swimming pool and tennis courts – Children's nursery – In summer marvellous possibilities for hiking and excursions
Summer season: June 5th – Oct. 18th
Winter season: Mid Dec. – Mid April

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181
Karsh

KALEIDOSCOPES
New York's most extensive collection of fine optical toys and other wonderments for young and old alike.
The Enchanted Forest
85 Mercer St. NY NY 10012 (212) 925-6677
Between Spring & Broome Sts. in Soho. Open 12–7

A small
elegant
Country Inn
near
Chapel Hill
FEARRINGTON HOUSE
Box 111J, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 542-2121

THE THEATRE

Bogosian

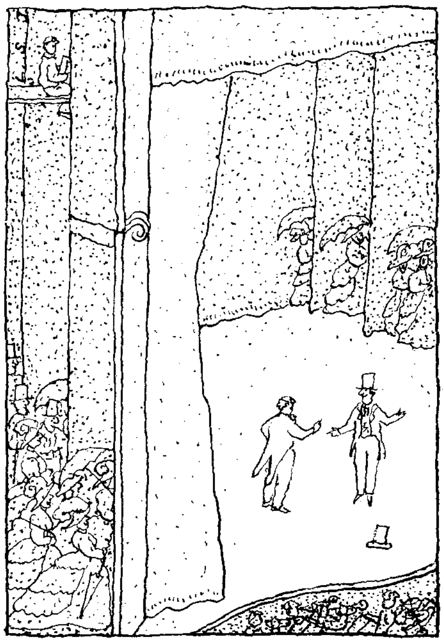
THE dynamic Eric Bogosian, former soloist, is now appearing in a play, his own "Talk Radio," at the Public, in which he has yielded his incomparable imitations to other actors. Here he is one Barry Champlain, the host of a nighttime phone-in talk show that has been a local success in Cleveland and is about to go national. The setting is a radio studio, with a control room up right; there is one producer, Dan, in the control room and another, Stu, at a table in the studio, where he monitors the incoming calls. Linda, a production assistant, is also present. The last local show is about to begin, so there is some relevant tension. Barry enters briskly, babbling about Chinese food, and the calls start coming in. The first of them is from a transvestite who needs money for a sex-change operation. "Not interesting," Barry snaps, cutting him off. Then some poor fellow goes on about Third World countries. "You don't know what the hell you're talking about" is Barry's response. An anti-Semitic bigot is on the receiving end of a noble speech from Barry about his visit to Dachau and the Star of David he is holding in his hand. (He is in fact holding a drink in his hand.) A silly old sissy tries to describe his quiet dinners with his cat. Click. Some damn-fool woman tries to tell him how frightened she is of her garbage disposal. Click. And so forth. The show is composed of the voices of the callers, cut short by the hard-shell shrewdness of Barry and the snap—more exactly, the slap—of his wit, in a medium where insults often pass for wit. There are two callers Barry does not cut off. One is a girl who sobs because the fellow she has been seeing has disappeared in his pickup truck and she has discovered that she is pregnant. She is fifteen years old. Barry hunts down the lover and sends him scooting back in fear for his freedom. The other, a hysterical young junkie, tells Barry that his girl has passed out from an overdose and cannot be awakened, and then admits that he made it all up. The kid comes to the studio at Barry's invitation, and to the dismay of Dan and the others. He arrives, apparently high on something, quivering from stem to stern, and truly mad. Barry's harshness and harrying are unceasing; only at the end, when he sits motionless through forty seconds of dead air, do we realize how spent, perhaps dangerously spent, he is.

In his review of Mr. Bogosian's dramatic monologues "Drinking in America," Brendan Gill wrote, for this magazine, "Bogosian is an artist as well as a scourge, and his indignation, which is certainly savage, is tempered by the skill of his clowning." This, his first play, is in every way an artistic success, and his performance in it is just as strong and funny. Stu and Linda have soliloquies directed to the audience that throw some light on the character of Barry, and that are absolutely to the point. The loony loners of the night at the other end of the phone are sharply drawn, especially the young addict, who is played by Michael Wincott. The other supporting actors are also good; among them are John C. McGinley (Stu), Robyn Peterson (Linda), and Mark Metcalf (Dan). The unimpeachable setting was designed by David Jenkins and lighted by Jan Kroeze. Slides of landscapes or houses or cars, which are projected on the back wall, to what purpose I cannot tell you, are by Tad Savinar. Frederick Zollo was the admirable director.

—EDITH OLIVER

High Tech, Low Brow

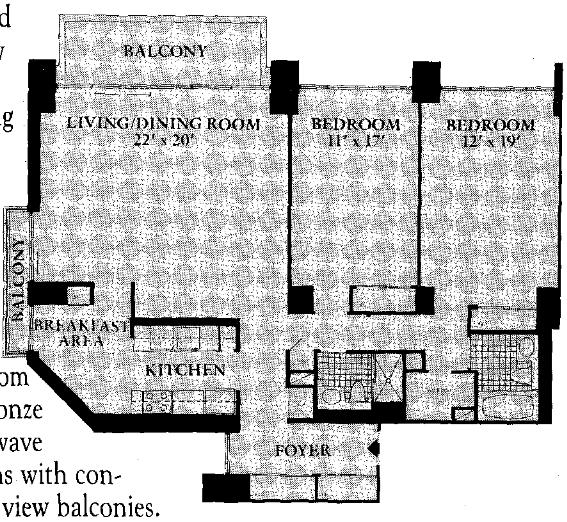
"IT'S A MAN'S WORLD," presented by Mabou Mines at the Apple Corps Theatre, is a production that uses a great deal of technology to very little effect. A multimedia theatre piece set in and around Palm Springs in 1974, it tells the story of one Joey Fontina, a young actor whose homosexuality the world of daytime television was apparently not ready for. The action moves forward and back in time, so it's not always easy to tell whether the hero is actually dead yet or merely fated to die (presumably by his own hand). What is clear is that when Joey *does* die it will be as a victim of the big bad system. All the acting is unrelievedly bad, and often characterized by a mannered hamming that seems to stem from the notion that hamming is O.K. as long as the audience isn't supposed to like the character being portrayed—as though unsympathetic characters don't deserve any better, or deserve to be punished. It's a strange kind of theatrical reasoning, and it becomes Mabou Mines' worst enemy in this instance, because most of the characters in "It's a Man's World" are unsympathetic—Joey's agent, Joey's ex-lover, Joey's friends. They exist to betray or not betray the hero, to love him or not love him enough. (It's that sort of play.) One would sympathize with the actors in these roles—Ruth Maleczech, Roger Guenveur Smith, Rhonda Aldrich, and Tom Cayler—did they not seem so utterly in their element. As it is, the self-congratulatory quality of the performances is almost unseemly.



The most interesting aspect of the production is the narrative use it makes of video. Throughout the performance, technicians follow performers around the stage with cameras, while behind a glass partition cut in the back wall of the set several more technicians can be seen monitoring three video screens above the stage. (At times, there is so much electronic activity going on, so much purposeful rushing about the stage and manning of control panels, that one almost expects the theatre to lurch forward and rise into the air.) The video screens are used for a variety of purposes: to bring offstage characters onstage (in telephone conversations, for example), to set a scene, to establish a sense of place, to emphasize physical detail. When the play moves to a political rally, we see the faces of an audience. For desert or poolside scenes, we see a desertscape or poolscape. Sometimes the screens enable us to focus on three different details at once: the page a man is reading aloud from, his mouth moving, the hand of his lover caressing him. At times, the use of the

HOMES & ESTATES

The Rental With Everything Is Not For Everyone.



Le Triomphe was conceived and built like an ultra-luxury condominium. In room size, personal services and building amenities Le Triomphe was expressly designed for only a select few.

The unusually expansive residences at Le Triomphe offer top executives and corporations the finest interior appointments: Spacious custom ceramic tile kitchens with bronze mirrored splashbacks, microwave ovens; marble clad bathrooms with contoured tubs, and spectacular view balconies.

Le Triomphe features both 24-hour doorman and concierge, a complete skylit pool and health club, a/v equipped conference room, and full maid/valet service availability. 1, 2, and 3 bedroom apartments for immediate occupancy.

LE TRIOMPHE
245 East 58th Street
Exclusive Rental Agent,
Raskin, Matza & Cohen, Inc. 212-838-7887

FINE HOMES

Wilson Point, Connecticut — Direct waterfront, on 7.4 acres with pool and cabana in an association with guarded gate privacy. 8,000 sq. ft. English Fieldstone Country Manor House built in 1929, completely restored and renovated with dramatic flair. Richly panelled library, majestic living room with French doors accessing the terraces which span the extensive shoreline property and provide superb waterviews. New country kitchen, extraordinary master bath, and five fireplaces. Brochure available. $5,800,000. Contact Dottie Kamin.

Merrill Lynch Realty
1015 Post Road, Darien, CT 06820 (203) 656-1717

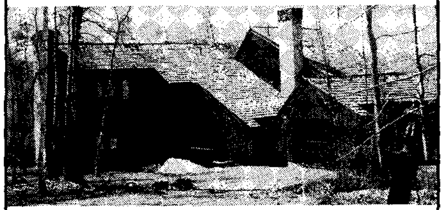
Merrill Lynch Realty

THE WRIGHT HOUSE

"CRIMSON BEECH". . .Only Frank Lloyd Wright house in metro N.Y. Unique 4 Br. - Ocean View. 3750 sq. ft. - pool - entertainment level. Tranquility in rich mahogany. Breathtaking! **$1,100,000.**

SALMON REAL ESTATE
Sales, Rentals, Appraisals, Management
(718) 273-1200
(800) 553-7356

VERMONT MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY



7 bedrooms, 4½ baths, 2 fieldstone fireplaces, garage, 3 acres near swimming pond & tennis! VIEWS! **$225,000**

P.O. Box 529 Pittsfield, VERMONT 05762
HAWK NORTH REALTY, LTD
(802) 746-8911 or 746-8424

Waterfront Properties
Lake Tahoe
Gardner W. Mein
Grubb & Ellis
1823 Union Street • San Francisco, CA 94123
415/922-7100

KAUAI - POIPU

Beautiful fully equipped 2000 sq. ft., 3 BR Home on lushly landscaped ½ acre with 40' pool, very private, has lanai and sundeck. Walk to beaches for swimming, excellent snorkeling or just plain sunning. Golf and tennis nearby. Sunny Poipu Beach area - $175.00/day.

COLOR BROCHURE
Box 842 • Laguna Beach, CA 92652

screens seems gratuitous, as when an actor stands with his back to the audience or behind a stage flat and we have to look at the screen to see his face. For the most part, though, what the video work in "It's a Man's World" does is to provide Mabou Mines with easy solutions to dramatic problems: it enables the company to convey narrative information that a more talented group would establish with skill, artistry, or invention—with deft writing, subtle acting, or clever set design. Essentially, what we're seeing is television, not theatre: all short takes and pithy closeups, with no recourse to an artist's—or an audience's—imagination.

"It's a Man's World" is directed by David Schweizer and written by Greg Mehrten, whose performance as Joey is all too consistent with the over-all style of the production. The videography is by Paul Clay, and the costumes are by Michael Kaplan. The set, by Philipp Jung, is lighted by Pat Dignan, and the incessant cello music is written and performed by Steve Moshier. —MIMI KRAMER

EDITORS' NOTE: With this issue, Mimi Kramer joins Edith Oliver in covering the theatre.

•

Introducing a new tradition in casual menswear. A line of clothing inspired by generations of American craftsmen, past and present, who take pride in doing their job just a notch better than necessary. —*Tag attached to a pair of Planks shorts.*

Even traditions have to begin someplace.

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Police Log of the Curry County* (*Ore.*) *Curry Coastal Pilot*]

SUNDAY, MAY 3

A dog which looks like a bear was reported missing.

A pygmy goat was reported missing.

MONDAY, MAY 4

A pygmy goat was found, but it was not the one reported missing the day before.

•

Today, at least in our society, marriage is the culmination of courtship. Romantic love and the desire to remain together "as long as they both shall live" are regarded as the main ingredients of the wedding union. Thus, the business of weddings is inundated with hearts and flowers. We behold the bride walking down the aisle, and suddenly she's the man of her dreams. —*Raleigh* (*N.C.*) *Spectator.*

And they live happily ever after.

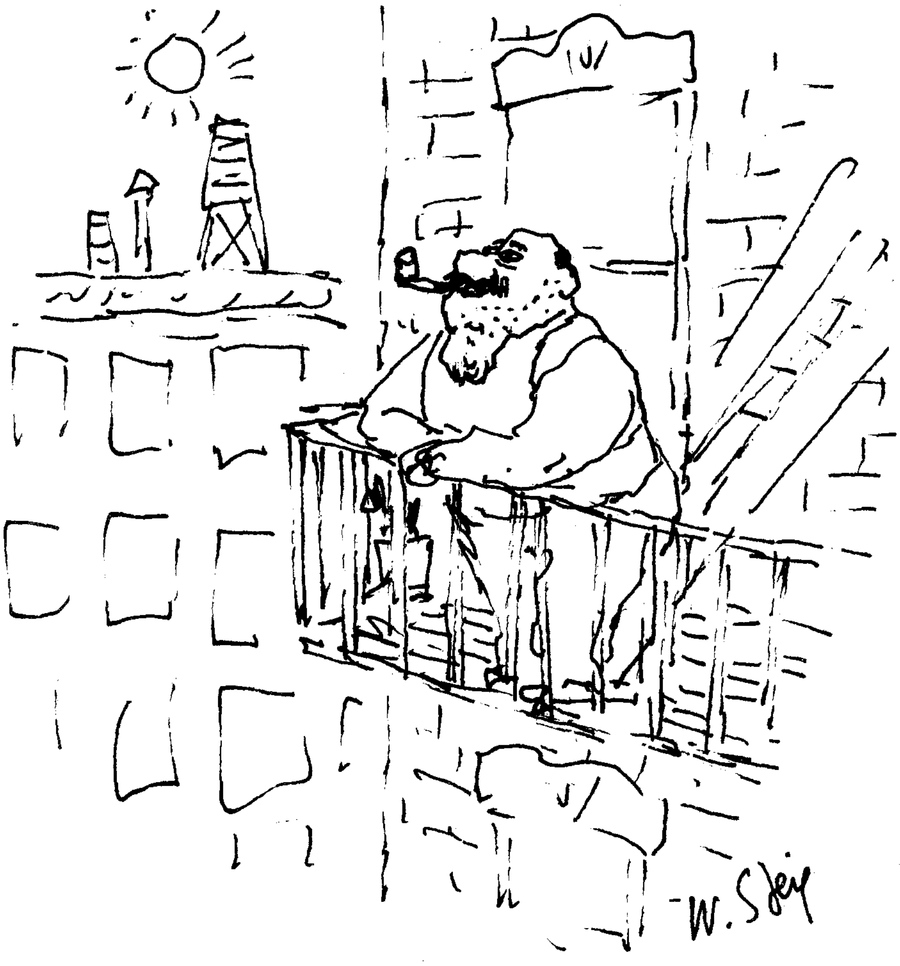
LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

JUST outside one of the main entrances to the Johnson Space Center, a sprawling complex of modern white concrete buildings midway between Houston and Galveston, there is a rambling gray stucco house with a red tile roof and cool tiled interiors, resembling the kind of villa one might find on the Italian Riviera. Once the home of an oil and timber magnate, it now houses the Lunar and Planetary Institute, an independent research center principally funded by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, with which it is loosely affiliated. Ever since 1970, the Institute has annually brought several hundred top planetary scientists from all over the world to the Space Center to discuss their latest research on the rocks from the moon and, since the mid-seventies, on the data from unmanned spacecraft ranging the solar system. There is some irony in the juxtaposition of these two institutions, since Johnson, of course, is the operational base for the manned-space-flight program—in particular, the space shuttle—which has preëmpted NASA's once vigorous efforts in planetary science.

IN mid-March, I went to the Space Center to attend this year's planetary-science conference, but I also took time out to look up some of the astronauts, flight instructors, and engineers I had met on a visit to Johnson last summer. At that time, the people at the center were in the midst of reappraising the shuttle hardware and their own methods of operation, in the aftermath of the Challenger disaster. Last October, NASA set February 18, 1988, as the launch date of the next mission and in January announced its crew. This spring, I found that, far away as that date still was, nobody—from Captain Frederick Hauck, the commander of the flight, on down—seemed to believe that the mission, a very simple one, could be launched by then. For one thing, the redesigned joints for the shuttle's booster rockets wouldn't be ready for testing until the end of July, and the full series of test-firings wouldn't be complete until a month before the scheduled launch. NASA has just officially postponed the launch until June of 1988, but during my March visit managers at the Cape were already saying that they didn't see how they could be ready before September of 1988. If the date is moved that close to the Presidential election, the launch may well be postponed into 1989 by a Republican Administration unwilling to stake its future on the shuttle. "It's like Chinese water torture," Ted Browder, a flight instructor I had met last summer, told me when I saw him again in March. "We can handle a launch postponement of a month or two, but six months or a year is something else. We've already lost a lot of good people—some because of the accident, some because of the wait. The people who care the most—our best people—are the ones who have the hardest time when we don't fly."

There is some division at the Space Center between people who want the shuttle to be as safe as possible when it flies again and those who feel that it should still be regarded as a vehicle in the research-and-development phase—in which case it could go up sooner rather than later, with professional crews who understand the risks. I asked David Leestma, a young astronaut who has helped to oversee improvements in the main engines, about the mood now in the astronaut corps. "Almost to a person, we want to fly again soon," he said. "We want to fly for national prestige, and for the morale of everyone here. Of course, we can't let these feelings push us into launching too soon, but we shouldn't stand around gold-plating the shuttle for another two or three years, either."

Improvements in the spacecraft—many of them recommended last year by the Presidential Commission on the Space Shuttle Challenger Accident, and many others recommended by NASA as a result of its own reappraisals—are continuing to be made. The new booster joints will have an extra lip, called a capture feature; the blades in the main engines' turbopumps, some of which had begun to crack in tests, will be reinforced with steel dampers; valves in the external tank's fuel lines, which had been in some danger of slamming shut prematurely, will be held open with latches. When I spoke with Captain Hauck—who, like any commander, has the authority to say



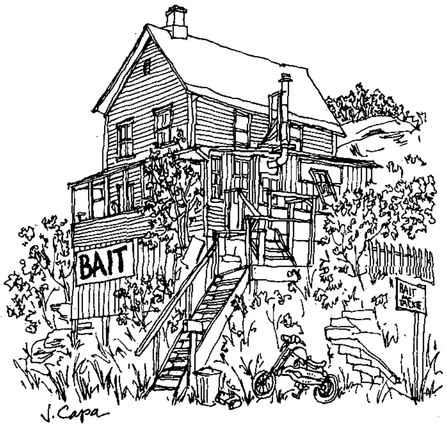
Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!

whether or not he thinks his vessel is safe to set out in—he said he was satisfied that the changes would make his ship spaceworthy. "I don't have the final say on all the fixes, but I am staying close to those decisions, and to the people who are responsible for making them," he said. "I'm pleased with the way things are going."

The fact that work is proceeding on a new mission has provided the Space Center with something of a focus. Clearly, a fresh wind is blowing, however lightly—like the stirring of a breeze in the doldrums. "We're probably closer to the next mission than to the accident behind us," George Nelson, a member of the new crew, told me. The accident itself is not a factor in the crew's training. "We don't train for any scenarios where we know there is no action that the crew can take to save the situation," Mel Richmond, a flight-instruction supervisor, explained. "We don't want to destroy a man's confidence. If we ran a scenario like that in the simulators, the first question the crew would ask us in the debriefing would be 'What were we supposed to learn from that?' " Nevertheless, the Presidential Commission recommended that NASA look into providing the shuttle with some sort of escape mechanism, and very likely Hauck and his crew will be equipped with parachutes and what are called tractor rockets, which, in the event the astronauts should have to bail out, will pull them clear of the orbiter's wings and tail. (This device, useful only at low altitudes, would have been of no use in the Challenger explosion.) Hauck has appointed Nelson to be in charge of the tractor rockets. "I'm the jump master," Nelson told me. "I'll have to make sure that each astronaut has his parachute on his back and his inflatable life raft on his backside. Then I'll set up a sort of folding table by the hatch, blow the hatch, get each astronaut to lie on the table, attach the rocket to his harness by a ten-foot rope, and throw the rocket out." Nelson, as jump master, would be the last man out. "My wife says what I ought to do is get everything all set up, hook up my rocket, lie on the table, and say, 'Now, watch closely, because I'm only going to show you how to do this once,' " he said.

The flight will last just a little over four days, instead of the usual seven or eight, and it will have only one major assignment: the launching of a tracking-and-data relay satellite that NASA needs for communication with the shuttle and other spacecraft. The crew—in addition to Hauck, the commander, there is Lieutenant Colonel Richard Covey, the pilot; and John Lounge, Major David Hilmers, and Nelson as mission specialists—are all veterans of previous flights; it is the first all-veteran crew since Apollo 11, which made the first moon landing.

THE main event at the Space Center the week I was there was the eighteenth annual Lunar and Planetary Science Conference, which was spread over five days and was attended by some seven hundred space scientists. I had come to some of the earlier conferences, during and after the Apollo landings on the moon, but I hadn't been to one for ten years, and I wanted to take in the 1987 meeting. Planetary science had been having difficulties even before the Challenger disaster—in fact, all the way back to the post-Apollo years. When President Nixon approved plans for the space shuttle, in 1972, he neglected to stipulate that it have priority funding, so its funds have always come from the over-all NASA budget, and as the shuttle's costs soared, the funds for planetary science dwindled. The great planetary missions of the seventies—the two Viking missions launched to Mars in 1975 and the Voyager spacecraft launched to the outer planets in 1977—represented the last fling of the halcyon funding of the Apollo era. There have been no launches of an American spacecraft to any planet or moon since two Pioneer-Venus probes went up in 1978. By the early nineteen-eighties, NASA had virtually no conventional launch vehicles left—in order to make the shuttle cost-effective, the government had decided to use it for all launches. The planetary community's urgent request that the United States fund a spacecraft to join the international fleet that encountered Halley's comet in March of 1986 was turned down. Since the late seventies, NASA had been telling the planetary scientists to be patient until the shuttle was operational, when both funds and launches would be available once more for planetary missions. The shuttle was declared operational in 1982, but so far no planetary mission has been launched from its cargo bay, and there is a lineup of four major projects waiting to go: the Mars Observer, which will orbit Mars to study its geochemistry and photograph its surface at very high resolution; Magellan, which will orbit Venus, mapping its surface with radar through the clouds blanketing the planet; Galileo, which will take a close look at the moons of Jupiter; and Ulysses—a joint project of NASA and the European Space Agency—which will go to Jupiter and use that planet's gravity to swing out of the ecliptic of the solar system for the first look at the polar regions of the sun. In January of 1986, the planetary scientists had begun to feel that matters were improving: Galileo and Ulysses were scheduled for launch from the shuttle the following May and June, and the others were to go in 1987. However, with the explosion of the Challenger on January 28, 1986, and the subsequent grounding of the shuttle fleet, all these missions face several more years of delay.



The concern for America's space program, both manned and unmanned, has led people in Washington to form committees to make recommendations for NASA's future. Before the accident, the White House and the Congress established the National Commission on Space, to consider what our goals in space over the next fifty years should be. The commission's report, published a few months after the accident, recommended the construction of a space station and a moon base, leading to the unmanned, and eventually the manned, exploration of Mars and the establishment of a permanently manned base there, but few people outside NASA took the report seriously—in part, because of the timing of its appearance. Last August, NASA asked the astronaut Sally Ride to coördinate a number of long-range planning studies, and her report on their recommendations will be released this summer. The Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences is also about to issue a report on the future of the American space program. Although the three reports will probably converge on the same set of ideas, the ideas are all still very much in the talking stage, and the talk has not yet shown any real sign of turning into the kind of action—money in the budget, hardware in the clean room—that space scientists like to see.

In the meantime, on the opposite side of this planet, the Soviet Union, whose cosmonauts have been spending longer and longer periods in space stations while our astronauts have remained on the ground, and whose unmanned spacecraft have recently flown to Halley's comet and to Venus, has announced plans for a series of unmanned missions to Mars. The first mission—a pair of spacecraft that will orbit the planet—is scheduled to be launched next year. The Russians are also talking of manned landings on Mars in the first decades of the new millennium. They have said that they would like us to collaborate with them. Two years ago, Soviet scientists unofficially discussed the broad outline of their plans with a few of our space scientists, and the planetary community has been urging NASA ever since to respond, but so far the agency has done nothing. When I heard that some of the leading Soviet planetologists would be at the Space Center for this year's conference, I was even more eager to go myself.

THE conference was held in the Gilruth Recreation Center, a vast wooden shed in a scrubby wood at the rear of the Space Center, with a gymnasium and a ballroom on the ground floor and conference rooms upstairs. The gym and the ballroom had been converted—by means of folding chairs, movie screens, and a variety of projection devices—into lecture halls, but the conferees seemed to prefer gathering in a lounge on the second floor which was filled with comfortable chairs and tables and had a gigantic coffee urn at one end. There were more scientists present at the 1987 meeting than there had been at meetings over the past few years—in part, one of them told me, because of a great amount of new data from meteorites but also because of a general feeling that the planetary program was at a crossroads.

Few of the scientists tried to conceal their anger at the slighting of the science program in recent years; indeed, many of them went out of their way to express it. Their sense of loss—national, professional, and personal—is profound. "What you are seeing is a planetary program in a shambles!" Torrence Johnson, the chief scientist for the much-delayed Galileo spacecraft, exclaimed to me. "Think of how empty the last decade would have been without Voyager flying by Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus!" A. G. W. Cameron, a Harvard astrophysicist who is studying the origins of the moon, told me that in his opinion the greatest loss was "the ferment of discoveries that used to come in all the time," and S. Ross Taylor, an old moon hand from the Australian National University, looking around at the other scientists in the room, remarked sadly, "The expertise of the people here is a valuable national asset—the United States should not let it slip away."

Gerald Wasserburg, a professor of geology and geophysics at the California Institute of Technology, who heads the laboratory that has dated the rocks from the moon, got so worked up that he almost knocked over his coffee, and mine. Wasserburg is an intense man, and he can present his case with alarming vehemence. Possibly because of the strength of his conviction, he has emerged as a spokesman for the community of planetologists, sometimes even pleading its cause at the White House. He traces the present crisis back to the decision to pay for the shuttle out of NASA's fixed budget. "The result was that space science was left in a state of devastation," he told me. "It's not a failure of national will; it's a failure of leadership, from the White House down, and the failure has continued through four Administrations. The space shuttle is like the emperor's new clothes. Everyone acted as if it were the perfect answer to all our future needs in space, and the more problems there were with it, the more wonderful everyone said it would be. Today, we've ended up with no shuttle, no science, and no money. We can't launch a satellite. We can't even launch a baseball. How can you shoot yourself in the foot like that? Intellectually, morally, financially, scientifically, it's a disaster! The United States was at the pinnacle of activity in planetary exploration, and we've let it all slip by. I'm well funded compared with others, but I've had to cut my laboratory down fifty per cent over the last four years, and we're a lab that is as close as you can get to the crown jewels of the space program—the rocks from the moon. Every year, I go back to the federal government for funding and to find out how many

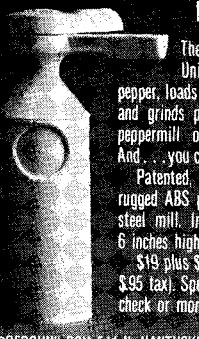
Stay at
the Barbizon.
The
shopping center
of New York.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
bloomingdale's
BONWIT TELLER
PIERRE CARDIN
Baccarat
TIFFANY & Co.
GIORGIO ARMANI
Cartier
HERMÈS
Polo Ralph Lauren

East 63rd St. at Lexington Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10021
Call toll free: (800) 223-1020
In N.Y. State call (212) 838-5700

GOLDEN TULIP
BARBIZON
HOTEL & RESTAURANT

THE WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT
PEPPERMILL

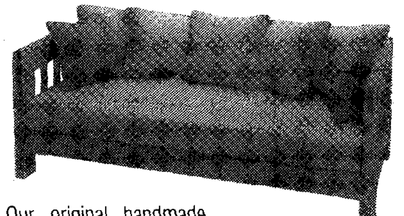


The "PEPPERGUN™" by Unicorn© holds more pepper, loads quicker, adjusts easier, and grinds pepper faster than any peppermill on the market today. And. . .you can use it with one hand.

Patented, award-winning design, rugged ABS plastic, finest European steel mill. In red, white, or black, 6 inches high. Salt model in white.

$19 plus $1.50 p.&h. (MA res. add $.95 tax). Specify color, model. Send check or money order to:

"PEPPERGUN" BOX 541-N, NANTUCKET, MA 02554, OR CALL
TOLL FREE 1-800-634-8881 VISA/MC
In MA 1-617-228-6233



Our original handmade Southwestern furniture is uniquely suited to a variety of interiors and offices, contemporary or traditional. Interesting catalog, $3.00: Taos Furniture, Dept. C, 232 Galisteo, Santa Fe, New Mexico USA 87501.

TAOS
Furniture®

people I'll have to fire. I can't get young people started anymore." (The inability to bring young people into the field was a common refrain among the scientists. When I remarked to Torrence Johnson on the scarcity of new faces at the conference after ten years, he said, "There's a message in that.")

In an article last year in *Science*, the physicist James Van Allen, whose instrument aboard an Explorer satellite in 1958 discovered the radiation belts that are named for him, wrote, "Within a broad humanistic context the most important products of [planetary exploration] are of a general intellectual nature—namely, the enhancement of our understanding of mankind's place in our great universe." With this in mind, I asked Wasserburg to tell me the kind of things he was doing in his laboratory. He had to give me a mini-course in astrophysics first: The heavier elements in the solar system, which have gone into the making of planetary bodies (and, of course, everything on them), were cooked inside older generations of stars that collapsed and exploded—sometimes as supernovas, such as the one now visible from the Southern Hemisphere—spewing their contents into space. This material formed giant molecular clouds, which, in turn, collapsed to form new solar systems. "Astronomers see the heavy elements pumping out of the supernova, and they see the clouds with heavy elements in them collapsing all over the galaxy," Wasserburg said. "I have some of the end product in my laboratory—rocks from the earth and the moon, and meteorites. We want to understand the chemistry and the physics of what happens in between—during the formation of a planet like the earth. When astrophysicists first began looking through our galaxy with gamma-ray spectrometers, everywhere they looked they picked up indications of an isotope of aluminum called aluminum-26. It turns up all over the place. The astronomers find it in the center of the galaxy, and I find it in the rocks in my lab. We know in broad terms how this isotope—and presumably the theory applies to all the other elements as well—got from the galaxy into the rocks on the moon and the earth, but we don't know the details. What are the physical and chemical processes? The temperatures, the pressures, and the chemical reactions?" To Wasserburg, this work was evidently a humanistic study in the broadest context: finding out how celestial matter is translated into terrestrial matter provides the most fundamental understanding of our own relationship to the stars.

When I asked Ross Taylor for his view of the present state of America's space program, he said that if NASA had kept its eye on the sort of basic research that Wasserburg was doing it would not be in such bad shape today. Taylor, who did the first geochemical analysis of the rocks from the moon, has the rugged, slightly stooped look of a man who has spent his life close to the soil, yet as an Oxonian he is probably as well versed in the history and philosophy of science as anyone who was at the conference. "When NASA traded off space science for the shuttle, it was responding to the difficulties of preserving a political base in a democratic society," he said. "But, historically, astronomers have never had any serious problems getting funding for big projects, back to Stonehenge. Why is this so? Because they don't make any promises they can't keep: they simply set out to answer questions. If there is a major philosophical problem with the United States space program, it is that NASA promised there would be material advances. So if you fail to bring back the gold—which is to say, if the space shuttle isn't profitable, or the moon rocks turn out to be just silicates, or there *is* no life on Mars—the whole program founders."

THE scientists most obviously affected by NASA's obsession with the shuttle are those connected with the Galileo mission, which, of the four missions currently waiting to be launched, is the one that has been delayed the longest. It was initiated in 1975, and was originally scheduled for launch in 1982. It has been postponed five times. The Galileo spacecraft has two parts: a probe that will plummet through Jupiter's atmosphere, returning readings on composition, temperatures, and pressures until it is finally crushed or melted into senselessness; and an orbiter, which will go into a highly elliptical orbit that will bring the spacecraft close to Jupiter's four major moons several times. Torrence Johnson compares it to a twelve- or fifteen-cushion billiard shot.

I asked Johnson to tell me about the postponements. When I first met him, in 1975, he was full of youthful high spirits and had every reason to be: he was on the Voyager imaging (photography) team, and in Galileo he also had a spacecraft of his own. Over the years, he has acquired the resigned air of an older and wiser man. The first postponement was in 1980, Johnson said; the shuttle was already several years behind schedule, but the announced reason for postponing the Galileo mission was that its upper-stage rocket—which was to take it from earth orbit to Jupiter—had been cancelled for reasons of economy. The mission was rescheduled for 1984, the next "launch window" for Jupiter—that is, the next period when that planet would be in the right position in relation to the earth. A weaker upper-stage rocket would presumably be available then, but using it would mean dividing the spacecraft into two parts—the orbiter and the probe—and sending them on two different flights; the flights would have to take a longer, slower route, in order to get an assist from the gravity of Mars. In 1981, NASA changed its mind and decided to use a Centaur rocket, which would be powerful enough to boost Galileo to Jupiter as a single payload and on a faster trajectory. This would be cheaper than the split mission, but it meant postponing the launch until early 1985, because an extra year would be needed to get the Centaur ready for use with the shuttle. (The Centaur burns liquid fuel, and this is hard to handle and considered a little risky to carry on the shuttle, which, for the safety of the men and women aboard, normally carries solid-fuel rockets to use in launching payloads.) NASA eventually decided on a solid-fuel rocket that would fire Galileo only as far as the asteroid belt, which lies beyond Mars; from there, the spacecraft would swing back for a boost from the earth's gravity to reach Jupiter. The launch was postponed a fourth time, to late 1985. Then it was decided to use the Centaur after all, and the launch was postponed a fifth time—to May, 1986. Meanwhile, the shuttle exploded. As a result of the reappraisals that followed the accident, NASA declared the Centaur unsafe for shuttle missions. Galileo is now scheduled for launch in the fall of 1989; it will be launched as a single mission, inward toward Venus, whose gravity will increase the spacecraft's speed and sling it back toward the earth, which it will pass a year and a half later. The earth's gravity will accelerate Galileo into a high, elliptical earth orbit that will take two years to complete; on the craft's second pass, the earth will sling it to Jupiter. According to this flight plan, Galileo will take six years to reach its objective.

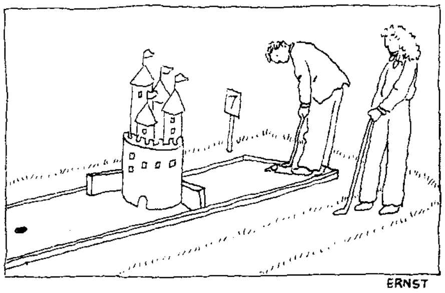
The next slot in the shuttle's payload manifest for a Jupiter mission is in October, 1990, and, presumably, Ulysses will go then. An earlier slot for a planetary mission—in April of 1989, a launch window for Venus—has been assigned to Magellan. These three slots are the only ones available until 1992, so the fourth planetary mission waiting for a ride—the Mars Observer—will have to wait until then unless it can go earlier on an unmanned rocket. If the next shuttle launch is postponed until 1989, all these launch opportunities will have to be reconsidered in light of the planets' positions.

Many of the younger scientists and engineers on the Galileo project have had to "retrace their careers," Johnson said. Some have left to take other jobs or to go back to graduate school—though many of them say they will return when and if Galileo gets near Jupiter. The spacecraft itself, which had been at the Cape in January of 1986, awaiting launch, is now back at its home base—the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena; if it is going to start out by going to Venus, it will need shinier insulation, to reflect the heat of the sun. The delays have approached the equivalent of the half-life of the nuclear fuel that Galileo carries in its generators to power its equipment; at Jupiter, the spacecraft's electricity will have to be rationed. The project is also approaching something on the order of the quarter-life of Torrence Johnson. "In 1975, I was thirty," he said. "By the time Galileo gets to Jupiter, I'll probably be in my early fifties."

THE short shrift that NASA has given to planetary science has pitted a great many scientists against the entire manned space program. Several of the people I spoke with at the conference were opposed, with varying degrees of vehemence, to what they perceived as the space agency's extravagant hopes for space shuttles, space stations, and manned bases on the moon or Mars. Perhaps the best statement of this position was made by James Van Allen in an article that appeared in *Scientific American* in January, 1986, just before the Challenger explosion, in which he took issue not only with the space shuttle but with NASA's proposed space station, which President Reagan endorsed in his 1984 State of the Union message. Van Allen wrote:

> The acceptance of such grandiose proposals by otherwise rational individuals stems from the mystique of space flight, as nurtured over many centuries by early writers of science fiction and their present-day counterparts. . . . The simple taste for adventure and fantasy expressed in that sentiment has been elevated in some quarters to the quasi-religious belief that space is a natural habitat of human beings. . . . The directions embodied in NASA's budgetary policy ignore the basic history of space flight: in the more than 28 years since the launching of Sputnik I, the overwhelming majority of scientific and utilitarian achievements in space have come from unmanned automated and commandable spacecraft. . . . The burden of experience is that, apart from serving the spirit of adventure, there is little reason for sending people into space. On the contrary, there are strong reasons for keeping operating personnel on the earth. The life-support systems and the overriding concern for the safety of personnel in any manned space mission are extremely costly and restrictive. . . . The progressive loss of U.S. leadership in space science can be attributed, I believe, largely to our excessive emphasis on manned space flight and on vaguely perceived, poorly founded goals of a highly speculative nature.

One of the conferees who disagreed with Van Allen was Harrison Schmitt, an ex-astronaut and former senator from New Mexico. In 1972, as a geologist with a Harvard doctorate, Schmitt went to the moon aboard Apollo 17 and surveyed a dramatic lunar valley named Taurus-Littrow, where he discovered, among other things, tiny orange spheres of volcanic glass which looked something like caviar. "What people forget is that the discoveries made by men on the moon are the basis of knowledge for understanding the data from unmanned spacecraft," he said when I raised the issue with him. "If we did not have the knowledge we now have of the moon, we wouldn't know nearly as well what we were seeing on the other terrestrial bodies—Mars, Venus, Mercury, and the moons of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. The geology we were able to do on the moon has given planetary scientists the confidence to make judgments about the rest of the solar system."



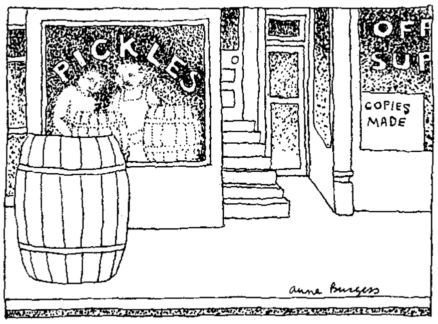
Schmitt had just finished presenting a paper about the moon site he explored fourteen years ago; when he had shown a slide of the dark valley, filled with boulders, craters, and black cinder cones, and asked "Do you remember Taurus-Littrow?" the scientists had applauded long and loud. There is a sense of purpose that seems to unite those who have participated in space exploration, whether as scientists, engineers, or astronauts; they seem entranced by the experience, even years later, and this feeling of having participated in a project larger than life surely accentuates the distress they all share when the space program is threatened.

There were, of course, a great many scientists at the conference who disagreed with Schmitt, believing that machines can make observations—even on planetary surfaces—as well as men. Eugene Shoemaker, a geologist who, having trained many of the astronauts who went to the moon, regards himself as having a foot in both camps, told me that in his opinion an unmanned roving vehicle of the kind available today, with a good television camera, could have found the tiny orange spheres as readily as Schmitt had. This point, of course, is debatable. In a response to Van Allen published in *Science* this April, Peter Banks, a professor of electrical engineering at Stanford, and David Black, the chief scientist in charge of the planned space station, argue that robotic equipment does not yet exist that can carry out experiments or observations in space with anything like the skill of human beings. But Shoemaker and a number of his colleagues also make the telling point that the very reason the space shuttle has been grounded so long is that it carries human beings. Several times, I heard him and others argue that the shuttle was unsuitable for launching planetary missions because the frequent postponements—most often made to provide the crews with an extra margin of safety—were bound to cause science missions to miss their narrow launch windows.

Few of the scientists at the conference, however, went as far as to recommend the abolition of the manned space program. Difficult as funding for unmanned space exploration may be while a manned program exists, many planetary scientists believe that such funding would be almost impossible without a manned program, which has much more public support. They point out that the unmanned missions to the moon—the Rangers, which impacted on it; the Surveyors, which landed on it; and the Orbiters, which circled it—were all undertaken in preparation for the manned lunar landings. With proper leadership from the White House, they feel, budgetary restrictions might be overridden, so that the two programs could be funded separately and appropriately, and would not have to compete with each other. George Nelson, who is an astronomer as well as an astronaut, agrees that space science has received a raw deal, but he thinks that attacking the manned space program is the wrong way to address the problem. "It's not the shuttle versus space science," he told me. "It's the shuttle and space science against the rest of the national budget."

ON the first night of the conference, most of the scientists attended a symposium in a big wood-panelled auditorium at the Space Center to hear a couple of Soviet scientists explain their extensive program for the exploration of Mars. The symposium was sponsored by the Planetary Society, an organization founded in 1980 by the astronomer Carl Sagan and the planetary scientist Bruce Murray. The Society now has about a hundred thousand members; it is based in Pasadena, and works hard to promote planetary missions. Most recently, it has been trying to get NASA to provide an expendable rocket for the Mars Observer, so that it can be launched in 1990 instead of having to wait for a possible shuttle launch in 1992. If the Observer is launched at the earlier date, its high-resolution cameras could provide information that might help the Russians decide where to land their unmanned craft; the first Soviet landers are also scheduled for launch in 1992. The Planetary Society has been very active in urging NASA to develop plans for the exploration of Mars, and is especially interested in American coöperation with the Soviet Union in that venture. So far, of course, the United States has no definite plans for exploring Mars other than with the Observer, which is a rather simple spacecraft, not unlike the orbiting Mariner spacecraft of the nineteen-sixties and seventies.

Louis Friedman, the executive director of the Society, was the moderator of a panel that included Murray, a past director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, who is now a professor at Caltech; Harold Masursky, a geologist with the Astrogeology Branch of the United States Geological Survey in Flagstaff, who has been a member of the imaging team of virtually every planetary mission ever flown by NASA and over the years has had numerous contacts with Soviet scientists; and the two visitors from the Soviet Union. The Russians were Valery Barsukov, a tall, slender man with a mop of unruly dark brown hair above a strong aquiline face, who is the head of the Vernadsky Institute of Geochemistry and Analytical Chemistry, in Moscow; and Alexander Basilevsky, a younger man with a lively face, who is the Institute's chief of comparative planetology. In a deep baritone, Barsukov unfolded the Soviet plans in Russian, while Basilevsky, in something of a tenor, did a running translation. The series, they told the assembled scientists, will start next year, with the launch of two missions that in 1989 will orbit Mars to map its surface. Their main purpose, though, will be to study Phobos, one of Mars' two moons, which is the darkest object in the solar system. As it is seen in the Viking imagery, Phobos is a dark-gray object shaped like a potato, about twenty-two kilometres in diameter, and pitted with craters. The orbiters will approach to within fifty metres of Phobos, zap it with a laser in several places, and observe the resulting clouds of material with a spectrometer to determine the moon's composition. Then each orbiter will dispatch a lander onto Phobos' surface—one lander will stay put, making geochemical studies, and the other will hop around. "Jumping like a frog, it will study the chemistry in different places," Basilevsky translated. The American scientists laughed, but they were quite obviously impressed.



In 1992, the Soviets plan to launch a more complex Mars mission, and Barsukov and Basilevsky warmed to their task as they described for the American scientists what amounted to a pair of Fabergé eggs filled with intricate machines, each more wonderful than the last. There will be two orbiters, with the usual array of cameras and sensors. A giant clamshell called an aeroshell will drop from each orbiter and plane through the thin Martian atmosphere with the aid of a parachute. Before reaching the Martian surface, each clamshell will pop open and release an enormous balloon, which will then fill with carbon dioxide, the gas that makes up the major part of the Martian atmosphere; atop the big balloon will be a smaller one filled with helium, and dangling from the big balloon will be a box of instruments weighing fifteen kilograms. In the daytime, the sunlight will expand the carbon dioxide in the big balloons, so that they float in the Martian winds, returning meteorological data. At night, when the balloons' carbon dioxide cools and condenses, they will descend close to the surface, where each box of instruments will collect geochemical data; the big balloons will be held off the ground, where they might be abraded, by the small helium balloons. At sunup, the balloons will take off again, rising as high as six kilometres and travelling across the red sky; at sunset, they will descend. During their ten-day lifetime, they will each travel up to five thousand kilometres across Mars, sampling the geochemistry in twenty different places. Meanwhile, each clamshell, upon reaching the planet's surface, will have released a roving vehicle—an advanced version of the Lunakhod that the Soviets sent rolling across the moon's surface in 1970, but a good deal smaller. The tiny rovers will scuttle off, their cameras whirring and their manipulator arms picking up samples here and there for analysis, and will relay information to the orbiters.

The main event in the Soviet unmanned exploration of Mars will be the automatic collection and return to earth of samples from the Martian surface. This mission will be launched in the late nineties. Once again, it will be a twin mission: Two aeroshells equipped with ascent modules will descend from orbiters, and will take core samples from the Martian surface. The samples will blast off from the planet's surface in the ascent modules, which will rise to meet orbiting sample-return rockets. The rockets will then deliver the samples to a Soviet space station in earth orbit, where the samples will be quarantined and analyzed before they are sent to earth.

"I believe that the sample-return mission will be a wonderful and honorable end to the twentieth century," Barsukov concluded. "We are discussing collaboration with our French colleagues"—the balloon, in fact, was designed by a Frenchman, Jacques Blamont—"and the European Space Agency is interested. There is a challenge not only to make a scientific contribution but to create together a large international project. I, for one, will be disappointed if it does not include American participation."

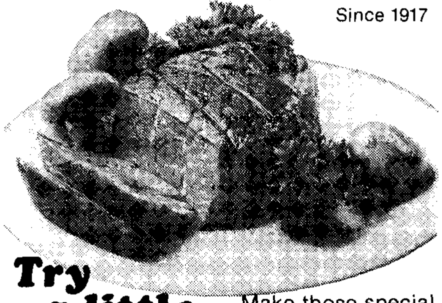
When the Russians were finished, Louis Friedman introduced Bruce Murray, who had resigned his J.P.L. directorship in 1982, when it was apparent that his efforts to get more missions were unavailing. "Match that!" Friedman said to Murray at the end of his introduction, and Murray, who would like nothing better than to be able to match the Russians, grimaced. "We'll have to wait until tomorrow night, when NASA representatives are coming here to tell us of their wonderful program," he said. There was a roar of laughter, followed by several groans. If the American scientists were angry, it was clearly not the Russians they were angry with. Murray went on to compliment the Soviets on their openness. The unmanned exploration of Mars, he said, should be regarded by all as a precursor for manned landings, and he suggested that one objective for any current Mars program should be to find the best landing places for possible manned expeditions.

On the way out of the auditorium, I ran into James Head, a professor of geoscience at Brown, who was having what he referred to as a "mini-symposium" at Brown the following week, which Barsukov and Basilevsky would attend, and I asked him how he felt about the Russian plans. " 'Jealous' is a good word, and you can quote me," he replied. "The Soviets have clearly seized on planetary exploration as a national objective. They appreciate the scientific and technological work that comes from a good, solid commitment to planetary exploration. They have a strong dedication to it—but we've lost it." And when I asked Torrence Johnson how he felt about the Russians' invitation to us to join them he said, "All this talk of international coöperation is great, but we have to have something to bring to the bargaining table. It would be nice to cooperate with them, but we can't coöperate with anyone if we keep postponing missions. Those of us who have been over in Europe listening to the Halley's-comet papers know where the scene of the action is shifting."

A SECOND symposium, sponsored by NASA, was held in the big auditorium the following night. In effect, it was a response to the Planetary Society's symposium; although NASA had no firm plans for Mars other than the Observer, James Fletcher, the agency's administrator, had recently revived the idea of launching an American Mars rover and a sample-return mission—both of which had been considered in the late nineteen-seventies, after the Viking landings, but later had been dropped. On the dais were Aaron Cohen, the director of the Johnson Space Center; Lew Allen, the director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory; and Geoffrey Briggs, the director of the Solar System Exploration Program at NASA headquarters, in Washington.

It was somewhat unusual to see the heads of Johnson and J.P.L.—mainstays of the manned and unmanned space programs, respectively—on the same platform, and hear them saying roughly the same things. "We see unmanned missions as the pathfinders for manned landings on the planets," Cohen remarked, noting that the two centers were about to collaborate on a study of the aeroshell needed to bring the rover down to the surface of Mars. "J.P.L. and Johnson will collaborate on a new challenge," Lew Allen said. "The unmanned exploration of Mars is the nearer-term objective, and it will be a bridge between our space station and the future manned landings on Mars. It will allow us to reëstablish world leadership in an area where we are being challenged by a newly aggressive Soviet Union. And it will bring together the various interests within NASA itself." A program to explore Mars will be expensive: the likely cost of a rover and a sample-return mission is about five billion dollars over a ten-year period—an expenditure that represents a one-third increase in NASA's current science budget. Allen announced the forma-

Omaha Steaks International®
Since 1917



Try a little tenderness

Make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness. Candlelight, soft music, and, magnificent, aged Filet Mignons. Perfect. Experts select and prepare each filet! Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of utmost enjoyment. Steaks arrive frozen. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. **INTRODUCTORY OFFER:**

Six 6-oz. Filet Mignons, 1¼" thick (reg. $52.95) $29.95
(plus $4.50 shipping/handling)

YOU SAVE $23.00!
OFFER VALID IN 48 STATES UNTIL JUN. 30, 1987.
SAVE EVEN MORE...
Twelve 6-oz. Filets at
Extra special price of $58.95
(plus $4.50 shipping/handling)
Limit - 2 packages per order
Phone or mail order. Use major credit card and
Call Free 1-800-228-9055
In Nebraska phone 0-402-391-3660 collect.
Order today or write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon.
Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. 1881 / 4400 So. 96th Street / Omaha, NE 68127

Unlimited Comfort
can be yours!
with this contemporary leather recliner

Adjusts from the vertical to the horizontal with unlimited stops in between. Reduces tension & fatigue, alleviates minor backpain and circulatory problems.

Sug. List $600
Now Only
$495⁰⁰
plus $25 shipping (UPS)
good til 6/28/87

Free Catalog
1-800-251-BACK
OR WRITE:
Dept N2
53 Jeffrey Ave
Holliston, MA 01746
in MA call 617/429-5940

BackSaver PRODUCTS CO

A stylish place,
a smilish place,
Campton Place.

CAMPTON PLACE

Where high expectations are quietly met.
San Francisco (415) 781-5555

tion of yet another planning group, to study various options for the unmanned exploration of Mars, including possible coöperation with the Soviet Union; the group's chairman is Michael Carr, a geologist with the U.S.G.S. who was the chief of the Viking imaging team, and it includes Gerald Wasserburg, Bruce Murray, and Harold Masursky.

Geoffrey Briggs, for his part, said that he would like to see a 1993 start and a 1998 launch. "We hope to have a sample back from Mars around the year 2000," he announced. "And I am sure you know what that will bring to us." Among other things, it would get a lot of careers and laboratories going again. Briggs said that he had further good news from NASA headquarters: the decision to launch the Mars Observer mission from the shuttle in 1992 had been put on hold for two weeks, in the hope that a rocket could be found to launch it in 1990. (Later, several scientists told me that all the plans and the convergence of interests sounded wonderful, but that in light of their experiences over the last decade or so they had long since ceased to believe much of what NASA said. And, indeed, a month after the conference NASA announced that the Mars Observer would have to wait until 1992.)

In the question period that followed the panelists' remarks, an insistent young scientist asked whether going to Mars was wise. "Might we not wind up with an Apollo program that will leave us with nothing?" he asked. There was a burst of applause from the audience. "A Mars program will be glorious, and bring us samples, but it will be a dead end, like Apollo," he continued. "Shouldn't we go after something more permanent, like a manned lunar base, or industry or manufacturing in space?"

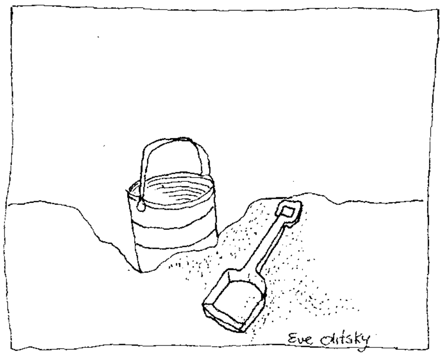
"I'm not sure that Mars is a dead end," Lew Allen responded.

"It's not a dead end to go to Mars? Encourage me. After we leave footprints there, what will we do?"

Allen suggested that there might be a permanently manned base on Mars.

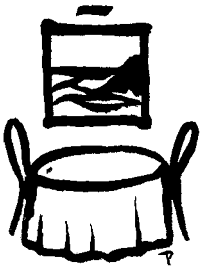
"But we didn't do that after we landed on the moon," the questioner objected.

"That's because people, many of whom are sitting in this room, said that Mars was the place to go—that it was a more interesting place to be," Allen answered. While it is true that a number of scientists have turned their attention from the moon to Mars—in addition to relatively recent volcanism and ancient streambeds, Mars has water, in the form of vapor, ice, and (probably) permafrost; an atmosphere dense enough for clouds and storms; and the biggest canyon and highest volcano anywhere in the solar system—there are still very active proposals for a manned lunar base. It would be a logical followup to the Apollo program, and, in the opinion of some of its partisans, it might prove to be the sort of major program that would rekindle public support for the space agency and its aspirations. For one thing, the moon is our next-door neighbor. Unlike Mars, it is readily visible to everybody on earth; and it can be reached in a matter of days, whereas a voyage to Mars takes at least seven months. A lunar base would be a good place to develop the technology for going to Mars: oxygen can be manufactured from moon dust; eventually, lunar oxygen might fuel Mars-bound craft. Some scientists I talked to thought the fact that the Russians were going to Mars did not require us to go there, too. They felt that there were other things—perhaps more valuable things—we could be doing in space: if not a manned base on the moon, then further unmanned exploration of the outer planets, or the procurement of samples from Venus, Mercury, or the asteroids. For the most part, though, these alternatives were not in the running. There seemed to be a sort of bandwagon for Mars; even some of the old moon hands wanted to go there. "In the best of all possible worlds, we'd do a logical progression in space, which means we'd do a moon base first," Harrison Schmitt, who in his earlier talk had spoken of a return to Taurus-Littrow, told me. "But human beings are not always logical. Mars is where the young people want to go. If we go to the moon now, we'll be left behind. I'm for going to Mars." And Michael Carr, the chairman of the new Mars working group, was delighted with the way the evening had gone. "For fifteen years, the aims of the scientists and the space agency have not coincided, and now they do," he told me. "NASA sees a Mars program as important to its survival. It's not interested in science, especially, but at the moment we both want the same thing."



What NASA wants, however, may not yet be all that clear; according to an article last month in *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, Administrator Fletcher is currently giving priority to a lunar base. "I think the right way to go to Mars is by way of the moon," Fletcher was quoted as saying.

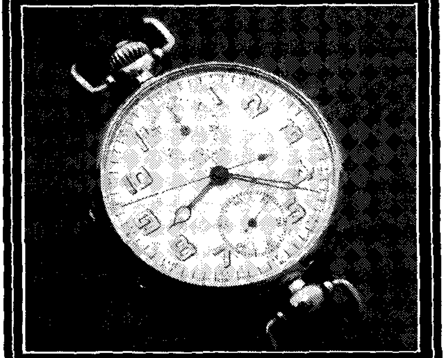
AMID the early stirrings of Mars exploration, the scientists had been bringing the current study of the moon to something of a conclusion. There is at last what Ross Taylor calls "a new consensus" on the origin of the moon, reached largely as the result of work done by the University of Arizona astronomer William Hartmann, A. G. W. Cameron, and Taylor himself. Before the Apollo astronauts landed on the moon, there had been three major theories about how that body came into existence. All presupposed that the planets had accreted from planetesimals—smaller bodies formed by the clumping together of dust particles orbiting in a disk around the sun. According to one of the three theories, the moon had accreted simultaneously with the earth, and in its vicinity. According to a second, it had spun off from the earth's molten mantle. The third theory held that the moon had been formed elsewhere in the solar system and had been captured by the earth. Hartmann, a tall, stylishly dressed scientist who paints pictures of the planets in their various stages of evolution, and who has a metaphorical turn of mind, refers to these theories as "the sister, the daughter, and the girlfriend." Even before the first astronauts went to the moon, he told me, the capture theory was in trouble: the moon's mass is so great that if it had approached the earth's vicinity from elsewhere in the solar system it would not have been trapped in orbit but would have crashed into the planet. So much for the girlfriend. After the Apollo astronauts brought back the lunar samples, problems developed with the other two theories. The lunar material turned out to be very different from terrestrial material: it was poor in volatile elements—those with low melting points, such as lead—and rich in elements with high melting points, such as aluminum or titanium. The lunar material was also relatively low in iron. The moon is therefore unlikely to have derived from the earth or to have accreted nearby from material that was also forming the earth. So much for the daughter and the sister. Nor did any of the three theories account for what is known as the angular momentum of the earth-moon system; the present rate of rotation of the earth and the moon, taken together with the rate of the moon's orbit of the earth, demanded an initial burst of energy—“a kick to the system,” as Cameron puts it—that none of the theories explained. (There was an ingenious attempt in the early nineteen-seventies by A. E. Ringwood, a colleague of Taylor's at the Australian National University, to demonstrate that the moon had accreted from a ring of material that boiled off the surface of the earth after the earth's iron had sunk to form the planet's core; this explained the scarcity of both iron and volatiles in the material that formed the moon, but, like the other theories, could not account for the angular momentum.) The Nobel chemist Harold Urey, generally considered the founder of modern planetary science, is reported to have said, shortly before his death, “We have managed to prove that the moon cannot exist, because we have no way to account for it.”



New explanations sometimes appear without anyone's paying much attention to them. In the early nineteen-seventies, Hartmann and a colleague, Daniel Davis—aware of the many signs of major impacts on several planetary bodies—began to wonder whether a big impact could have been involved in the formation of the moon. The two astronomers had made a number of computer runs testing different models for the way the planets accreted, and they concluded that in each zone of the solar system—occupied later by a planet—there would have been one largest body, one next-largest body, and an increasing number of smaller bodies, down to particles of dust. Eventually, most of the smaller bodies would have piled onto the largest body to make the planet. In the earth's zone, Hartmann and Davis figured, the second-largest body might have been as big as Mars. “At that point, we speculated that if a body of that size hit the earth it might splash up the sort of material you need to make the moon and also get the right amount of kick into the system,” Hartmann told me. “I presented these ideas at a conference in 1974. Cameron, a highly respected astrophysicist, got to his feet, and I feared the worst. I was a young astronomer—in my twenties at the time. What he said was ‘We're working on the same idea, and we're coming to the same conclusions.’ ” Hartmann and Davis published their paper in 1975, and Cameron and a colleague, William Ward, published one in 1976.

Cameron is a large, imposing man, and he talks in a slow, pontifical fashion that might indeed strike fear into the heart of a young astronomer. While Hartmann had approached the lunar-origin problem from the standpoint of the size of the bodies involved, Cameron, who is a dynamicist, had come at it from the standpoint of the angular-momentum question, studying the relations between the mass, speeds, and directions of the bodies. “The Hartmann-Davis idea did not grapple with the problem of how the material that was thrown up got into orbit,” he told me. Working backward from the known angular momentum of the earth-moon system, he has refined his models, and he is confident that the mass of the second-biggest object, which he calls the “impactor,” is between 1.2 and 1.6 times the mass of Mars; a body as large as that would have its own iron core and silicate mantle, like the earth. If it grazed the earth on a tangent, Cameron found, the impact would have heated the earth to eight thousand degrees. The impactor's mantle would have vaporized, along with some of the mantle of the earth, gone into orbit, and coalesced to form the moon; the impactor's iron core would have popped up and then splashed into the earth, sinking to its center to join the earth's core; hence, there would be an iron- and volatile-poor moon, and an earth-moon system with the right angular momentum. While all these investigations were proceeding, Ross Taylor, who had been championing his compatriot Ringwood's theory, had been growing increasingly disenchanted with it. He became convinced that the lunar samples lacked what he called “the earth's signature” in so many ways that the moon could not have derived from the earth, no matter how it was altered. But with

VINTAGE WRISTWATCHES



TIMELESS TECHNOLOGY. A rare sterling silver chronograph with flawless porcelain dial, 30 minute register at the 12 o'clock position and subsidiary seconds dial. Made for J.H. Steward, Strand, London in the 1920's and in pristine condition today. $2,950. From our guaranteed-to-work vintage collection.

CALL OR WRITE FOR OUR WRISTWATCH CATALOG

AARON FABER GALLERY

666 FIFTH AVENUE (ENT. ON 53RD ST.)
NEW YORK, NY 10019 212-586-8411
TELEPHONE ORDERS WELCOME
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
EXPERT REPAIRS AND RESTORATIONS

“A private estate that sweeps all honors as the most enchanting lakefront sanctuary of its kind in America.”
“The Hideaway Report”

THE POINT Seven years of rave reviews have produced a magic atmosphere of familiar camaraderie at this former Rockefeller estate in the Adirondack Mountains. Come experience life as it's meant to be: breakfast in bed or under the hemlocks; bloodies on the sundrenched beach; picnics to islands in mahogany speedboats, and walks through the woods or golf or croquet; toasting the sunset from an antique lake launch and wonderful dinner parties in the Great Hall. Nothing is organized and everything's private but the call of the loon.
Come discover why The Point is one of only ten Relais et Chateaux in America.

THE POINT, Saranac Lake, NY 12983
518-891-5678

Dromoland.
A beautiful Irish Castle.

Dromoland Castle and Clare Inn

Just 8 miles from Shannon Airport, amongst the finest hotels in Europe and a secluded inn set within Ireland's wonderful countryside.

Brochures and Reservations:
McDonough Hotels, Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare.
Phone (061) 71144 Telex: 26854 Free Toll: 800 624 1921

the new theory you could make the moon primarily out of material that came from the impactor. "Cutting the Gordian knot is what the new theory does," he told me, in his lilting antipodean brogue.

"The new consensus" did not emerge, however, until 1984, at a conference in Hawaii. "No one had paid much attention to our 1975 paper or Cameron's in 1976," Hartmann, who was one of the organizers of the Hawaii conference, told me. "I had been naïve: I had thought that all you had to do was write a paper, and that was that—it would sink or swim on its own merits. But that's not so. You have to push a new idea. This idea had languished, I thought. Then, when I went to a planning session for the conference to look over the abstracts for the proposed papers, I found, to my amazement and joy, that eight or ten of the abstracts—independently of each other—were about the impact idea."

Still, the going was not easy. One of the chief objections to the theory was that it was both cataclysmic and ad hoc: that is, it explained a situation by postulating a catastrophe of just the right dimensions—a sort of made-to-order cause that struck some critics as a product of circular reasoning. In reply, Hartmann delivered a paper entitled "Stochastic Is Not Equal to Ad Hoc." "My point was that although we cannot predict when or where a catastrophic event will happen, we can be sure that catastrophic impact events were happening all over the solar system, and therefore we shouldn't rule one out on the basis that it is ad hoc," he explained. "I believe that that paper carried the day."

Far from being ad hoc, what might be called the second-largest-body theory has turned out to be applicable all over the solar system. Why does Uranus lie on its side, its axis along the ecliptic of the solar system? Because it was knocked sideways by the second-largest body in its zone. And why is the planet Mercury so dense, with an iron core two-thirds its diameter? Because it was smacked by the second-largest body thereabouts, which blasted most of its light silicon mantle into space, Mercury being too small to retain the material as a moon. The theory may well explain similar anomalies at Venus and Pluto, and more and more things that it was not originally designed to do—a characteristic, Taylor told me, that is often regarded as the ultimate test of a theory's validity.

"With the moon, we've about come to the end of what we can do without new material, such as new rocks or new data from orbiting spacecraft," Taylor said. "We've got just about everything from the data we have. I am happy about the plans for Mars, but I can't help wishing that we were going back to the moon first."

ON the day of their talk at the Planetary Society's symposium, Alexander Basilevsky and Valery Barsukov had given the Americans the Soviet Union's latest radar images of Venus. The presentation had taken place in one of the improvised lecture rooms on the ground floor; though the flags of the two countries were lacking and many of the scientists had just been drinking coffee upstairs with Barsukov and Basilevsky, there was an underlying sense of ambassadorial ceremony—of Indian tribes, perhaps, exchanging gifts. "We hope we are providing data useful for your Magellan project," Basilevsky said, as he handed James Head two tape cassettes full of computerized information. "We consider the work of planetary exploration a communal enterprise—and when you get your Magellan data I hope the flow will be in the opposite direction." On behalf of the American community, Harold Masursky reciprocated with the latest versions of Viking's orbital maps of Mars and a new map of Miranda, one of the moons of Uranus, which Voyager had flown past in 1986. On the following day, the two Russians, with the same degree of ceremony, presented the American scientists with some dust and bits of rock from the Mare Crisium, a vast basaltic plain at the upper-right-hand edge of the moon—samples which a Soviet Luna rocket had collected and sent to earth fifteen years ago.

If there was a message in all this, the planetary community appeared to approve. Planetary scientists have probably had more opportunities than other scientists to transcend national divisions. In the Apollo years, discussions between Soviet and American scientists led to a diplomatic agreement for the exchange of data and lunar samples, and the agreement stayed in effect until 1982, when it lapsed; it was not renewed, because of the continuing Russian presence in Afghanistan. (It was finally renewed a month after this year's conference, when Secretary of State George Shultz visited the Soviet Union.) In the nineteen-seventies, the American planetary program was more successful than the Soviet program, and there were people in our government who feared that the Soviets would learn more from us than we were learning from them. That, many scientists point out, may no longer be a problem; following the highly successful Soviet missions to Halley's comet, American scientists have increasingly regarded their Soviet counterparts with the wary respect athletes accord a rival team that has suddenly begun winning games. Despite the lapse of the formal agreement, scientists in both countries continued to associate and trade information.

Shortly before the presentation of the lunar material, I asked Basilevsky for his views on why our space program had slowed down while his own country's was forging ahead, and what the prospects were for coöperation. He seemed gently amused by the turnabout in the space programs of the two countries. "Your government has obviously made a political decision to spend its money another way," he said. "I have no doubts about your technology and that you could have a very active planetary program. But you have decided to let us be ahead for a while. Thank you for that! More seriously, space science is very expensive. I believe—and most scientists feel—that there is no need to duplicate missions. We should at least have complementary programs. Unfortunately, in your Mars Observer and ours there are duplications. The reason for that is the absence of government-to-government agreement."

Later that day, over coffee in the upstairs lounge, I asked Robert Pepin, a tall, gray-haired physicist who is the chairman of the Space Science Board's Committee for Planetary and Lunar Exploration and a member of the new Mars working group, what he thought the American response to the Soviet initiative on Mars should be. Pepin felt that there was a good deal of support within the scientific community for international coöperation. A much-discussed Soviet proposal calls for a collaboration in which the Soviets would supply the sample-return ascent module and rocket, and the Americans would supply a rover—in effect, two separate but coördinated missions. "Our rover would go on a long expedition of exploration, pick up samples on the way, and drive to their ascent module," he said. "They would send back our samples, together with the drill cores they had taken. It would be wonderful if the two countries could get their engineers together on this. One advantage of the plan would be that if either of the two missions failed, the other mission could be successful by itself. Another advantage is that it would avoid the problem of the transfer of technology, because each country would develop its own hardware—that's how we get around the people in the State Department who worry about these things. A third advantage is that each side would be dealing from its own strengths. The Soviets have an excellent sample-return capacity, and, with respect to the rover, we seem to have a lead in the area of artificial intelligence; from what I gather, the Soviets, even though they have had experience with roving vehicles on the moon and we have not, seem to be in favor of our handling that. And the whole operation might be monitored from overhead by an orbiter built by the European Space Agency and the Japanese—an orbiter that would unite the Soviet and American craft down on the surface."

This scheme seemed to be favored by most of the scientists at the meeting, and there were variations on the theme. Gerald Wasserburg gave me a copy of an article he had published in *Issues in Science and Technology* in the fall of 1986, which suggested that the international sample-return consortium become more interplanetary in scope—that it bring back samples from Venus and various comets, as well as Mars. In his article, Wasserburg pointed out that if the United States did not participate in planetary exploration in a major way the Europeans and the Russians would still go ahead. The United States thus had the option of doing nothing, of mounting its own program and seizing the leading role, or of coöperating with the Soviets and the E.S.A. as a substantial partner. "Considering the historical significance of a major Mars venture, it appears to me to be most unreasonable . . . to defer to the other powers in this area and not seek a substantial role," he wrote. "The virtue of an initial bilateral approach between the United States and the Soviet Union is that it would build a new bridge between the U.S. and the Soviet space efforts, establish mutual objectives, and avoid obvious polarization within the European community as to which party they could be or were coöperating with."

Most of the scientists seemed to think that the Soviets' offer of international participation in a Mars program was seriously meant, if only because the exploration of Mars is an expensive business, which no one country would prefer to shoulder alone. Furthermore, in this period of *glasnost* and uneasy détente, there are people in both governments who perceive the joint exploration of Mars as contributing to world peace. At this year's conference, I often had occasion to recall a visit I made in 1975 to the Martin Marietta factory near Denver, Colorado, where the Viking spacecraft was being assembled. Martin Marietta was also making the Titan rocket that would carry Viking to Mars, and an executive of the company offered to show me the rocket. I went with him to another building, where, on an assembly line, end to end, a little like sausages, lay several dozen Titans, in various states of completion. Only two were setting out for Mars. The rest, of course, were headed for underground missile silos—where, presumably, they are still lurking. It is a good deal more difficult to turn a sword into a plowshare than it is to turn an ICBM into the launching vehicle for a planetary probe. They are the same piece of hardware.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Index entry in the Washington Post*]

IS THERE A BEAR AROUND THE CORNER?

The stock market's tidal wave of speculation could soon be swept by a deadly undertow in the United States and abroad. And that is a limb you don't want to be on when it eventually cracks, Jane Bryant Quinn says in her Staying Ahead column.

•

ELYRIA—Firefighters often are called upon to save lives.

Occasionally, they must help begin lives.

Such was the case yesterday morning when five Elyria fire fighters gave birth to a girl in the bathroom of an apartment.

—*Lorain (Ohio) Journal.*

Another first for Elyria.

BRYN
MAWR

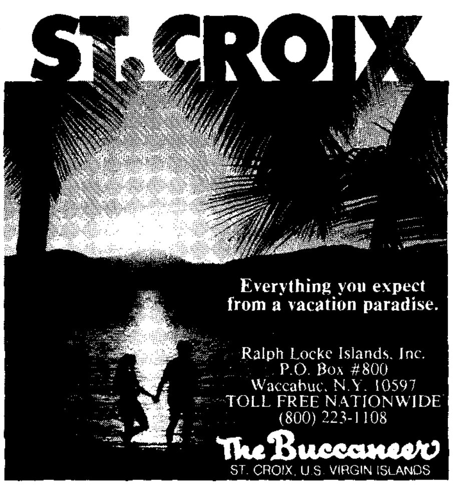
Post-Baccalaureate Premedical Program

For men and women with Bachelor's degrees who are changing career goals.

5-Year Programs
Admitted applicants may also apply for provisional early admission to the following medical and dental programs:

- Brown
- Dartmouth
- Hahnemann
- Medical College of Pennsylvania
- University of Rochester
- University of Pennsylvania School of Dentistry

Division of Special Studies
Bryn Mawr College
Bryn Mawr, PA 19010
(215) 645-6197



ST. CROIX

Everything you expect
from a vacation paradise.

Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
P.O. Box #800
Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
(800) 223-1108

The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

• TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS •
"New York City's Best Tapas Bar"
Mimi Sheraton
TIME MAG.
The Ballroom
Join Chef Felipe For Lunch, Dinner & Private Parties
253 West 28th St. NYC (212) 244-3005
• TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS •
TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS •
TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS • TAPAS •

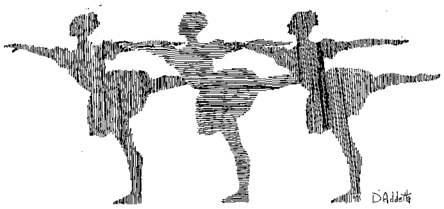
ITALIAN
IN VENICE
Monthly Courses + Accommodation: $ 768
Tel. (41) 5228330
INTERLINGUA
C.P. 650 - 30100 VENEZIA-ITALIA

DANCING

Risky Business

SPEAKING to a Cooper Union audience that had come to bait him with questions like "Why do you hate male dancers?," George Balanchine said, "You can put sixteen girls on a stage and fill it—it's everybody, the world. But put sixteen boys"—here he shook his head gravely—"and it's always nobody." Is this a truism or a Balanchine truism? Balanchine's ostensible subject that evening (October 31, 1958) was "The Essential Difference Between Modern Dance and Ballet Techniques," and it's possible that what he was preaching doesn't hold true for the modern dance. But as soon as he had uttered his dictum there flashed before my eyes the opening of "Serenade," in which girls fill the stage and continue to fill it for six bars of music without dancing a step or otherwise declaring themselves Ballet or Modern. In that long still moment we see "the world" and it is by definition feminine, holding an implicit promise: the dance, waiting to be born. In all the fifty-three years since the making of "Serenade," there has not been a male image to compare with the universality and anonymity of the corps in "Serenade"—not even in the modern-dance repertory, with pro-male proselytizers from Ted Shawn to Remy Charlip. Nor can one imagine the sexes in "Serenade" reversed, with lone women making their way in a world of men; the imagery thus transposed would never hold up. But why not? Is there a basic sexual distinction that governs such matters, or is it a distinction that obtains only in the theatre? A troop of marching men has a compact swing, a strict unity, that a troop of marching women doesn't have. Edwin Denby thought the difference had to do with the depersonalization of walking to a beat: men took pride in achieving it, women didn't. When Balanchine staged "Union Jack," with its male and female marching battalions, he made something like the same point; yet while the men kept their solid and steady closed look, the women's battalions had the same pregnancy as the still women in "Serenade"—a kind of secret twinkle seemed about to burst out at any moment.

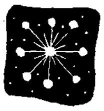
Deciding what lies behind these antinomian distinctions is like looking at one of those two-way optical illusions and trying to hold both perspectives in the mind at once. Better not to try; better, in theatre, to accept certain self-evident laws. A choreographer who makes an all-male ballet takes certain calculated risks. Most audiences are willing—eager, even—to grant men the right to a ballet of their own, but this exclusivity has no meaning outside the ballet. Unless the choreographer can put names to the men on the stage—"soldiers" or "cowboys"—the audience does not read the men as a cohesive, self-explanatory unit. It sees only dancers, and sees, moreover, that some hypothesis about dancers is being entertained: either (1) men are generic dancers, like women, and are to be seen as such or (2) they are nongeneric and are to be seen as petitioners. When Peter Martins makes an all-male ballet, such as the one introduced this season, "Les Gentilhommes," he is entertaining Hypothesis 2—at least, I hope so, because "Les Gentilhommes" is not a ballet. As I see it, Martins is taking us into his confidence, asking our indulgence while, instead of making a ballet, he gives us this little progress report on a ballet company. He makes a pretext out of what in a "normal" ballet would be the subtext; namely, his wish to show off the talent that exists in the male wing. "Les Gentilhommes" has very slight pretensions to the status of nonballets like "Konservatoriet" and "Études," which employ the procedures and materials of the classroom in a demonstration of style. Martins' ballet doesn't have a classroom setting; instead, it uses Handel concertos to suggest an imaginary eighteenth-century landscape, in which men can wear ruffled shirts and dance gigues and sarabands that evoke the baroque heritage of classical style. The subtitle of the ballet could well be "The Making of the Danseur Noble." But the actual subtitle that appeared in programs for the first two performances—"Skôl, Stanley!"—told us that "Les Gentilhommes" is Martins' tribute to Stanley Williams and his pupils at the School of American Ballet. Williams was Martins' teacher when both of them were Danes together in Copenhagen, and Copenhagen was the original home of "Konservatoriet" and "Études." As far as male dancing is concerned, the Danish school is by common consent the finest in the world. "Les Gentilhommes," a graduation exercise of sorts, comes with the best credentials; it has the best excuse for not being a ballet.



I was interested to see it, not only because of what Martins accomplished with the nine men in the cast but because of what he avoided. There are two extended adagio sections; in neither does he set steps that could more properly be done by women, nor does he ask men to partner men. Martins' sense of masculine style is absolute; he observes the custom of keeping male weight centered in the upper body. (Upper-body power is the reason, as Mark Morris recently noted, that men lift women, and not vice versa. And lack of lower-body power is what keeps men, when lifted, from holding a shape in the air as well as women.) But despite its good breeding and its over-all pleasantness and adroit use of men and steps and music, I object to "Les Gentilhommes." It is incredible that a company like New York City Ballet, with its incomparably huge repertory and stock of roles for men, needed to create a special new showcase for male dancers. In the context of an S.A.B. workshop, "Les Gentilhommes" would be just about perfect, but it is no more worthy of the company's time than the long-lost "sketchbook" ballet it resembles—Jerome Robbins' "Arts of a Gentleman" (1978). Ballets like this, testimonials with no repertory life, aren't even satisfactory fillers; they're the lost-boy colonies of ballet. It is a well-known fact that "Serenade" began as a graduation exercise for the first class of S.A.B. students. If Peter Martins were to make a "Les Demoiselles" (and I don't see why he wouldn't; he has done single-sex ballets and single-sex sequels before), he would have a hard time putting it over, since female ensembles are more theatrically potent and the audience would expect more. But even the relatively hardheaded N.Y.C.B. audience indulgently applauds a male corps.

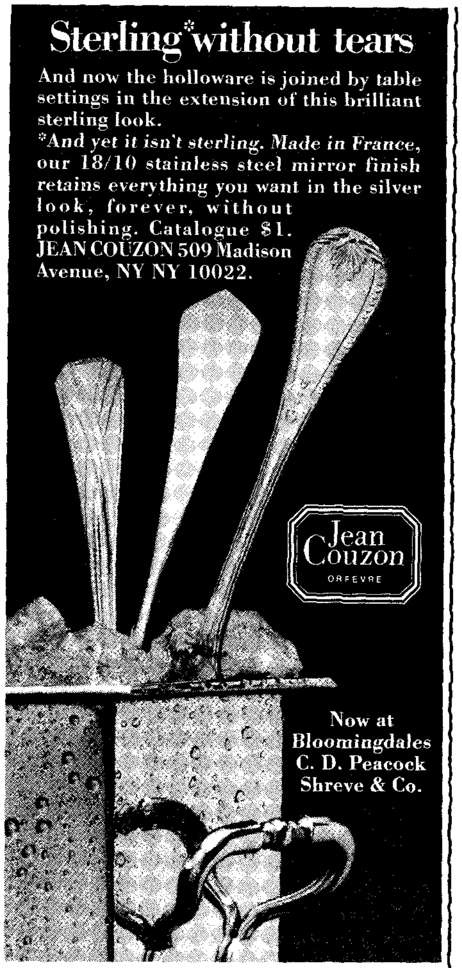
And what about that corps? Gen Horiuchi, Peter Boal, Carlo Merlo, Jeffrey Edwards, Michael Byars, Damian Woetzel, Richard Marsden, Cornel Crabtree, and Runsheng Ying are not tyros; they've been in the company for some time, and five of them have done at least one principal role. Yet all seemingly still qualify in the company mind as "new" or "young." In the public mind, they're Peter Martins dancers. Martins used Boal, Merlo, Edwards, and Marsden along with four of the company's youngest girls in last season's "Les Petits Riens;" he virtually invented Horiuchi, and he used him, Boal, and Byars in "Eight More," the male sequel to the female "Eight Easy Pieces" and the working model for "Les Gentilhommes." All these ballets have a common theme—that of young dancers good-naturedly competing in displays of technique—and a common look: they're ensemble ballets made of equal roles; no one stands out. Even the egregious Horiuchi, whom Martins invariably places center stage, does not stand out by reason of his abilities—he's just the most lavishly indulged of the male dancers. Horiuchi is too short to partner anybody or be a member of the corps de ballet; therefore he's got to be a soloist, or so Martins seems to think. But the casting of Horiuchi as the most conspicuous of the Gentilhommes doesn't quite pay off. He doesn't outdance the others, as we are led to think he will, and in his solo—the only solo in the piece—he actually loses force. (When he's alone on the stage, his slightness and his lack of textural dynamics become a problem.) Although the technical content of the choreography is cleverly graded, with Boal, Merlo, and Edwards handling tougher assignments than Marsden, Crabtree, and Ying, most of the roles could probably be interchanged. One does tend to lose the point of the hierarchy that Martins sets up, and the canonical pattern of the dance games the boys play very nearly backfires. When they do follow-the-leader routines similar to the ones in "Square Dance," with Horiuchi as the leader, which are we supposed to see—them as bigger versions of him or him as a littler version of them?

There are other, more serious questions. Why *is* it that these rising young dancers haven't risen very far in the general repertory? They seem to go from Stanley Williams' classes straight into Peter Martins' kindergarten and stay there. Robbins has given leads to one or two, but the women of "Les Petits Riens" whom one might have expected to follow their consorts into Balanchine or Robbins ballets are still Peterkinder. Boal, alone of this group, was given a plum role in "The Prodigal Son," which he handled with honesty and insight. And he made a brilliant début in "Tchaikovsky Pas De Deux," partnering Nichol Hlinka. But Merlo actually seems to have slipped back from the gains he was making a couple of seasons ago; he no longer does "Ballo della Regina" or "Valse Fantaisie." It's true that the ranking ballerinas of the company are on the tall side and the young men are coming in short. (They're coming in short everywhere; the exciting new dancer at American Ballet Theatre, Julio Bocca, is Baryshnikov's size.) At a time when the upper echelon of male dancers has thinned out owing to injury, and the corps is filling up with homegrown talent, it is upsetting to see the company having to rely on guest artists like John Meehan and Michel Mesnier or on Robert La Fosse, a new arrival. Good as these men are, their presence in the company tells us that it cannot meet its emergencies without outside help. And if it can't move qualified company-trained dancers into the outstanding roles of the repertory, what assurances do we have of its continued growth? Martins, I'm certain, means to tender his assurances with these charming little showcases of his, but all they do is isolate dancers and keep them in a perpetual limbo of readiness. The choice for "Voices of Spring" in "Vienna Waltzes," a role in which height is not a consideration, was the perennially flashy and hollow Christopher d'Amboise instead of Boal or Merlo or Edwards. (Dancing nonclassical steps in "Union Jack," the same d'Amboise gives a sharply accurate, winning performance.) Jock Soto is the only one of the Martins boys to have graduated to the great roles. The rest of the new talent is waiting to join him. Meantime, nothing moves; the giant is muscle-bound.



THE Mark Morris Dance Group gave its only New York concert of the season a few weeks ago in the grand ballroom of the Manhattan Center, on West Thirty-fourth Street. The show was on the stage, with half the audience seated at banquet tables, the other half on bleachers. On both sides of the ballroom, bars had been set up, and there was cabaret entertainment, unrelated to the Morris event and otherwise dispensable, before curtain time and during intermissions. The Morris group was presenting a piece called "Mythologies" in New York for the first time. "Mythologies" is a curiosity, even for Mark Morris. The unusual setting (the Manhattan Center, newly refurbished and regilded, is on the site of the old Hammerstein Opera House) matched the nature of the work.

"Mythologies," a trilogy, was suggested by the writings of Roland Barthes on popular culture which were published in a book of the same title in 1957; a translation appeared in 1972. Barthes wrote, as only French intellectuals can, about the iconography of soap powders and detergents, the ritual of the striptease and the wrestling match, and other pop phenomena. In adapting Barthes's themes to the theatre, Morris and his composer, Herschel Garfein, have evolved their own iconographies and rituals. In "Striptease" and "Championship Wrestling" they extend rather than illustrate Barthes's point. In "Soap-Powders and Detergents" they are elaborately beside the point, but they make such a ruckus that we're entertained anyway. Garfein, who got Morris interested in the idea of using Barthes's essays, composed a predominantly percussion score for "Striptease" and a tape collage for "Championship Wrestling." But for "Soap-Powders and Detergents" he created an oratorio for a quartet of vocalists and a thirteen-piece orchestra; the words are those of Fab and Era commercials. I think Garfein wanted to catch the spirit of Barthes's essay more than he wanted to deal with it directly, but the mock-heroic treatment is too pushy, and the lethargic pace makes the score undanceable. Every time the momentum dies, though, Morris revives it with some new twist and carries on. His choreography is a mélange of vintage modern-dance attitudes and postures; it's "heroic" in the manner of post-office murals—nothing "mock" about it. And it's as richly amusing. "Mythologies" doesn't represent the elegantly lyrical side of Morris's talent; it shows instead his gift for detached observation and impersonal satire. When he gives us quivering bubbles and regimented wavelets in "Soap-Powders" (the piece goes straight through the wash cycle), he isn't being unfair to Doris Humphrey's "Water Study"—he's just being the Spirit of Modernism. When big white laundry sheets keep parting and revealing figures frozen in poses, one doesn't respect Martha Graham's "Clytemnestra" any the


Sterling*without tears

And now the holloware is joined by table settings in the extension of this brilliant sterling look.

**And yet it isn't sterling. Made in France,* our 18/10 stainless steel mirror finish retains everything you want in the silver look, forever, without polishing. Catalogue $1.

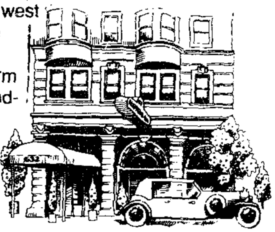
JEAN COUZON 509 Madison Avenue, NY NY 10022.

Jean Couzon
ORFEVRE

Now at
Bloomingdales
C. D. Peacock
Shreve & Co.

IN SAN FRANCISCO

Just two blocks west of Union Square enjoy gracious simplicity in warm intimate surroundings. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe. $66 to $96


THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Call for Brochure
(800) 227-4742 • (415) 563-6877
In California (800) 622-0557

4' Chippendale II

Country Casual
SOLID TEAKWOOD
BENCHES • SWINGS • PLANTERS
colour catalog $2.00
COUNTRY CASUAL - NY
17317 Germantown Road
Germantown, MD 20874-2999
(301) 540-0040
The Garden and Leisure Furniture Specialists

Spruce Point Inn and Lodges

Overlooking the Harbor, on 100-acre wooded peninsula. Fresh water and salt water pools, all-weather tennis courts, putting greens, yacht moorings, lobster bake. All rooms have ocean view. Town of Boothbay Harbor one mile away.

Brochure, Box 237 NY, Boothbay Harbor, ME 04538, 207-633-4152.

less. The use of fabric is Morris's main design element, and it's pure Denishawn, just as the abstract groupings in serried Art Deco formations are pure post-Denishawn.

But Morris is only coping in "Soap-Powders and Detergents." In "Striptease" and "Championship Wrestling" he is at or near his peak. I wrote about the latter piece when it had its première, at the Brooklyn Academy, in 1984; as a cartoon of violence, a slapstick "Guernica," it is still matchless, a one-of-a-kind creation. Morris doesn't stylize wrestling the way stage fights stylize fisticuffs; he gives us the same brutal, exaggerated nonsense we see in the arena, the blows invisibly deflected so that the dancers don't get hurt. When he overstylizes, as in the hilarious slow pummelling sequence, he hasn't left the arena—only switched to slow-motion replay. "Championship Wrestling" takes wrestling on its own terms as the theatre Barthes said it was. "Art" meets "sport" on the same phony turf. You can't believe that Morris could be getting so much out of this one-on-one overlay, or that, having succeeded here, he could possibly do it again. Yet "Striptease" goes beyond "Championship Wrestling" in explicit representation.

Between a Morris parody of a sensational or obscene spectacle and the spectacle itself there is often a very fine line. Morris doesn't just allude to stripteasers or wrestlers—he drives us to confront the harsh physical facts. But his arrangement of those facts is such that we are absorbed and enlightened by what we see—never cheaply implicated, never dehumanized, and never immunized, either. I don't know which I admire more—Morris's refusal to play down to his material or his refusal to play up to his audience. He uses trash fastidiously. In this he reminds me of Bette Midler or Joe Orton, artists who practiced outrage and placed themselves at great risk of being misunderstood. To keep on doing this, you have to have a sturdy sense of self, as well as a precise and flexible sense of where reality ends and parody begins. (I deliberately put Bette Midler in the past tense because, alas, after years of keeping her balance on the fine line she now seems to be losing it.) There's no hostility in Morris; he's much too various and large-spirited for that. In "Lovey," a piece seen here a couple of years ago which dealt with murder and child molestation, he took us to Hell laughing all the way, and brought us back crying. Now, in "Striptease," he and his company of dancer-mimes go to Nighttown. There are four female and four male strippers (including Morris), and they're so far off balance for so long that they seem to be out of control. Then, in the last thirty seconds of the piece, they make the miracle that transforms scabrous entertainment into a work of art.

This is a remarkable company. I saw "Lovey" with rotating casts; it was always extraordinary. For "Striptease" the cast is set; each dancer plays a character of fantasy or one with strong fantasy overtones, and each character—cowboy, she-devil, motorcyclist, bimbo, construction worker, Oriental fan-dancer, bride, punk—is fully worked up in terms of drag and shtick. These are star turns. Rob Besserer, Ruth Davidson, Tina Fehlandt, Susan Hadley, Donald Mouton, Keith Sabado, Teri Weksler, and Morris come at us one at a time, strike a pose, remove a bit of gear, flaunt a piece of anatomy, and stride off. On the next round, they carry the process a stage further. (You think they can't, but they can.) Morris is the sleaziest of all; wearing a black suit, a dangling earring, and ringlets falling over one bloodshot eye, he oozes and jerks his way down to the footlights like an ejaculating jellyfish. He gets down to skin. They all do. There is a silence as they hold themselves in character, strutting in a red light, freezing in silhouette. Then, suddenly, the show is over and we see them having to pick up their clothes and get off the stage.

In the declension of the striptease, Barthes said, we see that nudity is not the point—dressing up (and undressing) is. Nudity has levelled all these raging individualists; it has cancelled the process of revelation. If Morris had pulled the curtain at that point, he would simply have succeeded in putting on a strip show, but, like Barthes, he has produced an essay on stripping, and his sad little anticlimax is the ultimate comment on truth games in the theatre. You think he can't get beyond stripping, but he can.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

Colonial Farmhouse built in 1850 with many original features combining the old with the new. Country Kitchen. 5 Bedrooms, 2½ Baths. Huge wrap around porch for lazy days. Listed in the National register of Hispanic places.—*Adv. in the Summit (N.J.) Independent Press.*

Quite a casa.

MUSICAL EVENTS

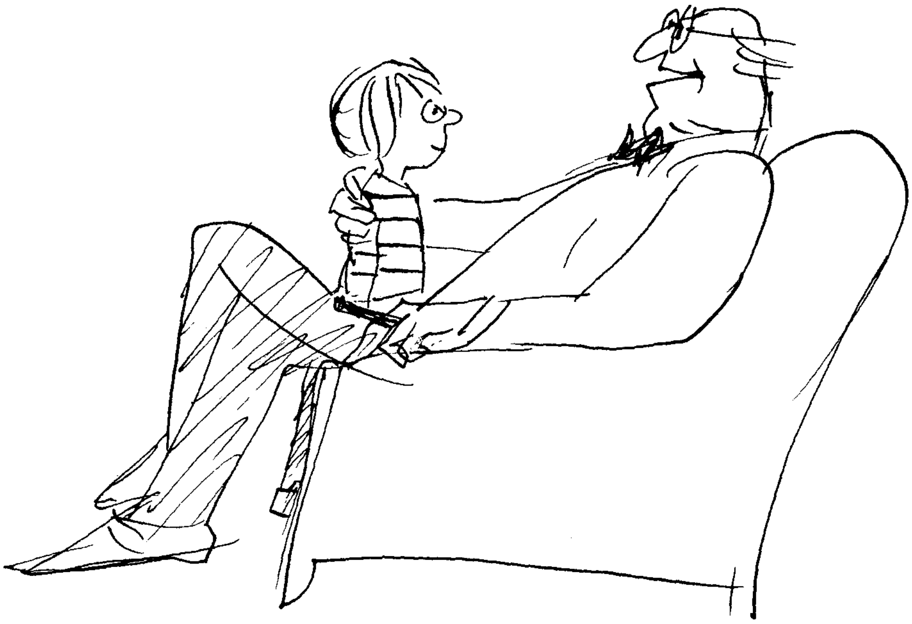
Prize-Giving

THE University of Louisville Grawemeyer Award for Music Composition—a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—was given this year to Harrison Birtwistle for his opera "The Mask of Orpheus." The judges were last year's winner, György Ligeti; Lawrence Leighton Smith, the music director of the Louisville Orchestra; and the critic Martin Bernheimer. I wrote about the work last year, when the English National Opera performed it in London; neither "The Mask of Orpheus" nor Birtwistle's chamber opera "Yan Tan Tethera" has yet been staged in this country. When Pierre Boulez, a Birtwistle champion, was with the Philharmonic, he conducted "The Triumph of Time," "Verses for Ensembles," and, with Juilliard players, "Tragoedia." "Nenia" and "Silbury Air" were also done here in those years. Latterly, we have heard less of Birtwistle in New York. But his "Carmen Arcadiae Mechanicae Perpetuum" could be enjoyed when Ballet Rambert visited City Center earlier this year. It was played with zest and brilliance by the company's expert young Mercury Ensemble, conducted by Nicholas Carr. "Carmen Arcadiae" (1977) is an exciting, Klee-inspired composition, embodying (in the composer's phrase) "the transformation from the mechanical to the magical."

On the same bill, again keenly played, were Nigel Osborne's "Mbira" and "Zansa" (1985), two colorful pieces that incorporate elements of African music. (Ashley Page was the choreographer of "Carmen Arcadiae," Richard Alston of "Mbira" and "Zansa.") One of a contemporary composer's better chances of having a score heard by many people—and played by performers who have not just got it up for a single concert but really know the music—comes when it is chosen, or has been commissioned, as the basis of a ballet. Michael Torke's "Ecstatic Orange" is in the New York City Ballet repertory (choreography by Peter Martins), and George Perle's "Serenade III" in American Ballet Theatre's, as "Enough Said" (choreography by Clark Tippet). The Mark Morris Dance Group's "Mythologies," at the Manhattan Center last month, was danced to three lively scores by Herschel Garfein, performed by able Boston artists, and conducted by the composer. (The third was a tape composition.) For next spring, City Ballet has announced a three-week American Music Festival, to include scores commissioned from Charles Wuorinen and Torke.

"The Mask of Orpheus" is a difficult work to perform and a difficult work to understand, so there is not much chance of our seeing it at the Met or at the City Opera. (Perhaps Sarah Caldwell, in Boston, John Crosby, in Santa Fe, or the Indiana University Opera Theatre, in Bloomington, will announce a performance one day.) What, I hope, will reach us soon, as a result of the Grawemeyer, is Birtwistle's "Endless Parade," for trumpet solo, strings, and vibraphone, which had its first performance last month in Zurich and was received with high acclaim. Last November, on the day after the official presentation of Ligeti's Grawemeyer in Louisville, his winning piece—Studies for Piano, Book I (1985)—was played, twice over, at a celebratory recital in Merkin Hall.

There are six studies in this first set. They were inspired by Ligeti's encounter with the player-piano compositions of Conlon Nancarrow. ("For me, he is the most interesting contemporary composer," Ligeti has said.) Ligeti wanted to see whether similar polyrhythmic intricacy could be compassed by a single pair of human hands. His intricacy was obtained by combining European metric devices such as hemiola (six divided as twice three or thrice two) with the pulse mazes of African music. In No. 1, "Disorder," a parallel eight-note pattern (accented three plus five or five plus three) in both hands is jolted as the right hand drops a note, and the bar lines for the treble and the bass move out of sync. (Once this has happened eight times, of course, they coincide again.) No. 2, "Open Strings," starts as a two-part invention in even eighth notes, each line being—almost entirely—a series of melodic fifths; then the rhythms and the textures grow denser, with fifths still ever-present. In No. 3, "Blocked Keys," what would be a chromatic moto perpetuo from one hand becomes quirkily gapped as it lights on notes that the other hand has silently depressed and is holding down. In No. 4, "Fanfares," a scalic eight-note ostinato ("*vivacissimo molto ritmico*, o=63, *con allegria e slancio*") is played two hundred and eight times, by one hand or the other, in various octaves, while through it the other hand sounds various "horn calls." No. 5, "Rainbow," is the most Chopinesque of the set. "*Andante molto rubato, con eleganza, with swing*" is written over the right hand, and "*p dolce, con tenerezza, sempre legato, molto espressivo*" over the left. It's a gentle study



"As you go through life, Billy, remember—a moving target is hard to hit."

in rubato both metrically notated and verbally expressed; in melody and accompaniment that are related but not synchronized; in drifting, tenderly shaded harmonies and rhythms. No. 6, "Warsaw Autumn," dedicated to "my Polish friends," is the longest, the most impressive, and, I imagine, the most difficult to play, with a sixteenth-note rapid pulse now sweeping delicately across the octaves (like the opening of the "Aida" Nile scene speeded up), now settling on a repeated drumbeat. Long melodies, sometimes single-line, sometimes chorded, sing out. Bar lines disappear; only the patter of the pulse remains, and that, too, is stilled for a while in a bare, mysterious episode that makes "heart-stopping" seem, for once, not a vulgar phrase.

The effects of rhythmic displacement are sometimes kin to those explored by Steve Reich in his early "phase" pieces. There is an experimental quality to the Studies which may make people question whether, in a year that produced much valuable music, this was the work most deserving of such handsome recognition. But the Grawemeyer Award, I imagine, is given as much for total achievement as for the particular piece that wins the citation: the composer of "Apparitions," "Atmospheres," "Lontano," and "Le Grand Macabre" has been honored. (Elliott Carter's, Pierre Boulez's, Karlheinz Stockhausen's, Peter Maxwell Davies', Michael Tippett's Grawemeyer day will no doubt come.) His quick responsiveness to musical adventures, his swiftness to see the point of new sounds and new procedures that will grow freshly in his own, fertile imaginative world, are everywhere apparent in the new work. (Not all great composers are inventors; Handel and Mozart, for two, transmuted familiar musical material into works of genius.) Moreover, the Studies are not as schematic as my account of them may suggest. In a program note Ligeti abjures the "scientific" and the "mathematical," and speaks, justly, of "a unification of construction with poetic, emotional imagination." In No. 2, the divergences from a strict succession of fifth moves seem dictated not by any formula but by musical instinct. The horn calls of No. 4, conformant at first to the two-plus-three-plus-two pattern of the ostinato, later depart from it in ways that some future analyst will *no* doubt explain but that seem the result of spontaneity and exuberance.

Ligeti was present at the Merkin Hall concert, and he spoke briefly and winningly. (At one point, he darted into the wings, explaining later that he had asked whether the hall's ventilation system could be turned off. European ears remain sensitive to mechanical noise that American musicians learn to suffer; Karajan made a similar request of the Met when he conducted there.) The other work on the bill, also played twice, was Ligeti's beautiful Trio for Violin, Horn, and Piano (1982), subtitled "Homage to Brahms." It, too, shows touches of Nancarrow-inspired metric device. It also questions the "relevance" of Romantic gestures newly indulged in a modern age, and is a disturbing, fascinating piece. The Studies and the Trio are published by Schott, in facsimiles of the composer's ungraceful but unambiguous hand.

The pianist was Volker Banfield (who has recorded the Studies, for Wergo). I thought him capable, but too literal and too nearly monochrome to make the most of the music; Alan Feinberg's account of "Rainbow," seven months earlier, at a 92nd Street Y recital, had been more poetical—truly iridescent. In the Trio, Saschko Gawriloff, violin, and Robin Graham, horn, joined Mr. Banfield. Their performance was plainer, less masterly, less captivating, than one by Rolf Schulte, William Purvis, and Mr. Feinberg in Symphony Space two years earlier. (Those artists have recorded the piece, for a forthcoming Bridge disk.) But the composer had chosen the Merkin artists: the fourth study is dedicated to Mr. Banfield; Mr. Gawriloff took part in the first performance of the Trio and, with Miss Graham, has played it widely. So this was presumably the way Ligeti likes his music to be done. I'm not sure he's right.

R. MacMillan

THERE seems to be an unwritten rule that the Pulitzer Prize in Music—established forty-four years ago, and first won by William Schuman for his Whitman setting "A Free Song"—should not be awarded to any composer more than twice. (Those who have won it twice are Walter Piston, Gian Carlo Menotti, Samuel Barber, and Elliott Carter.) So the list of winners reads as a roll call of prominent American composers—with Milton Babbitt, for some reason, missing. Carter was awarded a Pulitzer in 1960 for his Second String Quartet, and in 1973 for his Third String Quartet. It must have been tempting to give him a third Pulitzer for his Fourth String Quartet, but in fact the 1987 prize has been awarded to John Harbison, for "The Flight Into Egypt." It was first performed in Boston last November, by the Cantata Singers and Ensemble, conducted by David Hoose, who had commissioned it. I did not hear it then, but the performance was taped, and it was broadcast on National Public Radio after the announcement of the prize.

"The Flight Into Egypt," termed by its composer a "sacred ricercar," is a short, tender anthem, or little cantata, lasting twelve minutes—a setting of Matthew 2:13-23. Harbison, in a program note, says that it had its origins in thoughts about "the darker side of Christmas" ("when need, isolation, and anxiety increase")—thoughts inevitable "in a time of increasing distance between the privileged and the less fortunate." At the heart of the work is the Massacre of the Innocents and "lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted." The text is narrated by a baritone; the angelic summons to Egypt and summons to return to Israel are sung by a soprano; the three Old Testament prophecies quoted as being fulfilled are expanded as four-part contrapuntal choruses. The instruments are a reed consort (two oboes, English horn, and bassoon), three trombones, chamber organ, and strings. (Twenty-one players are needed; Harbison specifies a minimum string force of thirteen.) There's a Schützian feel about the balance of forces, which are kept clearly defined, and about the balance of expressive detail and close contrapuntal discipline. (Harbison says he did not know at the time of composition that Schütz had set much of the same text: verses 13-15 as a symphonia sacra, for small chorus, large chorus, and instrumental consorts; and the Jeremiah prophecy as a dense stretch of seven-part imitative counterpoint, for two singers and five instrumentalists. At the Boston concert, the Schütz pieces were sung after the new anthem.) There's a Stravinskyan tautness in the motivic control and in the clarity and purity of the scoring. The work begins with a piping oboe cantilena of fresh, almost Berliozian outline. It is taken up in successive entries by the other oboe after five bars, by the English horn after six more, by the bassoon after seven more—each entry a fourth lower than its predecessor. "Ricercar" implies careful contrapuntal composition. The angel, each time, is accompanied by a two-part violin invention. The first and third choruses are small fugues; the second begins with a full soprano statement of the chromatic theme, followed by imitative entries as close-piled as Schütz's in his setting of the same text. The three trombones, in intricately lapped rhythms, accompany the baritone's account of the massacre and of Joseph's fear on the return.

The symmetries of the simple, subtly shaped Gospel narrative are reflected in a score that makes a direct, unelaborated effect yet reveals uncommon beauty of thought and refinement of working. (It is published by Associated/G. Schirmer, at present in a facsimile of the composer's graceful, eloquent hand.) The piece is economical, poignant, almost understated—not an obvious prize-winner. Congratulations to the Pulitzer judges—they were Robert Ward, Joseph Schwantner, and David Hamilton—for spotting its sterling, satisfying qualities.

JAMES PRIMOSCH'S "Dappled Things," the latest of the New York Symphony commissions in its First Music series, was played in Carnegie Hall last week. It is a short (seven-minute), attractive, and well-written piece of music—an orchestral version of Primosch's setting, for mezzo-soprano and chamber orchestra, of Gerard Manley Hopkins' "Pied Beauty" (which praises God for "skies of couple-colour," stippled trout, finches' wings, "all things counter, original, spare, strange"). This was composed as the first movement of a cantata, "The Cloud of Unknowing." In the orchestral version—the composer said in a program note—the singer's musical material has been included. The work sounds not like a transcription but like a tone poem with a lively, variegated surface, an alert rhythmic progress, and a trim structure. It's a buoyant, joyful, imaginative piece. Primosch scores with a light, sure hand. Although he has been long cradled in academe—Cleveland State University, the University of Pennsylvania, and now Columbia, where, at the age of thirty, he is pursuing a doctorate in composition—he has a fresh voice of his own, and "Dappled Things" should soon find a place in symphony concerts through the country.

Jeffrey Brooks' "Section Gang," the Youth Orchestra's first commission of the season, was based on a pleasant idea: each division of the orchestra, like each division of a railroad section gang working to maintain a stretch of track, has its individual task, the purpose of which may be unclear until all the operations have been brought together. The work has rhythmic pungency and is cleverly constructed, but the general effect was a bit dry. Laura Karpman's "Six of One Half, A Dozen of the Other" (thus punctuated, for no readily apparent reason), the second commission of the season, proved to be a not very interesting essay in rewriting Ravel's "La Valse." The surface gestures have been reproduced—the fragments of melody, the kaleidoscope shifts of instrumental color—but the preludizing (in a nine-and-a-half-minute piece) went on too long, and when the big waltz tune did arrive, it seemed banal.

David Alan Miller and his able young orchestra were bright champions of all three works. Mr. Miller has been appointed an assistant conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic but will also continue with the Youth Symphony next season, for which pieces by Jeffery Cotton, William Doerrfeld, and Scott Eyerly have been commissioned. These Youth Orchestra concerts are invigorating. I also admired Mr. Miller's sane—but spirited—accounts of Schumann's Third, Sibelius's Second, and Berlioz's Fantastic Symphonies. Pamela Frank, a Youth Orchestra alumna, was a poised, glowing soloist in Max Bruch's First Violin Concerto.

—ANDREW PORTER

HELP YOUR SON OR DAUGHTER GET INTO THE RIGHT COLLEGE.

Subscribe to *College Bound*, the award-winning insider's guide to college admissions. *College Bound* delivers up-to-the-minute information to guide your college search:

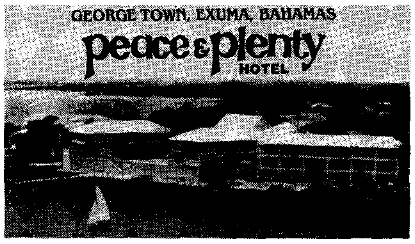
- choosing the right school
- financial aid developments
- admissions criteria
- application strategies
- and more

The country's best admissions counselors rely on *College Bound's* expert reporting. Now it is available to parents.

Send $75 for 10 monthly newsletters plus special summer supplement and bonus college guidebook to:

College Bound

10 North Main St. Suite 301 Yardley, PA 19067
or call Toll-Free 1-800-523-5948
In PA, 1-800-637-8509



Enjoy unspoiled charm on friendly Exuma Island. Your room has a balcony overlooking a blue lagoon. Informal luxury is the order of the day.

You will love our private Stocking Island only 1 mile away, with a beach club, bar and food service. All water sports plus excellent Bahamian and American food. Come unwind with us for a while at the water's edge ...

For reservations, see your travel agent or call 800-327-5118, FL 800-432-1362, Canada 800-327-0787, direct 809-336-2551/2. Free brochure: Peace & Plenty Hotel, % P.O. Box 21584, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33335.

THE GINGER MAN RESTAURANT
Manhattan
51 West 64th Street • (212) 399-2358

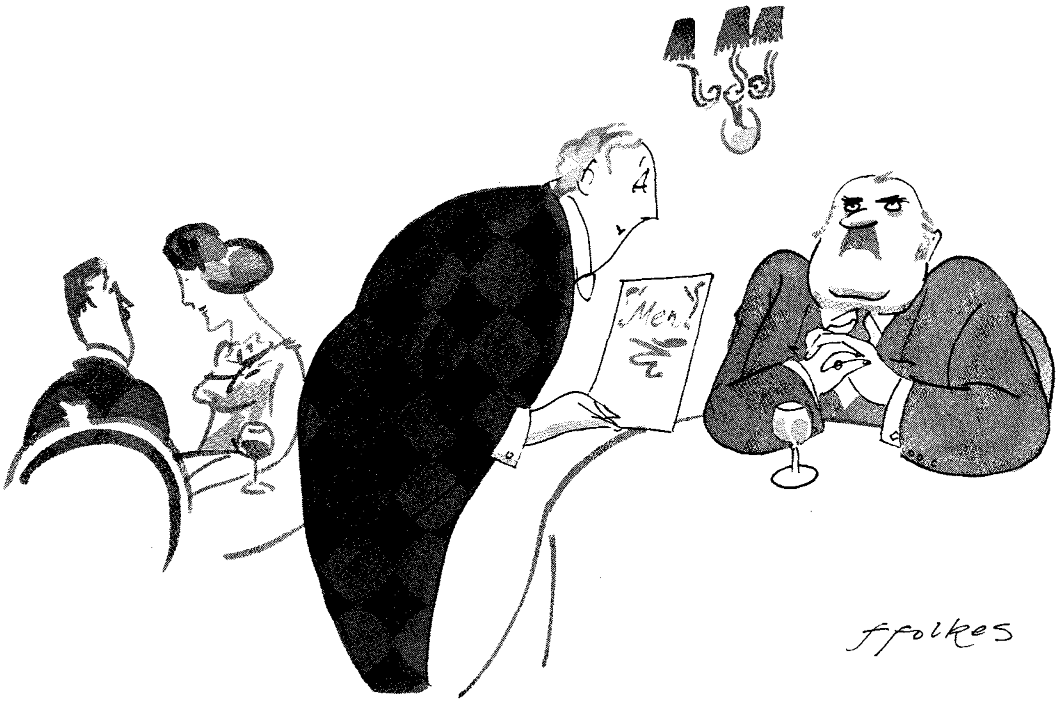
THE QUEEN ANNE INN
Known for its pursuit of excellence. Elegant country inn & restaurant.
70 Queen Anne Rd., Chatham, MA
02633 Cape Cod (617) 945•0394

LETTER FROM EUROPE

MILAN

THE Milanese have a reputation for sophistication, but they like to think of themselves as plain, provincial people, at the mercy of fast-talking southerners like Armando Verdiglione. Verdiglione is a Calabrese. He came to Milan, checked out the *Weltanschauung*, and made his pitch with the right amount of hard sell and obfuscation. By thirty, he had set himself up as a fashionable psychoanalyst. By forty, he had convinced so many Milanese that health and happiness—he called it "your personal intellectual itinerary"—were something you bought, like growth stocks, by investing in him, that he owned a chunk of the city which included a choice corner (the one with the view) of the Piazza del Duomo and extended out into the suburbs to Senago and the summer palace of the seventeenth-century cardinal Federico Borromeo. Last year, when the police arrested him for fraud, extortion, and assault, he was a local personage in the manner of Giorgio Armani and Fiorucci—or maybe Michele Sindona. He had a wardrobe of violently striped suits and three-toned patent-leather shoes, and he kept a fat, ten-inch cigar stuck in the middle of a face that was as soft and bland and petulant as a teen-age guru's. It was hard to miss Armando Verdiglione if you were young and trying to be trendy and hung out on the Via Montenapoleone, looking at clothes and drinking espresso at the Caffè Cova. Armando Verdiglione was an impresario of his own celebrity. He lived on that opulent street of shops, in an outsize panelled flat done up with the edgy dignity of people the old Milan rich refer to as *emergenti*—a couple of boardroom tables, a couch assaulted by zigzags of printed flame stitch, and a library filled with the books of psychoanalytic "theory" he wrote so fast, and so unintelligibly, that it looked as if Armando Verdiglione's real inspiration had been an active Ouija board, not Freud, and certainly not "Dante, Ariosto, Peano, Vico, and Pirandello," which was the list he gave when he was trying to persuade people that psychoanalysis was not therapy but "culture," and that consequently his patients were not really patients at all when they bought him palaces but simply paying cultural conversationalists.

Armando Verdiglione used to lead a busy Montenapoleone life. He took his coffee and brioche at the Cova at nine-thirty every morning, and after that he had a lot of people to see. He had to see his entourage of "Verdiglionian psychoanalysts," and his friends from the banks and the advertising agencies and insurance companies and fashion houses, who were the city's other *emergenti*, and who seemed to believe, like his patients, that an investment in Verdiglione was going to save them from a conspiracy between the Communists and the Catholics to deprive them of their money, on the one hand, and their fragile status, on the other. He had to see his friends from the Socialist Party, who were looking for something "cultural" to attach to, and, in a city soaked with politics, offered him a political umbrella on the assumption that he would provide it. He had to see the editors at Spirali ("spirals"), his publishing house, who put out a monthly magazine devoted in large part to the thought and triumphs of Armando Verdiglione, and a collection of books that included Armando Verdiglione's complete works as well as the high points of his "international cultural congresses." He had to lunch at Savini with the pretty young women who put their money in Spirali, and in the holding companies and limited partnerships he had put together in the interests of a big personal itinerary for everyone, and who in return had "graduated" from his instruction and were now *psicanaliste* themselves, with patients of their own in various stages of distress and solvency. Some of those patients—there were four or five hundred small stockholders in the companies of the Armando Verdiglione Foundation of International Culture—had raised two and a half million dollars to buy Verdiglione his view of the Duomo's lacy façade. The Piazza del Duomo was the headquarters of the Armando Verdiglione Foundation of International Culture. The handouts said it was "a place and a time to discuss the cultural issues which in Europe since 1978 have marked the turning point from disciplinary, ideological and sometimes patriotic as well as provincial universalism to industrial, namely artistic and cultural, internationalism, with the specificity of scientific discourse that internationalism implies."



"And what, sir, would you care for me to recommend?"

The Piazza del Duomo was where everyone started out on his personal itinerary—where the pretty young women had consulting offices and gave courses called "Reading Verdiglione," and where Verdiglione himself held forth, Monday nights, at a weekly "psychoanalysis seminar," sitting behind microphones on a podium that resembled a state monument from

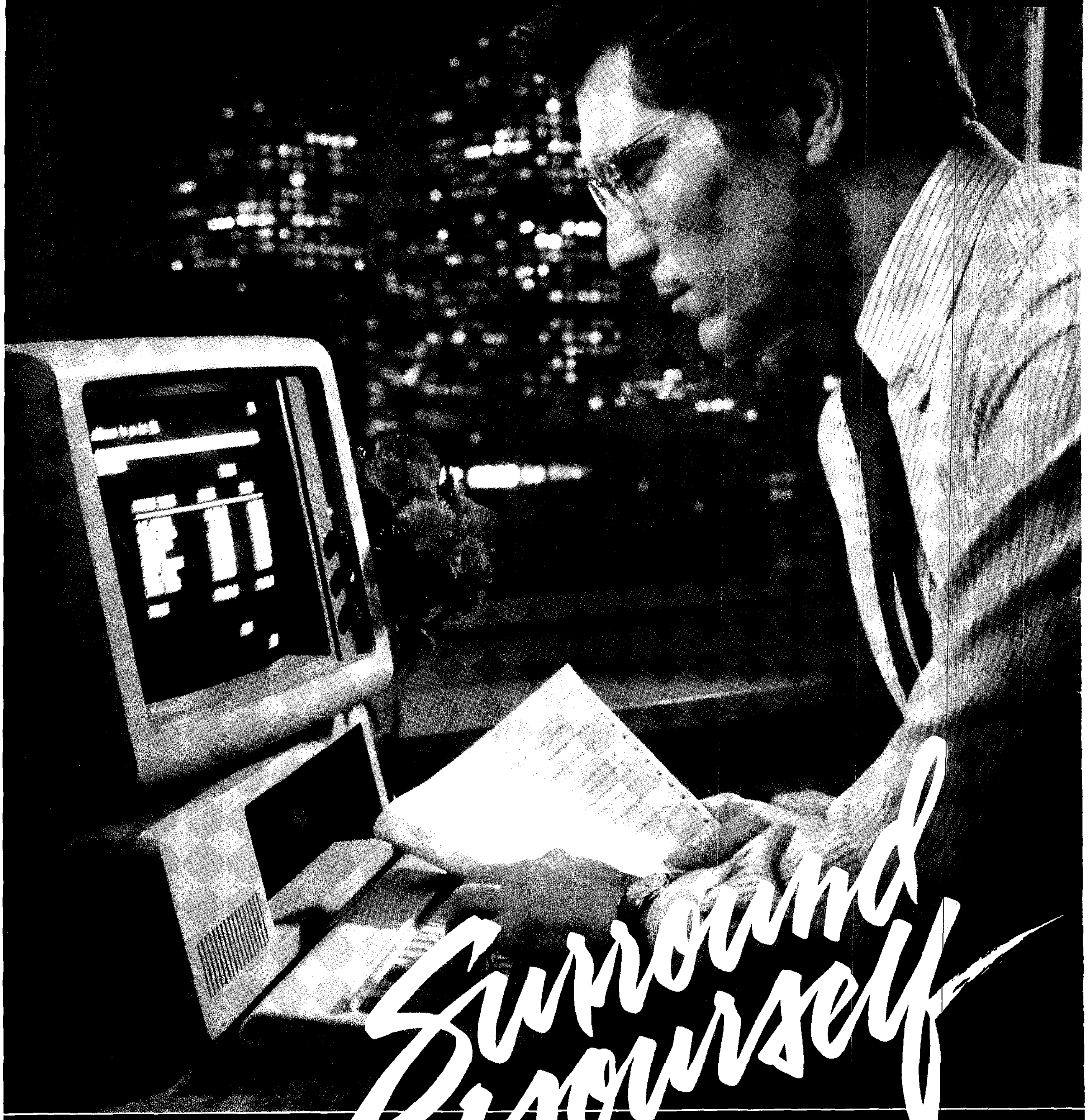
Smirnoff
80 PROOF
SMIRNOFF

Friends are worth Smirnoff

Crisp, clear, incomparably smooth Smirnoff® Vodka.

When ordering vodka, call for the best - Smirnoff. SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 Proof distilled from grain. © 1986 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—"Made in U.S.A."

Next business trip, order a byte from room service.



with CHICAGO HILTON AND *Towers*

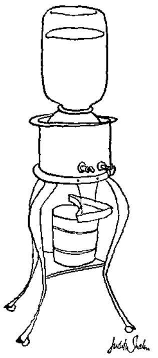
CHICAGO HILTON AND Towers

Surround yourself with the high-tech business support you need to stay ahead. Like a PC in your room. Private answering machine. Computerized slide graphics. Our Business Center puts it all at your fingertips! Call your travel advisor or Hilton Reservation Service at **1-800 HILTONS.**

720 South Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60605
(312) 922-4400

1935 and talking about things like "the maternal phantasm" and "the language of the structure of the symptom." But eventually that itinerary would lead to the Villa Borromeo, which Verdiglione had bought with another four million dollars' worth of his admirers' investments and promissory notes made over to a holding company he modestly called Kolonos, after Sophocles' birthplace and Oedipus' last refuge. Verdiglione claimed that the Villa Borromeo was the world's first "true psychoanalysis clinic." He thought the dimensions of the place were appropriate—the marble fountains and the birch parks and the stately, pilastered façade, the ochre cornices, the twenty-one drawing rooms that he could name Sala New York, Sala Tokyo, Sala Jerusalem, and Sala Paris, after the cities of his most important congresses. There was plenty of space for cultural conversation at the Villa Borromeo. Patients could rent a bedroom, and analysts an office, and sometimes they all got to mingle with French media *philosophes* like Bernard-Henri Lévy and Philippe Sollers, who showed up at what Verdiglione called his "manifestations of the Second Renaissance," either for the trip or for the publicity or perhaps in the suspicion (intellectuals in France are given to this sort of insecurity) that they might be missing something chic or *sérieux* if they stayed at home. Occasionally, the patients at the villa were joined by real celebrities. Elderly literati like Jorge Luis Borges and Eugène Ionesco would arrive in Senago for a couple of weeks' vacation and discover themselves at a conference called something like "Finance and Science," expected to talk for an hour every afternoon to an audience of Verdiglionian analysts, Milanese analysands, and bewildered businessmen who had paid a lot of money to hear them. Giorgio Bocca, the *Repubblica* columnist, says that the single most interesting fact to emerge from the Verdiglione affair was that for seven days, a nice room, and all expenses paid you could get any Nobel laureate in the world onto an airplane.

Whatever Armando Verdiglione was selling varied with the times and the market and the fickle enthusiasms of the Milanese, who were his real clientele. The Milanese say in their defense that they have always had trouble distinguishing between gurus and charlatans. They go on television panels and write letters to the editor complaining that all the institutions of Italian life, from the family to the Church to the Mafia, have primed them to meekly turn over their money and their faith to people they have terrible trouble understanding. They like to point out that thousands of Italians are *arancioni*—"orange people"—and wear saffron robes and worship a disreputable Indian known as Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. One of the orange people sits on the secretariat of the Italian Radical Party—the Radicali. He has told the other orange people to join the Radicali and get their guru elected something important, like Prime Minister, and the Milanese say that when you compare the Second Renaissance with an operation like that it is hard to accuse Verdiglione of anything. But Verdiglione was special. He was not selling God or karma or phony stocks or Florida swamps or any of the charlatan's classic offerings. He was a Cagliostro, selling a new kind of protection. Sometimes he called it "psychoanalysis" and sometimes "culture" and sometimes "the word," and after he was arrested and decided that the state had coöpted the word—"the demonization of the word," he said—he called it "the cipher." What made him special was that nobody, not the analysts and their patients or the prosecutors and the judges or the French *philosophes* who wrote letters defending him to the Italian President and sponsored an appeal on his behalf to the European Court of Human Rights—nobody, possibly not even Armando Verdiglione, could say for sure what he was talking about.



Armando Verdiglione was born toward the end of the Second World War in a village called Caulonia. His father was a blacksmith, and his most illustrious relative was an older brother named Guido, who in 1945 put together his own army, took over the village, and proclaimed the Red Republic of Caulonia. Armando does not go back to Calabria much anymore. Perhaps it was not his preferred personal itinerary to be the baby brother of a revolutionary, because, as a boy, he wrote gloomy poems and had spiritual crises and went on a pilgrimage to the Madonna di Serra San Bruno, and even talked about becoming a missionary someplace far away, like Japan. His mother sent him to the Jesuits in Sicily for proper spiritual instruction, but, according to a reporter who went to Palermo and tracked down Verdiglione's spiritual adviser, the Jesuits considered him "too Catholic to be a believer and too much of a Jesuit to become one." He arrived in Milan in 1964, with a letter from his bishop, and apparently let it be understood that he was from a "princely family." Four years later, he had a degree in modern literature from the Catholic University here. He was bright and wrote easily even then. He lived in a Church dormitory called the Augustinianum, and people who knew him say he paid his way by writing theses to order for his classmates and by selling lecture notes. Last summer, when he was in jail and was going on about the history of persecuted genius (Socrates, Cicero, Galileo, Verdiglione), he began writing tracts in which he talked about racism and about how people in Milan despised southerners like him. (The first tract was "The Word on Trial," and then came "What Am I Accused Of?" and "The Misadventures of a Psychoanalyst.") He could name everyone who had ever called him swarthy or smarmy, or even dark, or had joked about an *oscura* mind in a *scuro* body, or referred to the round lapels on his striped suits as "designer Calabrese," but the fact was that Verdiglione had cultivated his southern style, with what might have been irony or contempt for convention, or even cultural commentary, but in all likelihood was innocent preference. His classmates in Palermo had called him Pomatina, because of the way he slicked his hair, and his classmates in Milan thought that the cigars he smoked were "pestilential." He was not much liked at college. He did not "make his 1968," as the Europeans say, by striking and demonstrating and occupying buildings and otherwise preparing for the Revolution, but he seems to have learned something from the people who did, because the congresses—he liked to call his meetings "congresses"—that he orchestrated later on resembled nothing so much as nineteen-sixties sit-ins. You could walk into a Verdiglione congress and—no matter what the posters said about its being a meeting on semiotics or psychoanalysis or insurance—sing a song or make a speech or show home movies of your sex life or announce the arrival of

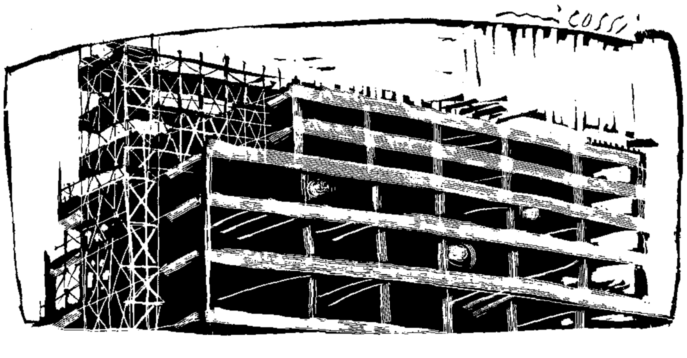
UFOs or start shouting about oppression. The difference was that the students of 1968 called it participatory democracy, while Verdiglione charged for the experience and called it the Second Renaissance.

In 1968, Verdiglione got a job teaching Italian literature in a local high school. He told his class about structuralism and linguistics and a lot of other glamorous French things the class had never heard of (one of his old students says that in those days Verdiglione was altogether *dans l'air du temps parisien*), and started introducing himself around Milan as a linguistics scholar. Most people believed him. Franco Fornari, who was president of the Freudian institute here, invited him to give a series of lectures on "psychoanalysis and linguistics" to his training analysts, and after that Verdiglione also started introducing himself as a psychoanalyst, and sometimes even as a training analyst. (Legally, there is nothing to prevent anybody from calling himself a psychoanalyst.) The Milan psychoanalysts—orthodox Freudians, and not an expansive group to begin with—were furious. Apparently, Dr. Fornari ordered Verdiglione to stop using the institute's name to solicit patients, and when Verdiglione ignored him Fornari called Verdiglione a *magliaro*, which is one way of saying a Calabrian hustler, and appealed to an older analyst named Cesare Musatti, who was the paterfamilias of the Milan Freudians (Musatti is ninety now and still consulting), to do something. Dr. Musatti summoned Verdiglione to talk about honor. Not much later, Verdiglione left for Paris.

It is hard to discover what, exactly, Verdiglione did in Paris or how long he was really there. Sometimes he says he was on a grant to study semiotics at the École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales. Sometimes he says he was studying with Maurice Merleau-Ponty (who had died in 1961), or with Georges Bataille (who had died in 1962), or with Claude Lévi-Strauss or Jacques Derrida. Of course, in Paris "studying with" can mean anything from writing your thesis under someone's direction to sitting in on his lectures with five hundred curious Parisians to simply reading his books. Lévi-Strauss taught until he was seventy-four and thinks that a hundred thousand people must have sat in on his lectures at one time or another. Verdiglione registered as a doctoral candidate at the Hautes Études every year from 1970 to 1976, and listed the semiologist Julien Greimas as his "director of studies," but Greimas says that Verdiglione was only around for two of those years, and that he never submitted a thesis or got a doctorate. No one at the Hautes Études today remembers him. The people who do remember Verdiglione in Paris met him in 1972, in Jacques Lacan's famous waiting rooms on the Rue de Lille, when he was commuting from Milan for monthly sessions of Lacanian analysis.

Jacques Lacan was the "linguists' psychoanalyst." He changed the way the French read Freud—most people would say he introduced the French to Freud, because the French Freudians were a tiny group, and no one else in the country knew anything about Freud, or wanted to, until Lacan started writing and teaching and practicing. He was much closer to the structuralists and semiologists of postwar France than to any of his own colleagues. It was his theory—expounded over thousands of pages of "Séminaires" and "Écrits"—that words themselves were the real subject of a Freudian analysis. He believed that language camouflaged the desires it had already subverted, and the dramas and traumas of what he called "the Freudian tale," and he talked and wrote an involuted, mystifying, and sometimes illuminating prose that—he seemed to be saying—was language calling language into question. He was a conjurer, and he was always performing. He liked to be driven to his seminars at the Hôpital Sainte-Anne in a Porsche and hide in a café until everyone was fidgety and getting nervous—and then he would rush in, out of breath, and talk about something like the sunrise in Baltimore or the columns of the Pantheon. He produced in people a kind of semantic vertigo, but they must have liked it, because half of Paris started turning up at those seminars, and they had to be moved to a big auditorium at the École Normale Supérieure, and then to the Faculté de Droit, and even then—it was after Brigitte Bardot became a regular—you had to be in line by seven in the morning to get a seat.

Lacan's patients, who followed him around dutifully, concluded that *le style Lacanien*, like *le discours Lacanien*, was a way of shocking them out of their expectations and assumptions. (Orthodox Freudians who knew Lacan pointed out that he was a cranky and impatient man and may have preferred his patients shocked speechless to sitting in his office talking at length and boring him.) Some Lacanian analyses went on long distance, like Verdiglione's. The Lacanian hour lasted anywhere from a couple of hours to a couple of minutes, for therapeutic reasons only the doctor could anticipate, but his patients considered themselves so well served by this ephemeral contact that after Lacan died, in 1981, a group of rival analysts talked about putting a notice in *Libération* to the effect that Dr. Lacan was continuing his practice—only from further away. There were days when Lacan would simply sit at the desk in his consulting room, reading the newspaper or fixing his bow tie or pouring tea from a Wedgwood teapot—and occasionally stare out the door at some invisible "other" (he called the unconscious "the discourse of the other") behind the people who had collected in his waiting rooms as the day went on. In the end, those patients got to know each other at least as well as they knew their doctor. Jacques-Alain Miller, who married Lacan's daughter and now presides over the École de la Cause Freudienne—a revived version of Lacan's psychoanalytic society, the École Freudienne—remembers Verdiglione from his waiting-room days. He says that there were maybe ten people commuting from Italy to the Rue de Lille to be analyzed or supervised or simply "received," and that none of them got along with Verdiglione, even though he was "not so obnoxious" in Paris as in Milan. Lacan saw Verdiglione for about two years. According to Miller, he was trying to "discipline" Verdiglione—presumably through the connection to himself and



to a "Lacanian network." According to Cesare Musatti, Lacan was "smart but a little crazy. He took students very nonchalantly. He didn't care if after two months you said, 'I am a Lacanian analyst now.' "

Cesare Musatti has a theory about Verdiglione. He says it is very easy to imitate "dissidence" in psychoanalytic circles, and this means that the language of psychoanalysis—and especially arcane "dissident" language, like Lacan's—is open to all sorts of manipulations and deceptions, including self-deception. Verdiglione claims now that he never was a Lacanian. "I have passed Freud, and I have passed Lacan," he likes to say. But he believed, if not in Lacan, then in his own ability to pull off a "Lacan" in Italy, and Dr. Musatti thinks this gave him a certain power as a healer. Verdiglione made people feel better—at least for a while—because that was what he told them he was doing. He had a "Lacanian" practice here before his own sessions with Lacan had even started, and his patients then—back when business was small and he was still calling them patients—thought he was a fine clinician. (On the other hand, fifteen years ago in Milan not that many people knew what a clinician was, or even what psychoanalysis was, besides being something you lay down for and paid for by the hour.) They had very little choice anyway. If you lived in Milan in the early seventies and wanted the cachet of a Lacanian analysis, either you went to Armando Verdiglione or you went to Lacan's Italian translator, Giacomo Contri, who was indisputably astute but was involved in the politics of a very conservative Catholic group called Communion and Liberation—and that connection made a lot of analysands nervous. It was clear in Paris which Italian Lacanians were in favor, because in Paris Lacan had admitted Contri and Muriel Drazien, an American woman with a Rome practice, to his École Freudienne, and he had refused to admit Verdiglione, no matter how often Verdiglione asked. It was not so clear in Milan. Lacan wanted to have an institute in Milan and establish *his* Freud in Italy. He was a conceited man, and, whatever he thought of Verdiglione, he knew that Verdiglione had a following of "Lacanians" here—maybe the biggest following of Lacanians. When the time came to put together that Italian institute, he informed Contri and Drazien that Verdiglione would be joining them as a director.

Contri says now that he has made an *autocritica*. He has decided that Verdiglione's real problem was not crime but rejection, that Verdiglione was always getting rejected, and that rejection exalted him and, like a psychotic or a junkie, he needed bigger and bigger rejections—getting arrested and going to jail in handcuffs—to satisfy him. At the time, however, all that Contri knew was that he wanted to reject Armando Verdiglione. Muriel Drazien, who was a serious young woman from the upper West Side, didn't think much of Verdiglione *or* Contri. She says the three of them were like the states of Italy before the Risorgimento—ambitious, different, divided. They met a few times and eventually signed some papers for a school to be called La Cosa Freudiana. They did manage to hold one meeting, with thirty people, and then they argued publicly and La Cosa Freudiana dissolved. Around that time, Verdiglione held the first of his congresses, "Psychoanalysis and Politics."

ARMANDO VERDIGLIONE is not a charismatic man or an attractive man or a man of any noticeable charm. It is hard to imagine him in the sunshine. He is short and sallow, and until he went to jail he was always plump—not fat or stocky but plump and smooth, like a flashy little Buddha carved in wood. He has a look that you sometimes see in hospitals—a look psychiatrists associate with lack of affect. It is a look of intense and aggressive disregard. In Verdiglione, it passed for confidence at first, and then for success, because nothing embarrassed Verdiglione and no one intimidated him. He founded something called the Freudian Collective for Semiotics and Psychoanalysis. He gave seminars with an entrance fee of five or ten dollars. He saw to it that his patients brought their friends, and his old *liceo* students brought their friends, and that they all sat still while *il professore* said whatever came into his head and called it "discourse."

People who heard Verdiglione talk say that his words were like potshots—sometimes they hit reality and sometimes not—but everyone figured he was saying something brilliant, because he always spoke in the company of intellectuals whose names they knew and who seemed to be listening. Verdiglione had discovered early on that intellectuals like to get invited

Now our Weekend Plan includes the three of you.

YOU TWO AND YOUR CAR.

$54.75*
per person, per day, double occupancy.

Taxes included. Friday and Saturday nights.

Includes deluxe room. Continental breakfast, New York Times, box of gourmet chocolates, 2 "Big Apples," bottle of champagne and PARKING.

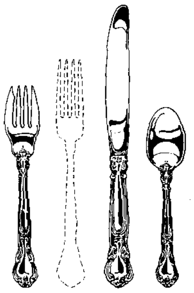
Enjoy our fashionable location, close to shops, theatre and entertainment and the warm hospitality and friendly welcome. Experience the Doral Park Avenue difference.

* Limited availability. Existing reservations cannot be converted—these rates do not apply to groups, conventions, etc.

DORAL PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK'S EXQUISITE, SMALL HOTEL
Park Avenue at 38th Street • New York 10016
Tel.: (212) 687-7050 • Telex: 968872
For reservations, call your travel agent or toll-free 800-847-4135.

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.



Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

WQXR 96.3 FM or 1560 AM
The Stereo Stations of The New York Times

places, that they like to see their names on posters, like politicians or rock stars. He collected names in those days—names like Socrates and St. Catherine and Gödel and Semiramis to drop in his lectures, in between the references to "signs" and "signifiers" and "the transfinite," and also fashionable Paris names like Gilles Deleuze and Octave Mannoni and Marcelin Pleynet to come to Milan and hear those lectures. He acquired lists of smart people the way a catalogue company acquires lists of customers, or a candidate acquires lists of voters. He seemed to know that only a few of the smart people would bother to complain, and even fewer would think to call their lawyers, if they saw their names appropriated as Verdiglione "authors" or "sponsors" or (his favorite) "collaborators." He knew, in fact, that most of them would go along for the sake of being cited in such good company.

Verdiglione's collection was at its most beguiling in the early eighties, when he was using a system of mailings and promotion based on the simple premise that anyone who didn't actually reply to his invitations saying no could be said to have accepted. There were four hundred names on the International Board of Collaborators he published at the front of his magazine, *Spirali* (before the phone interviews and conference transcripts and unpaid reprints and the articles about Verdiglione and even the articles by Verdiglione). They ran a gamut from wrong people (Bob Guccione) to dissident people (Vladimir Bukovsky) to important Third World people (Léopold Senghor), and the one thing most of those people had in common was that they had never heard of Armando Verdiglione. By then, the posters for Verdiglione's congresses—like the congress called "Sex and Language," at the Plaza, in New York in 1981—listed under "participants" everybody who had been invited, and under "invited" (presumably) everybody who had refused. But by then it was obvious that a lot of people would cheerfully give a ten-minute talk on "The Indissoluble" or "The Syntax of Enjoyment" or "Pen, Pencil, and Penis" or "Pornography and Cinema of the Semblance" in return for a week at the Plaza at the expense of banks and businesses, and even governments, that were convinced Armando Verdiglione was Italy's answer to "Masterpiece Theatre." Some of those people would even pay to see their name on a speakers' program with names like Michelangelo Antonioni, Luciano Berio, Milan Kundera, and William Burroughs (whether or not they came) and get to make a speech in simultaneous translation.

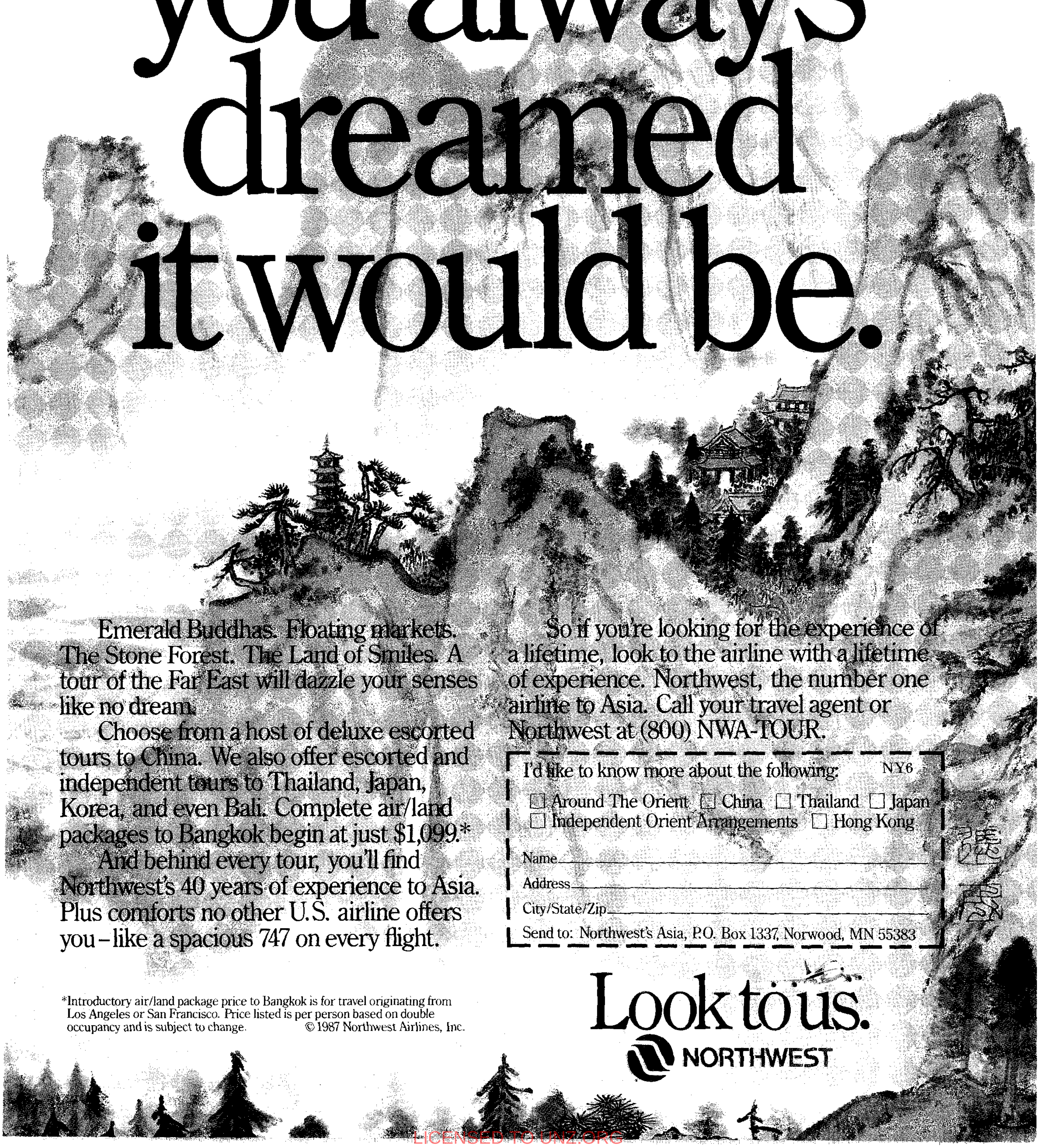
Piero Bassetti, who runs the Milan Chamber of Commerce, says that Verdiglione's genius was to "finger the *emergenti* whose real financial activity was spending." Verdiglione made these people feel like intellectuals, and even like aristocrats, by selling them a world that was so arcane, so "Lacanian," that nobody else could understand what they were saying. Italians have a great respect for obscurity, for long and difficult words and the *dottori* who use them, and Verdiglione talking "Lacan"—talking about "the submission to the guarantee of the ineffable" or "the ear as metaphor for the representation of 'the listen' "—was not so different in the end from the judges and doctors who used to talk in Latin so that people would find them priestly and intimidating. In Italy, a man who sounds obscure can pass for a cultivated man, and the more obscure he sounds the more cultivated he seems. This may be why the Milanese took up Armando Verdiglione as if he were a Fendi fur or a pink plastic lamp from Ettore Sottsass' Memphis studios. By 1976, Verdiglione was established here. He was Dr. Verdiglione or Professor Verdiglione or anything else he chose to call himself. He had renamed his "collective" the Italian Psychoanalysis Association. He had Feltrinelli publishing his conferences. He was starting to meet the lawyers and accountants who later on would turn his real estate into a foundation. He was training a group of avid, if often unstable, young patients as psychoanalysts. Those patients were beginning to see patients of their own, and were putting their money and their patients' money into the association. Armando Verdiglione was getting so well known in Milan that when he announced his first International Psychoanalytic Congress, two thousand Milanese paid for tickets to hear him talk about madness.

A psychoanalyst here named Elvio Fachinelli says that the trouble with Verdiglione's own personal itinerary was that it really was an itinerary. Verdiglione took his show out of Italy for the first time in 1977, and after a few years there was nowhere left for him to go. He was compulsively extravagant. (His admirers said "baroque" and "theatrical" and "in the tradition of the Counter-Reformation.") The first time he came to New York, he got out one of his American lists and invited everybody on it for champagne and lobster at the Waldorf. A few months later, he was back with sixty French and Italian reporters, and then he brought in his team of "international intellectuals" and booked them into the Plaza. The bill at the Plaza was a quarter of a million dollars, and no one ever found out who paid it—though Alitalia admitted having helped out with the Italian airfares, and Air France with the French airfares, and it turned out that the Banco di Roma and what Verdiglione calls "industry" had contributed to a big party at the Metropolitan Museum. (Not to be outdone, the French foreign minister told his cultural attaché in New York to throw a bigger, better party, and Verdiglione arrived with three or four hundred guests.)

VERDIGLIONE does not like answering questions about money. When people ask about the women who are said to support him—his first "fiancée" was a disciple named Giovanna Sancristoforo, and now his fiancée is a textile heiress named Cristina Frua De Angeli, who says that coming, as she does, from an industrial family, her own personal itinerary would naturally combine "psychoanalysis and business"—he either changes the subject or talks about Freud and Marie Bonaparte and how everybody in Vienna was jealous. He is said to have paid bills in New York with Banco di Roma sacks filled with dollars, but the only sack he chooses to discuss is something that has to do with comparing the unconscious to a contraceptive. Sometimes he says that talking about money is a way of avoiding talking about "sex" or "the voice" or "parricide," or whatever word he happens to be promoting. Other times he says that money has been the big taboo in "European discourse," and that he has broken it.

A couple of years ago, a story went around Milan to the effect that Verdiglione's bank sacks were sacks of

Asia. The way you always dreamed it would be.



Emerald Buddhas. Floating markets. The Stone Forest. The Land of Smiles. A tour of the Far East will dazzle your senses like no dream.

Choose from a host of deluxe escorted tours to China. We also offer escorted and independent tours to Thailand, Japan, Korea, and even Bali. Complete air/land packages to Bangkok begin at just $1,099.*

And behind every tour, you'll find Northwest's 40 years of experience to Asia. Plus comforts no other U.S. airline offers you – like a spacious 747 on every flight.

So if you're looking for the experience of a lifetime, look to the airline with a lifetime of experience. Northwest, the number one airline to Asia. Call your travel agent or Northwest at (800) NWA-TOUR.

I'd like to know more about the following: NY6

☐ Around The Orient ☐ China ☐ Thailand ☐ Japan
☐ Independent Orient Arrangements ☐ Hong Kong

Name____________________________________

Address__________________________________

City/State/Zip____________________________

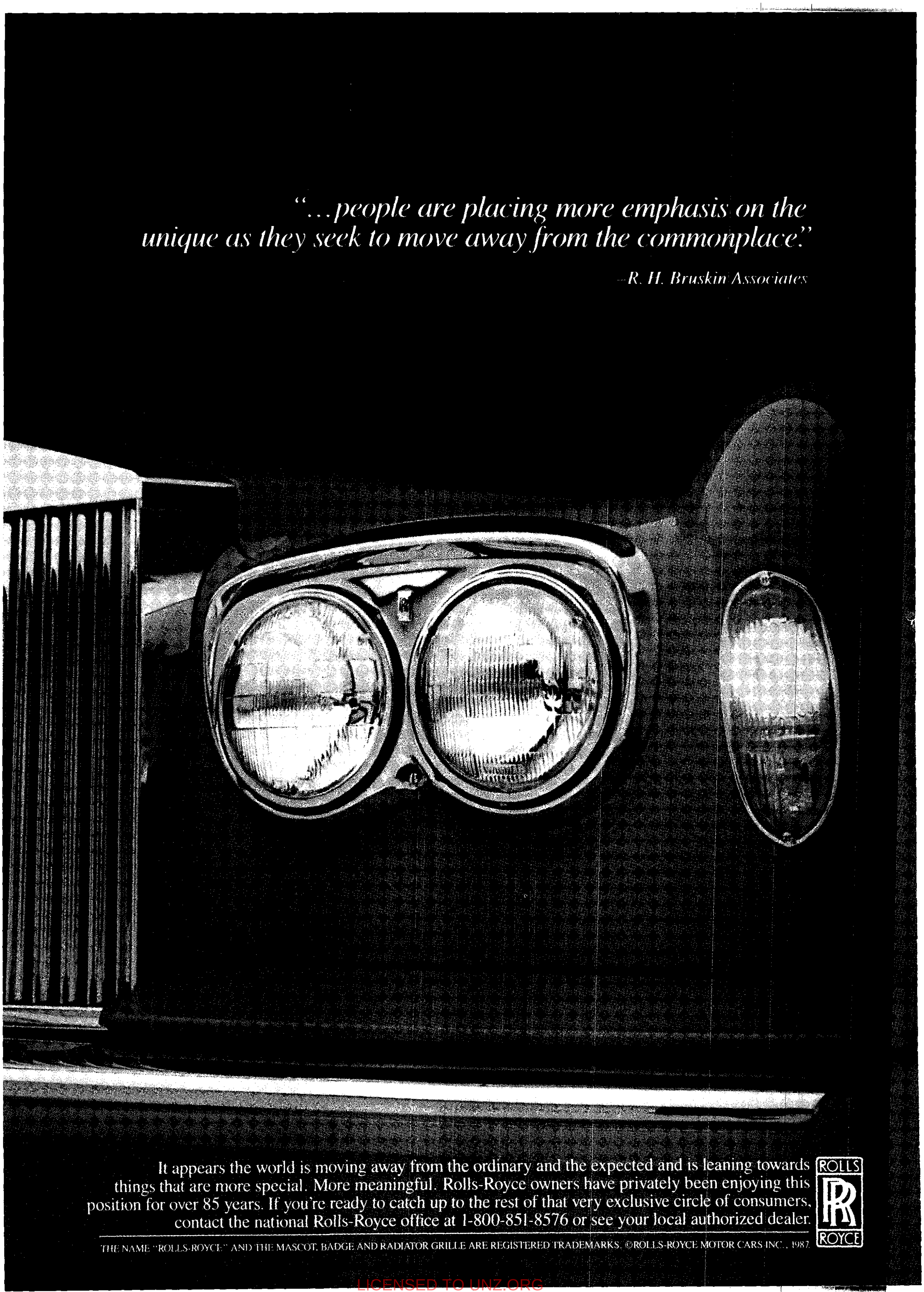
Send to: Northwest's Asia, P.O. Box 1337, Norwood, MN 55383

Look to us.

NORTHWEST

*Introductory air/land package price to Bangkok is for travel originating from Los Angeles or San Francisco. Price listed is per person based on double occupancy and is subject to change.

© 1987 Northwest Airlines, Inc.



"...people are placing more emphasis on the unique as they seek to move away from the commonplace."

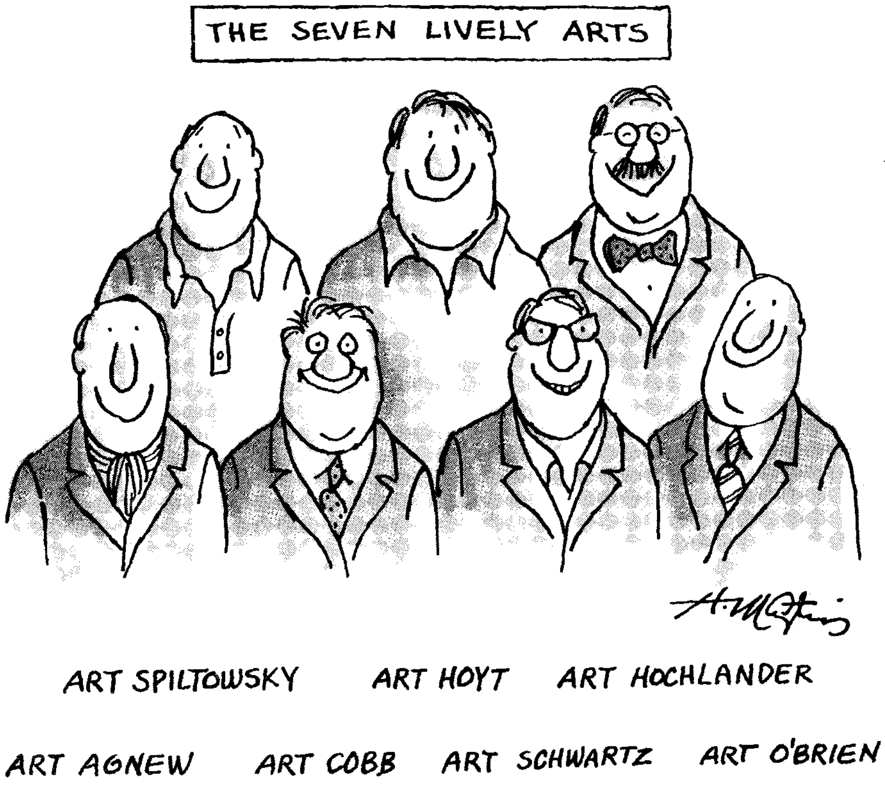
—R. H. Bruskin Associates

It appears the world is moving away from the ordinary and the expected and is leaning towards things that are more special. More meaningful. Rolls-Royce owners have privately been enjoying this position for over 85 years. If you're ready to catch up to the rest of that very exclusive circle of consumers, contact the national Rolls-Royce office at 1-800-851-8576 or see your local authorized dealer.

ROLLS
RR
ROYCE

THE NAME "ROLLS-ROYCE" AND THE MASCOT, BADGE AND RADIATOR GRILLE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS. ©ROLLS-ROYCE MOTOR CARS INC., 1987.

money that he was laundering for the Mafia. People believed this until someone pointed out that the Mafia had more efficient ways of laundering money than Armando Verdiglione. As it happens, the only Mafia that Verdiglione tapped was the one Italians call "the Socialist Mafia," which is run mainly from Milan by a group of Milanese *emergenti*—most notably, the old Prime Minister, Bettino Craxi; the Mayor of Milan, Paolo Pillitteri, who is Craxi's brother-in-law; and the young Socialist Party vice-secretary, Claudio Martelli, who is Craxi's *protégé*. The Italian Socialist Party has very little to do with European Socialism, or even with old Italian Socialism. It was slow to revive once the war was over, and by the time it did revive it was to all intents and purposes a new party—with the same sort of clientele Verdiglione was courting. It is considered an aggressively corrupt party, even by Italian standards, because the Socialists bought into the political spoils system so much later than the two big parties—the Christian Democrats and the Communists—that most of Italy was gone by the time they arrived. The Socialists went into *la cultura* and *lo sport* and *la moda* as if they were dairy monopolies or state electric companies, and they peddled influence for people like Verdiglione, whom the old politicos had never even considered. It is unlikely that many of them read the "dialogues" in which Verdiglione discussed Adam and Eve, William of Malmesbury, Sylvester II, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Alexander Pope, Abraham ibn Ezra, Giordano Bruno, Lord Byron, Kant, Leibniz, Paracelsus, Jacques Offenbach, and the Goddess of Dawn with somebody called the Coder and somebody else called Encoding. But they saw to it that the bankers they knew gave Verdiglione credit, and that their friends at the Ferrovie and the insurance companies contributed to the Freudian cause, and that advertising agencies the Party used put ads in *Spirali* and helped out with expensive congresses like "Sex and Language" and the Tokyo congress called "Sexuality: Where Does the East Come From, Where Is the West Going?"



PIERO FORNO is a forty-year-old public prosecutor with more experience interrogating terrorists than interrogating psychoanalysts, and neither the time nor the money nor the requisite chic to receive a celebrity's invitation to the Second Renaissance. In fact, Piero Forno had never heard of Armando Verdiglione until the spring of 1985, when he was told to investigate some charges involving a training analyst from Verdiglione's group and a patient of the analyst's who had signed over a hundred and seventy thousand dollars' worth of bank loans, promissory notes, and IOUs in exchange for shares in three of Verdiglione's real-estate companies. The analyst was a doctor from Padua named Fabrizio Scarso, who had moved to Milan to practice after a couple of years on Verdiglione's couch. The patient was a dentist from Puglia named Michele Calderoni, who had moved to Milan to study and—whether or not he was sick to begin with—had ended up in a schizophrenic ward after a couple of years on Scarso's couch. When policemen raided the Villa Borromeo, looking for Scarso, they found torn-up checks in Verdiglione's wastepaper basket—and Verdiglione himself hiding behind a chair in a room with the lights turned off.

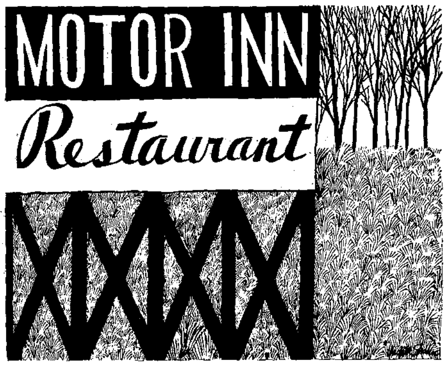
Forno spent about a year on the case. He interviewed dozens of patients ("the victims"), and in the end he arrested Verdiglione, along with Scarso and four other analysts in Verdiglione's entourage. The charges he brought against them ranged from extortion and fraud to *circonvenzione di incapace*, *abbandono di incapace*, and *violenza privata*. When the case was tried, he recommended that the court consider a second trial, because he also wanted to charge twenty-six associates of the Armando Verdiglione Foundation of International Culture with criminal conspiracy.

The case of Michele Calderoni was a model of what one reporter called "the Verdiglione method." The first year of the dentist's analysis was apparently uneventful, although his lawyer has said that Calderoni was having trouble because of the "pressures of dental school." (Verdiglione, who can get carried away into lucidity when he talks about the case, says that Calderoni was having "woman trouble.") When Calderoni had been in analysis for about a year, Scarso talked to him about the possibility of his becoming an analyst himself. Scarso sent him to see Verdiglione, and that, according to the prosecution, was when Verdiglione asked for money. At the time, Calderoni had six thousand dollars in the bank. Verdiglione took it. A few weeks later, he arranged for the dentist to raise forty thousand dollars in loans from six banks—loans that were guaranteed by Scarso and some of the other foundation analysts. Eventually, Calderoni turned over a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars more. He borrowed some of it, at twenty per cent interest, using his dental practice as collateral, and the rest was in IOUs made out to the holding companies Kolonos and Spirali and to another company, called Klinein (from the Greek "to bend"), which Verdiglione had set up to rent space and sell "services" (like catering and translating and linens) to businesses that wanted to use his headquarters for meetings of their own. Calderoni signed so many IOUs—Italians call them *cambiali*, and buy them, notarized, in tobacco shops—that his bill at the local tobacconist's was nearly seventeen hundred dollars. His lawyer claims that trying to meet those IOUs was what was driving Calderoni crazy. He says that when Calderoni complained, Scarso threatened to stop analyzing him if he stopped "investing." Scarso denies this, but the fact is that by the beginning of 1985 Calderoni was in terrible shape, and no one was looking after him properly. He was having hallucinations, and he would sit alone in his room laughing to himself.

Calderoni's sister, who was the original plaintiff, says that one day that winter a van arrived at his apartment, driven by a foundation factotum by the name of Mario Latino. Latino seems to have been a combination driver, electrician, analyst, and escort (he was once charged with raping a patient, and acquitted) at the Villa Borromeo. He took the dentist, his clothes, his books, and his furniture to Senago—apparently so Calderoni could pursue his personal itinerary in a more congenial cultural environment—but Calderoni only lasted a month there. His family thinks that the people at the villa got frightened, seeing how sick he was, and let him go. The day he came home, he was so disoriented that his sister called a doctor, and the doctor persuaded him to check into the hospital. A day later, the bankers started calling her.

What bothered the investigators and prosecutors most about the case was that neither Scarso nor Verdiglione—who was supposedly supervising Scarso—had consulted another doctor about Calderoni or let his family know how sick he was. It looked as if they had something to hide, something more important to them than a dentist with a woman problem. The more the prosecutors thought about the case—and about Verdiglione and his analysts and his Foundation of International Culture and his holding companies with Greek names and "shares" that apparently could be neither sold nor reclaimed—the more familiar it seemed. It reminded them of the case of the philosophy professor Toni Negri, who was arrested in 1979 and charged with "masterminding" terrorist plots at the University of Padua. Negri had demanded to be tried as an "ideological prisoner" instead of a criminal conspirator, and now here was Verdiglione demanding to be tried as "a prisoner of the word." The prosecutors thought they had another conspiracy on their hands, no matter how much Verdiglione complained that it was psychoanalysis on trial, or culture, or transference (Giovanni Caizzi, the chief prosecutor, kept interrupting testimony to talk about "bad transference"), or how often he told reporters that psychoanalysts had been better off in Stalin's Russia and Hitler's Germany than they were in democratic Italy, where there were "thought police" everywhere.

In a way, Verdiglione was right when he said that psychoanalysis was on trial. It was clear that the *magistratura*—Forno and a colleague named Francesca Manca, who had done the investigating; Caizzi, who had taken over in court as prosecuting attorney; and the three judges, who found Verdiglione guilty last July—considered psychoanalysis a slippery, if not a sinister, business. It was as if there was something unhealthy about a world where people revealed the most intimate details of their lives to someone just because he called himself an analyst—someone who then proceeded to discuss those intimate details with *his* analyst or, even worse, with a whole group of analysts claiming to be making up a "theory of the clinic." Some of them thought it was bad enough that Italians still felt compelled to kneel in dark booths talking to priests about whether they masturbated or fornicated, or whether they respected their mothers. In Italy, the *magistratura* is a public profession: being a prosecutor or a *giudice istruttore* or a judge of the tribunal means that you are a civil servant. The Italian courts are arbitrary, sometimes corrupt, and almost always political, with the Communists and the Catholics demanding their share of the jobs and their share of decisions, but in cities like Milan there is a generation of young prosecutors and judges who have done as much as anyone to help get rid of terrorism, and they are admired by a lot of Italians for their determination and courage. They are not worldly people. They tend to see decadence where other people see Marx or the Mafia, and they believe they can clean up Italian life as if it were a kitchen floor—with scouring and a lot of pressure. They would probably look at psychoanalysis as a conspiracy whether it was Verdiglione or Freud on the witness stand.



THE state had one idea, which was brought home when two of Verdiglione's analysts "repented" in jail (in Catholic Italy, people who turn state's evidence are called *pentiti*) and dictated some forty pages of accusations against him. The idea was that Verdiglione had "used" Freud—that he had used the confidentiality of the couch and the conventions of training analysis—for criminal purposes. You chose an analyst, the argument went. Maybe it was an analyst you knew from one of Verdiglione's congresses, someone who had sat on a stage right next to Borges or Elie Wiesel—someone not too bright, and even a little dissociated, who had been transformed by proximity into someone brilliant. Your analyst was soothing and, you assumed, correct, until one day he said to you, "Giovanni"—or Giovanna—"you will never resolve your problems lying on this couch. You have to integrate your analysis into a cultural activity, something that will give meaning and direction to your life. You have to enter the Armando Verdiglione Foundation of International Culture." Now (the argument went on), suppose you asked your analyst what your "cultural activity" could possibly be, seeing that ninety per cent of all the activity at the foundation seemed to belong to Verdiglione, and anything left over was reserved for the celebrities who took their vacations at the Villa Borromeo. Your analyst was ready. He "knew" your secrets. He would say to you, "Giovanni, you dream of painting. You think you are a podiatrist"—or an accountant or a kindergarten teacher—"but your true self is an artist, and it so happens that Armando Verdiglione is looking for an artist to paint pictures of the Second Renaissance. That is your *spazio*, your true cultural activity." Well, by then you were delighted. Armando Verdiglione was the answer to your problems. He was going to transform you from a podiatrist into a painter, and all you had to do was join this foundation of his, which had psychoanalysis for an ideology (or, if you preferred, a theology). Then and there, you fell in love with your analyst. It was the beginning of what Caizzi liked to call your "bad transference." You were in love with the foundation and with psychoanalysis and with Armando Verdiglione and with yourself. You gave up podiatry to paint the Second Renaissance. You understood from Verdiglione's speeches that "culture" was everything. Culture was art, theatre, factories, insurance companies—though arguably not podiatry—and it cost a lot of money to organize.

The time had come to start paying, because Verdiglione had projects that were also your projects, from the point of view of your new itinerary. He had a dozen holding companies, a Chinese box of companies—one company founded to buy shares in another company founded to buy shares in a third company founded to buy shares in a company that owned an expensive piece of real estate. The companies sounded good, because they were not called Senago Real Estate or Duomo Properties. They were called Delfi and Kolonos and Freud and Pirandello. They sounded like the sort of companies you would expect to visit on your itinerary. Say you had five thousand dollars. Your analyst would tell you that five thousand dollars was not much money, but he would take it anyway, and after a few days he would ask you again—and you would find five thousand dollars more.

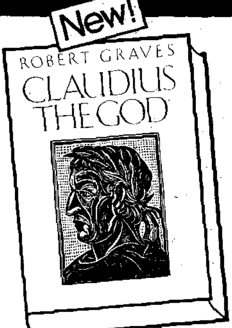
Finally, when there was nothing left, he sent you to Armando Verdiglione. He sent you to the glamorous flat on the Via Montenapoleone, the flat you had read about in *Oggi* and *Panorama*, the flat where Lina Wertmüller dropped in of an afternoon and the Prime Minister's relatives—if not the Prime Minister himself—were said to have discreet Sunday-afternoon analyses. You arrived, nervous and excited. To your astonishment, Armando Verdiglione knew as much about you as your analyst did. He was a little cross with you, in fact. He had thought you understood that a proper investment in the Second Renaissance was not five thousand dollars but, say, fifty thousand dollars. He said to you, "Giovanni, what is a mere fifty thousand dollars when it's your life as a painter we're talking about?" He told you about his new "department of art" at the Piazza del Duomo, which was going to make your reputation, and about how you would be speaking soon at his international congresses and having lunch with famous international intellectuals and seeing your paintings reproduced in magazines in Tokyo and New York. And when you thought about this you saw his point exactly. You said, "*Professore*, you are right. What's fifty thousand dollars when I'll be rich and famous soon?" And then you and Verdiglione made plans. You talked about getting loans, because Verdiglione knew bankers through his important political friends, not to mention through his congresses on "banks, art, and culture" and his talks on "banking and the unconscious." In the end, you went to those bankers, and you got your loans—never one big loan from one bank but a lot of small loans from a lot of banks. It was your analyst who guaranteed those loans. He knew the bankers, too, because he was in debt to them himself. He had invested two hundred or even three hundred thousand dollars in the Second Renaissance. In fact—from the state's point of view—the only difference between you and your analyst was that your analyst fell for the scam first.

The scam, of course, was a reconstruction—something plotted out like a game of Clue on the third floor of the Milan courthouse. The real patients had stories that were much more sordid. One woman said that after she refused to ask an uncle of hers for money Verdiglione humiliated her at one of his "psychoanalysis seminars," announcing to everybody there that she and her uncle had committed incest. She claimed that Verdiglione had threatened her mother, too, saying that her mother would never see her again if she didn't pay. Another woman claimed that Verdiglione had beat her. Some patients said he threatened them with going mad. There used to be a crime in Italy called *plagio*—plagiarism. It meant literally bor-

MothersWork™

EXECUTIVE MATERNITY

Softly tailored suitdressing, classic suits, contemporary sportswear, and elegant dresses for a great image during pregnancy and afterwards. Catalog with swatches and fit guide $3, refundable with order. Visit our stores in: **Atlanta, Arlington Hts., IL, Baltimore, Boston, Charlotte, NC, Chicago, Cleveland, Costa Mesa, CA, Dallas, Denver, Fair Oaks Mall, VA, Harrisburg, PA, West Hartford, CT, Houston, King of Prussia, PA, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Diego, San Francisco, Stamford, CT, Washington, D.C.** or inquire about opening a store. Telephone 215-625-0151. 1309 Noble Street, 5th Floor, Dept. NW7F, Phila., PA. 19123.



BOOKS ON TAPE™

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

(800) 626-3333

Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.

Whitehall Inn

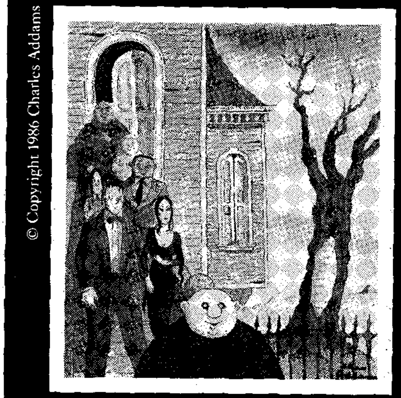
Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843

rowing someone else's will "to reduce him to a state of total subjection," and it was used (liberal Italians would say misused) to describe a kind of psychological extortion or incitement. *Plagio* was taken out of the criminal code in 1981, but it looked like what the prosecution had in mind last year when Verdiglione and his analysts went on trial. The prosecution knew that the patients Forno had interviewed—including five whom he persuaded to press charges along with Calderoni—might be less credible as witnesses than their analysts, and even less credible than Armando Verdiglione. The one thing in their favor was the possibility that psychoanalysis had made them that way.

VERDIGLIONE did a lot of writing about his trial. There were his three tracts, and then there was a series of special issues of *Spirali*—it is now *Spirali del Secondo Rinascimento.* Those issues were bordered in gray, like mourning testimonials, and they included one issue Verdiglione called "Musatti and the Monster of Florence," which was an attack on the old analyst who had dressed him down for fraud twenty years ago. Sometimes it seemed as if Verdiglione blamed Musatti for the trial. Sometimes he blamed "Milanese corporatism" (because people in Milan didn't understand that private capital was responsible for all the great Italian adventures, from Christopher Columbus's voyages to his own) and sometimes "Milanese Calvinism" (because people in Milan were "critics of the probable"). Mostly, though, he blamed Milanese Communism—which was odd, considering that Milan has been a Socialist town for eighteen years. He said that the real power here was Communist. He said that Piero Forno was a Communist, and that the judges were Communists, and that Giorgio Bocca and all the other columnists and reporters covering his trial were Communists, and that the expert witnesses in the trial—two psychiatrists and an anthropologist—were Communists. (Elie Wiesel told Verdiglione that it was an "honor" to be attacked by the Communist Party.) Finally, even one of his own lawyers was exasperated. The lawyer says now that one of the three experts *is* a Communist, but then so is one of every three Italians.

Verdiglione got four and a half years. He was in jail in San Vittore until the end of July, and then confined to his apartment, and he took it as "a symbol of the sickness of the civilization" when Giovanni Pescarzoli, who was the presiding judge at his trial, refused to let him telephone Ionesco to discuss proofs. (The judge said that calling up Ionesco would undermine "the reëducative function" of the sentence.) In February, the Court of Appeals basically confirmed that sentence, and then, in a gesture that only the Milanese seemed to understand, expanded Verdiglione's house arrest to include the whole country—which amounted to provisional liberty. It may be that by February the Milanese were finally finished with Armando Verdiglione. Nobody here cared where he went or whom he called, and soon the only place besides *Spirali* where you could read about the Verdiglione affair was in the French papers. Some of the French writers he used to publish bought a page in *Le Monde* to tell the President of Italy that they were "*Pour Armando Verdiglione.*" (Bernard-Henri Lévy, who had called the "persecution" of Armando Verdiglione a battle in the war between the "cosmopolitans" and the "totalitarians," thought up the appeal.) They pointed out that anyone smart enough to have published *them* was clearly a lover of freedom and an editor of great talent, not to mention a contributor to "*la qualité du dialogue Franco-Italien.*" They talked about "moral lynching," and how Verdiglione's only crime was his independence from "the machines that control and share the politico-ideological life of Italy." Six weeks after the appeal ran, Verdiglione was in Rome at a Radical Party convention. He had decided to join the Radicali, like Toni Negri, who had discovered the Party after four years in jail on "pretrial detention." Negri was elected to Montecitorio as a Radical deputy and freed with parliamentary immunity—and got on a plane for Paris. Verdiglione did not mention Negri. He talked about his friend Enzo Tortora, a television talk-show host who had also been "persecuted" by the courts—for drug and arms dealing for the Mafia. Tortora had got ten years to Verdiglione's four and a half, but he was out in less than a year, and by then he had also discovered the Radicali, who put him on their secretariat, with (among others) the orange person and a terrorist *pentito.* The Radicali got Tortora elected to the European Parliament, and *he* has diplomatic immunity—which may be what

THE ART OF
THE NEW YORKER
A 60 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE



© Copyright 1986 Charles Addams

"We're On Our Way To The New Yorker Art Show"

May 21st through July 10th
The Boston Athenæum
10½ Beacon Street

NEW YORK DETROIT
BOSTON
ATLANTA CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA
WASHINGTON LONDON
TORONTO

For the millions
who can't read
Give the gift of literacy

You can give the gift of literacy to both children and adults, by making your 100 percent, tax deductible contribution at participating bookstores in your community.

BOSTON BOUND?
Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.
Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

Waikiki Experts

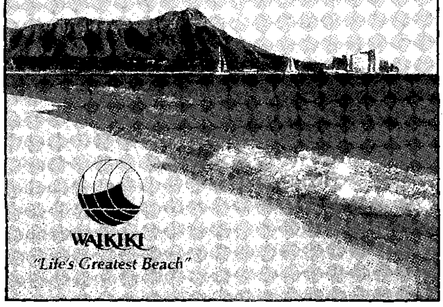
Outrigger is the largest hotel chain in Waikiki with 7,000 rooms among 20 hotels.

Rates range from $25/night for budget-minded fun to $175/night for luxurious beachfront suites.

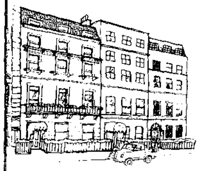
For the Waikiki that's just right for you, contact the experts. See your travel agent or call us toll-free.

1-800-367-5170

Outrigger HOTELS HAWAII
The Waikiki Experts



WAIKIKI
"Life's Greatest Beach"



Quiet Elegance in London's Most Fashionable Setting

The Chesterfield
Hotel Deluxe
35 Charles Street, Mayfair
(just off Berkeley Square)
London W1X 8LX, England
Telephone: 01-491 2622 212-489-8970
Telex: 269394
A Tollman-Hundley Hotel

A Corner of England—in Virginia

AGECROFT HALL, in Richmond, a Tudor Manor House built in England before America was discovered. It crossed the Atlantic in 1926 and was recreated on 23 landscaped acres as a private residence in town. Now a Museum, exquisitely furnished, with superb gardens. $2 admission includes film & tour. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for a brochure.

AGECROFT HALL, 4305 Sulgrave Rd., Richmond, VA 23221

Come to Scotland...
Come to Ardsheal House

Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure. Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland. Tel. Duror (063174) 227.

Verdiglione hopes to have before the court hands down an indictment for criminal conspiracy, or the bailiffs arrive.

Verdiglione owes a fortune. He has sold his apartment. His Socialist friends have disappeared, and so have his banker friends and his insurance friends and his industrialist friends, and not many famous people have been dropping by lately to reassure him. He has got thin. No one sees him at Savini anymore, or at fashionable parties. Cristina Frua De Angeli looks after him at home. She has taken over his conferences and his correspondence and his self-promotion, and she instructs a clutch of handmaidens whose personal itinerary seems to be waiting for Armando Verdiglione to revive. For a while, he shared the offices on the Piazza del Duomo with a public-relations firm, and once a singles' club called the Together Club took over the Villa Borromeo for a "disco ball," but now both properties have been seized by the court, and sooner or later he will have to sell them. He went into debt last summer to settle three-quarters of a million dollars on "victims" who would otherwise have sued him; officially, he was buying back their shares in Delfi and Kolonos, or in the little investment funds called Freud, Galileo, Pirandello, and Vico. The analysts who were arrested want to get paid, too, and their shares add up to more than a million and a half dollars. All of them are out of jail now, and all of them need the money—and if they are indicted in a criminal-conspiracy trial they could also sue Verdiglione for damages. Even Verdiglione wants to sue someone. He is thinking of the producers of a television show called "Drive In"—which is a kind of Italian "Saturday Night Live." The hit of "Drive In" these days is a psychoanalyst who wears terrible loud suits and smokes cigars and slicks his hair and steals his patients' watches as soon as they lie down and close their eyes. He is always trying to sell them property. The sign on his door says "psicanaLEASING," and his name is Dr. Vermilione. —JANE KRAMER

•

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

[*From the bulletin of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, in Hartford*]

JUNIOR HIGHS—Today at the "Y" at 4:30 P.M. Fun 'n Food and talk about "Torture"—or how "Human Rights" are denied people who live in repressive systems and what *you* can DO! Movie Retreat, March 14!

Bachrach
Photographers since 1868

Children's Portraits from $65.00
Weddings, Family
Distinctive Professional Portraits
Black & White Publication Glossies

Boston 617-536-4730
Chicago 312-236-1991
Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233
Philadelphia 215-563-0551

The Ohio Light Opera
James Stuart, Artistic Director
J. Lynn Thompson, Music Director
"Unbridled mirth and musical glitter"
–Donald Rosenberg
Akron *Beacon Journal*
1987 Season, June 10-August 9
Wiener Blut, Utopia Limited, HMS Pinafore, The Vagabond King, The Beggar Student, Bluebeard, Iolanthe.
Resident Professional Company founded and produced by
The College of Wooster.
Wooster, Ohio 44691
Call (216) 263-2345 for brochure

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 others and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos adventure. 44 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606Y Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920

Pilgrim's Inn
Gracious lodging, outstanding food and drink, a superb saltwater location.
Featured in "Country Inns and Back Roads".
Deer Isle, Maine 04627
207-348-6615

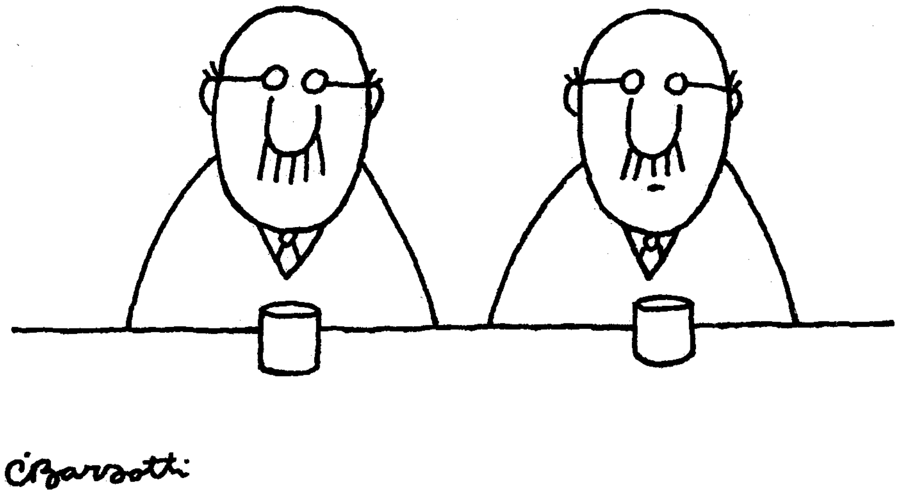
BOOKS

Graven Images

CYNTHIA OZICK knows how to do some things better than almost anyone else. Her story "Rosa," published in this magazine in 1983 (it has not yet been collected in a book), is one of the monuments of imaginative writing about the Holocaust. As it chronicles a few ordinary days in the life of a middle-aged survivor of the Warsaw ghetto and the death camps who lives in Miami and is mad, it pierces us with such grief and anger that we sometimes have to stop reading because we are crying. Since the war, writers have struggled with the paradox that the Holocaust is a forbidden subject and the only subject. If (in Theodor Adorno's well-known formulation) "to wring aesthetic pleasure out of the naked bodily pain of those who have been knocked down by rifle butts" is an obscenity, to conduct business as usual—to write as if It had never happened—may be an even worse desecration. In "Rosa," Ozick adopts a strategy worked out by the master ironists Vladimir Nabokov and Isaac Bashevis Singer: registering the crime of the Germans not through description of the unimaginable but through evocation of the beauty, pleasure, and culture that the Jews of Europe were confidently, carelessly enjoying on the eve of the catastrophe. Ozick's Rosa Lublin, once the daughter of a refined Jewish Warsaw family—a sensitive, eager girl, studying to be a scientist—now wanders around Miami, a crazed, disorganized creature, writing letters to an imaginary daughter who is a professor of Greek philosophy at Columbia. (Her real daughter perished as an infant in a camp.) She is picked up in a laundromat by a retired buttons-and-notions manufacturer named Simon Persky, a coarse but kindly American Jew, born in Warsaw, to whom Rosa would not have given a passing glance in "the life before" and certainly would not have let him help her shove her underwear into a clothes dryer. Rosa tells her admirer:

> ". . . in America cats have nine lives, but we—we're less than cats, so we got three. The life before, the life during, the life after." She saw that Persky did not follow. She said, "The life after is now. The life before is our *real* life, at home, where we was born."
>
> "And during?"
>
> "This was Hitler."

If "Rosa" asks the question of whether sanity is possible for anyone in "the life after"—for isn't Rosa's madness the madness facing all who live in the knowledge that the things that happened in the camps could happen?—Ozick's new novel, "The Messiah of Stockholm" (Knopf; $15.95), addresses the corollary issue of whether literature itself can any longer be produced. Adorno's dictum "To write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric" remains the most trenchant literary utterance of our time; and of the Jewish-American writers who have struggled with its implications Cynthia Ozick may be the one whose quest for a moral life in art has been conducted in the most deadly earnest. In the restless unevenness of her stories and novellas we may read the conflictedness that has become the condition of her artmaking. This conflictedness she has cast in the form of a life-and-death struggle between Jewish iconoclasm and pagan idol-making, under which latter rubric, in moments of reluctant, dire logic, she has felt obliged to include all imaginative literature. (In her essay "Literature as Idol: Harold Bloom," she writes that "over the last several years, little by little, progressively though gradually, it has come to me that the phrase 'Jewish writer' may be what rhetoricians call an 'oxymoron.' ") In less extreme moments, Ozick has been content to divide literature into the kind that is O.K. for a Jew to write and the kind that isn't. In the former category she places the nineteenth-century novel—which "at its pinnacle was a Judaized novel: George Eliot and Dickens and Tolstoy were all touched by the Jewish covenant: they wrote of conduct and of the consequences of conduct." In the latter category, which she calls "aesthetic paganism," she places works of modernist experiment—the "new fiction," which has deliberately broken with the old realism, and in whose "self-sustaining, enclosed, lyrical, and magical" character Ozick reads an idolatrousness that the Jewish writer must steel himself against. (In the essay "Toward a New Yiddish," Ozick makes a chilling and compelling connection between aesthetics and genocide: "The German Final Solution was an aesthetic solution: it was a job of editing, it was the artist's finger removing a smudge, it simply annihilated what was considered not harmonious. In daily life the morality of Germans continued as before, neighbors were kindly, who can deny it? From the German point of view, getting rid of the Jew had nothing to do with conduct and *everything* to do with art.") This stern view of literature has served Ozick well in the writing of fiction. She writes as if under permanent siege by a hated (but also beloved) enemy, who may at any moment break through her defenses; and this sense of perpetual struggle with the snake of aestheticism gives her writing, at its best, its tense urgency and weight. (When not at its best, a note of girlishness and priggishness may creep into her prose.) In "Rosa," Ozick brings the two strains of writing into a powerful, ironic contrapuntal relationship: she couches Rosa's "crazy" letters to her imaginary



"I knew you'd like this place."

daughter in the lush, lyrical, ecstatic language of the forbidden pagan mode, while the narrative proper is written in the allowable "Sinaitic" mode of nineteenth-century didactic realism.

In "The Messiah of Stockholm," as if finding her own literary Manichaeanism insufficient for the ambition and complexity of the task at hand, Ozick abjures realism for a form of fantasy that could leave her open to charges of aestheticism were not the book so blamelessly and unrelievedly dull. It was conceived as an homage to the great Polish-Jewish writer Bruno Schulz, who was murdered by the Nazis at the age of fifty—he was shot down on a street of his native Drohobycz, in Galicia, in 1942 by an S.S. man—and whose book "The Messiah," on which he had been working at the time of his death, disappeared in manuscript. A rumor that the manuscript had been found in Stockholm fired Ozick's imagination and impelled her toward this most high-minded and disastrous of projects.

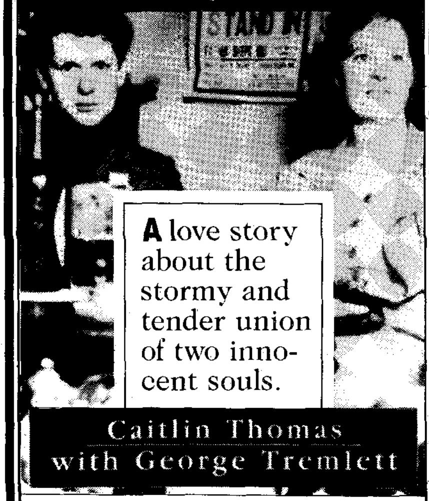
The story that Ozick has contrived is a leaden literary fairy tale about a Jewish forty-two-year-old book reviewer named Lars Andemening, who writes for a Stockholm daily and devotes himself to works by advanced Central European writers. These he reviews in a dense, opaque philosophical style that makes him the butt of jokes among his clownish fellow-reviewers, who write about regular books in the regular, debased journalistic way. Lars was saved from the Holocaust as an infant and brought to a relative in Stockholm. He does not know who his parents were, but at some point in his life—Ozick does not tell us when or why—he developed the obsessive idea that he is the son of Bruno Schulz. He lives a reclusive life (he is twice divorced and the father of a daughter whom he no longer sees); his existence is narrowed down to work, sleep, and visits at night to a mysterious bookshop owned by an old woman named Heidi Eklund, who comes to share his obsession with Schulz. Mrs. Eklund brings Lars together with a woman named Adela (readers of Schulz's stories will recognize the name as that of an important character), who claims that Bruno Schulz is her father, too, and that a manuscript she carries about in a white plastic bag is the lost "Messiah," which was unearthed under a house in Drohobycz. In a fantastical culminating nighttime scene in the bookstore, Lars, Adela, Mrs. Eklund, and the elusive Dr. Eklund, who has suddenly materialized as an expert on handwriting, gather around an amphora into which Adela has transferred the manuscript, to seek to resolve the question of its authenticity, and Lars impulsively throws a match into the amphora, burning the manuscript to ashes. His obsession with Schulz ends that night, as does his interest in Danilo Kiš, Milan Kundera, Witold Gombrowicz, Bohumil Hrabal, and the rest of the Central European avant-garde; soon thereafter, he becomes another regular popular, mediocre reviewer of ephemeral books of the day.

Although Ozick leaves unanswered the question of whether the "Messiah" in the amphora was authentic or not, few readers of Schulz's "The Street of Crocodiles" and "Sanatorium Under the Sign of the Hourglass" will have trouble deciding the issue for themselves. From Ozick's description of the manuscript—"a work of cosmogony and entelechy" in which the town of Drohobycz has been emptied of all its human inhabitants and is filled with a bizarre population of idols who worship one another—one knows that it could not possibly have been written by Schulz. His delicate, poetic stories are about as far as you can get from the stiff, cerebral, didactic piece of surrealism that Ozick has concocted.

"The Street of Crocodiles" and "Sanatorium Under the Sign of the Hourglass" (the only works by Schulz thus far available in English, in exceptional translations by Celina Wieniewska) are collections of autobiographical stories set in a small town in the Austro-Hungarian Empire during the early years of the century. Schulz's special contribution to the literature of memory is his novel yoking of the Freudian with the Wordsworthian vision of the child's world: the psychoanalyst's themes of loss, absence, and sexual guilt are fused, in a manner without precedent, with the nature poet's preoccupations with seasons, weather, vegetation, and animals. These stories are like those dreams from which we awaken profoundly moved and calmed—dreams that seem more real than our waking existence and have a quality of depth and seriousness beside which our daytime lives seem pale and insubstan-

To Order Any Book
Call: 800-635-0045
BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS SINCE 1910
Mon.-Sat. 9AM to Midnight & Sun. 12-5PM EST

CAITLIN
Life with Dylan Thomas



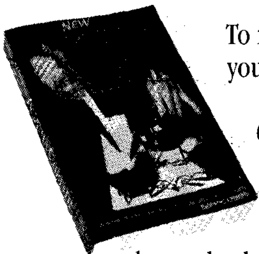
A love story about the stormy and tender union of two innocent souls.

Caitlin Thomas
with George Tremlett

Henry Holt, $17.95

Doubleday Book Shops
724 5th Ave. at 57th St. N.Y. N.Y. 10019 (212) 397-0550
Books Sent Worldwide ★ Free Gift Wrap ★ Major Credit Cards

MYSTERY!



To find out how you can receive THE NEW COMPANION TO AGATHA CHRISTIE —a $12.95 value—absolutely FREE—send your name and address to:
THE AGATHA MYSTERY COLLECTION,
Bantam Books, Dept. B, 666 Fifth
Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103

Are you woolgathering?

Well, pay attention and learn that the word comes from the medieval practice of gathering from bushes the tufts of wool snagged from passing sheep.

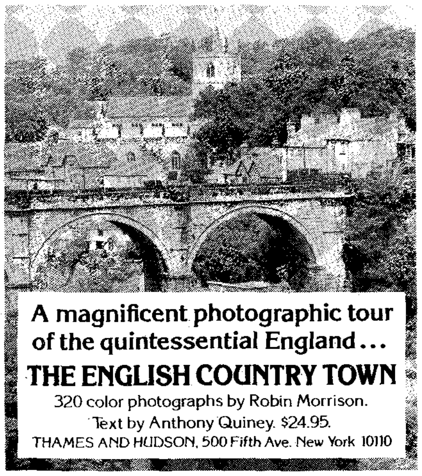
Harper & Row

GOOD WORDS TO YOU
AN ALL-NEW BROWSER'S DICTIONARY AND NATIVE'S GUIDE TO THE UNKNOWN AMERICAN LANGUAGE
JOHN CIARDI

DO YOU TEACH ?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to introduce a new education program for teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in the classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 840-3800 ext. 523 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036


A magnificent photographic tour of the quintessential England...
THE ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN
320 color photographs by Robin Morrison.
Text by Anthony Quiney. $24.95.
THAMES AND HUDSON, 500 Fifth Ave. New York 10110

An Ideal Restorative
Aubergine
french restaurant and inn
207-236-8053
6 Belmont·Camden·Maine·04843

GOOD USED BOOKS
Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.
EDITIONS DESK Y, BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

tial. Schulz isolates those rapturous encounters with the real which we experience in early childhood and “forget” until they are summoned back into consciousness by works like “A Sportsman’s Sketches”—or “The Street of Crocodiles.” Schulz’s observations of nature (and of early-twentieth-century commercial culture) are as precise, nuanced, and “true” as the observations of Turgenev. His writing has a modernist character (he was an artist and an art teacher as well as a writer, influenced by Symbolist and Expressionist models), but the stories, even at their most experimental and strange, are grounded in actuality, are (like the masterpieces of Symbolist and Expressionist art themselves) a kind of return to a place we intimately know.

The world of “The Messiah of Stockholm,” in contrast, seems completely artificial. We do not believe in Ozick’s Stockholm or in her Swedes any more than we enter into her heavily contrived story. The book is like a piece of pre-fiction—writing to which nothing has happened yet, and which is waiting for the touch of life. When, on a few rare occasions, Ozick hits her stride and writes in the vital manner of her mature fiction, the inert insufficiency of the surrounding text is brought into sharp relief. One such occasion—when the book suddenly comes alive, like a flame leaping out of an exhausted fire—is a scene between Lars and Mrs. Eklund. As he listens to her talk about her past in Germany during the war—how she lived near a concentration camp and at night would throw paper parcels of food over the fence to the prisoners—he forms the conviction that she herself is a camp survivor. She (inexplicably) denies this, but

> he did not believe her: she knew too much about that fence—the other side of it, among the shadows. She knew what they did with the bits of paper—how they squashed every scrap inside their rags to make a lining against the cold, how they padded their shoes with it against the sores. She had strangely intimate views—they were like summonings—about the hunger and the vomiting and the bursting of the bowels. She summoned these with a votive memory. She summoned too well, too potently, too acutely: the night space beyond the fence could not account for so deep a summoning. He supposed she was one of them, but hidden—one of the shadows inside.

It is as if Ozick had momentarily engaged with what she is writing; then the moment passes, and she relapses into the state of slack detachment by which the book is ruled, a sort of automatic-pilot mechanism, under which passages like these are produced:

> Lars was thin enough for any purpose. Gunnar remarked that he exactly resembled the building that housed the *Morgontörn*. Gray, narrow, and tall, it had six wretched storeys. The cultural section claimed the topmost floor, where a well-disciplined regiment of mice held their command post. There were heaps of books on every surface. The mice made an orderly meal of them, prefaces for appetizers and indexes for dessert. Skyscrapers of nibbled volumes grew out of the floor and tilted against patched baseboards.
>
> “Minnesota Swedish,” Gunnar said. Instead of *tolerans*, Lars had typed *jolerans;* instead of *takt*, *jakt*. “Know what’ll help you, Lars? Computerization. Though if it isn’t Apple or IBM I don’t want it. Leave it to Nilsson, he’ll bring them in all Japanese, I’ll lay money on it. Not that we’ll ever get that far. The electrical system the way it is now can’t take it, and Nilsson says he can’t get a permit for new wiring until something happens with the walls—God knows what. A collapse maybe.”
>
> “I’m happy with my pen,” Lars said. He x’d out *jakt* and typed *takt*. He was awkward with machines, but his style was pure. Gunnar’s reviews, by contrast, were larded with Americanisms. Gunnar loved everything American, including their fake cheese; on his last trip to New York he had brought back six pounds of Velveeta as a present for his wife.

The more one ponders this strange failure of Cynthia Ozick’s, this book about the subject with which she has dealt so clearly and so authoritatively in the past, the more one begins to suspect that the trouble may be with the wonderful Bruno Schulz himself. Of all writers, he may be least “like” Ozick, least compatible with her stern Sinaitic art, and most apt to put her off her game in writing a book in his memory and of his spirit. Schulz wrote poetry before Auschwitz. While his work is shadowed by the darkness of its time, it is in no way prophetic, as Kafka’s work can be said to be prophetic, of the horrors to come. The Schulz stories unbearably sharpen our sense of what it means to be robbed of life on an earth of soft summer mornings and starry winter nights so clear one can smell violets. Ozick’s arid fantasy spares us all feelings more troubling than disappointment.

—Janet Malcolm

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. for New Antiques in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*]

Roll Top Desks
LARGE SELECTION
OAK DESKS 42″ to 66″ Wide Holds Legal And Illegal Size Papers.

Not every Waterford collection is designed to be handed down from mother to daughter.

With the creation of our three Waterford® pieces for men, the sensual pleasures of the world's most luminous hand-cut crystal are no longer a solely feminine prerogative.

© 1987 Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y 10010.

Waterford
Steadfast in a world of wavering standards.

CHIVAS REGAL
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY
Not all men dream of castles.

To send a gift of Chivas Regal, dial 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.
12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · © 1986 375 SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas